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THE MYSTERIOUS MAN.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

BEN BRADSHAWE; THE MAN WITHOUT A HEAD.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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1844.

THE MYSTERIOUS MAN.

CHAPTER I.

COUNT BUNDLEDOFF.

"Thou comest in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee."

SHAKSPEARE.

"WILL you be *afther* putting a *lather* to the coach," said the Count, speaking with a strong foreign accent, and grasping the garments of a young woman whom he was handing down from the back seat of the coach, so as to display her ancles which she did not want, and to prevent her from using her feet which she *did*. This is the most troublesome piece of politeness of which a man can be guilty, but the Count

did it in the purest spirit of simple-hearted civility. He had no notion of annoying her.

"*Will* you be afther putting a lather to the coach?" quoth the Count in a more decided tone, and with an emphasis on the auxiliary that converted the request into a command.

The guard obeyed, hooked the steps on to the wheel, and Lucy Atherly descended in safety.

"*You* aint got no luggage have you, sir?" said the official.

"Only that little bit of a carpet bag in the boot—the one without a handle," said the Count, going to look after his property, with an earnestness that a richer man might not have thought worth his while to expend upon an article so unimportant. Bundledoff, however, had a natural genius for forgetting himself and other things, and his setting the guard to search in the *fore* boot would have convinced any of his friends that it was in the *hind* one.

The Count's natural anxiety about his little

property drew his attention away from his fellow passenger, he did not therefore observe that she needed his aid to protect her among the crowd of porters, cabmen, helpers, and hinderers; the nondescript loiterers of a large inn yard, who pounced upon her and her luggage, and who would seemingly have divided her into as many portions as they did the former, had she been as easily divisible.

Fortunately, or unfortunately as one may choose to think, she had not much luggage, and therefore she was soon stowed away in a cab, while the rest of the passengers were hurrying about the inn yard, and her more immediate companion, the Count, was clamouring for his carpet-bag.

In days of yore, when men so commonly used and abused horse flesh, when half a score of fine four-horse dashing vehicles were clattering upon the pebbles at once, an inn yard was an excellent place for a man to pick up crumbs of character. A place where conven-

tional civilities were laid aside, and men came out in the old, honest, but somewhat heartless, maxim of "every man for himself," without much caring about the after clause of the axiom, or who was "for us all." In such a scene of selfishness men come out of their shells and show us what they *are*—hence it was an excellent place to study human nature, and we fear that when men have enough to think of their own concerns, few are found to spare a thought for those of their fellow creatures.

We fear too that our hero will hardly be set down among the honorable exceptions to this almost universal rule. We fear it, because he went away, and left Lucy Atherly to look after herself, while he looked after his carpet bag. And indeed as a *hero*, perhaps this would not be inconsistent, for your heroes, commonly so called, generally display their heroic qualities at the expense of mens' happiness, rather than the alleviation of mens' misery.

However, we would not have the reader judge too hastily, a thing we are all apt to do when thinking evil of our neighbour. We do not mean to call Count Bundledoff a faultless character—far from it, as the course of this veritable history will show, but we *do* say that if he went away, to mind his own matters instead of those of his fellow travellers, it was from want of thought, rather than want of feeling—an error of the head, not the heart.

When the Count had got his carpet bag, he was indeed somewhat surprised at the absence of his companion, and thought she *might* have stayed to say "good bye"—he was indeed in a slight state of confusion, owing to the hurry and turmoil which had so lately existed around him. True, it was not as we have hinted in the great days of coach travelling, there was but *one* stage instead of a *dozen*, but as far as our limited experience of men and things extends, we have invariably found that tumult and turmoil proceed in an inverse ratio with serious

importance—in short, that the less a man has to do, the more bustle he makes about it.

But the tumult was over—the passengers had passed away. The horses had been left to steam in the inn yard, and had overturned half a dozen empty pails, by poking their noses into them in search of water, as they severally found their way to the stable. The coach alone remained in the yard a powerless, lifeless thing, the very emblem of a body from which the vital energy had departed, yet the Count still lingered on the spot, buried in a brown study —looking as if he thought—as *some* natives of the United Kingdom might express it—"What will I do next?"

From this state of absence of mind he was aroused by the head waiter, who approached, and offered his services.

"Where will I get a bed?" said the Count.

"Capital beds *here,* Sir—well-aired beds—neat wines—Barclay and Perkins entire—dinners drest on the shortest notice for large or

small parties;" so said the waiter, quoting from memory the card of the house.

"Well then, I'll stop here for the night at laste, and may be longer, that is if the house is convenient, and the terms likewise. I'm a *furriner*, and don't know at all where I'll get a lodging till I try."

"*Very* good, sir," said the waiter, "shall I carry your carpet bag?"

"No, no, make yourself aisy and show me the way—the bag won't tire my arm any how."

Ushered by the waiter, the Count stalked into the coffee-room of the inn, which, for convenience, we shall call the Cross Keys near Charing Cross. He ran his fingers through his curly black hair at the glass—turned his tail to the grate, as if there had been a fire—in short went through all those minutiæ by which one makes oneself at home at an inn. He hinted something about mock-turtle and turbot—enquired the quality of the

claret—then ordered a mutton chop and a pint of porter.

The Count was a strapping, stalwart fellow, with a set of good features, and a pleasing air of good temper about them, which was irresistible. Though his complexion was clear and florid, his brow and his beard were as black as the raven's wing; as were also his large bushy whiskers; his foot was as firm as a rock, and his voice as clear as a bell.

As he was alone in the coffee-room, he gathered the newspapers from all the boxes, and then began to glean their contents. He seemed to devour his chop and the advertisements with equal avidity.

When his curiosity and his appetite were both satisfied, he pushed away the tray—leaned back leisurely—used a quill out of a tumbler for a tooth-pick—toyed with the wine glass which had been placed by way of hint beside his plate—seemed, in reference to the wine, to be balancing accounts between his palate

and his pocket—and while the waiter cleared away, entered into the following colloquy:—

"Are there any widdies in this neighbourhood?"

"Any *what*, sir?"

"Any widdies—beraved famales I mane."

"O, *widows*, sir."

"That's my maning, young man."

"Why, there's Mrs. Mortimer, the undertaker's widow—and Mrs. Chipp, the cabinet maker's widow—and—"

"But don't you find some in the newspapers now?"

"Find widows in the newspapers!"

"Yes *eligible famales*, you know."

"'Pon my life, sir, I don't know any legible females."

"Why them that advertise for husbands, you know."

"O yes, sir—yes, I understand now—yes, you often see them headed "Matrimony," second column, first page, sir."

"And do they ever answer now?"

"What answer the advertisements, sir?"

"No, no—answer in pint of being good, dacent, happy matches?"

"Why really, sir, that's more than I can say—I never heard of more than one match made up in that way, and that was by a countryman of your'n, sir."

"Ay, ay, who was he?"

"He was a Major O'Callaghan, from Tipperary, sir."

"Tipperary! why that's in Ireland, you spalpeen."

"Yes, sir—yes—Ireland, sir."

"Then what the deuce do you call him a countryman of mine for?"

"Why, sir, I thought—"

"Thought! you bog-trotting son of potato-bogle, what business have you to think. By the big hill of Howth! its a raal piece of impartinence for a waiter at a tavern to take upon himself to think at all—let alone thinking about the affairs of a jintleman."

"I beg your pardon, sir, I did not intend to offend."

"Oh! that's another thing altogether—a dacent apology, a manly confession, is like pouring balm and wine, or whisky and buttermilk, on the wounds of one's honour. Well, frind, larn better another time, than to be guessing at a man's country like a horse's age, by looking him in the mouth—larn wisdom from defait. I'm a furrin Count—Bundledoff by name—that's not like an Irish name is it?"

"Not a bit, sir."

"Not a bit—at laste I never heard such a name in Ireland—that is—I mane when I visited that island—I don't like the Irish, do you?"

"Why really a—a—I can't pretend to say that I either like or dislike."

"Ah well then, the laste said is when you say nothing. I know the folks here in England, and especially in London can't bear the Irish—there's a prejidice young man, as Soliman says

in the book of Proverbs, give a dog a bad name and hang him—but it don't signify, I don't like the Irish meself."

The waiter eyed the Count in the most extraordinary manner, but as that mysterious gentleman was lost in a deep reverie he saw nothing of the man's demeanour. How long the waiter might have gazed at the Count, or the Count have gazed out of the window, it is impossible to say had they been uninterrupted; but such was not the course of fate.

"Is there a gentleman by name Count Bundledoff here?" said a secondary waiter entering the room.

"That's my name, young man, and it's like I'm the man, only as I don't know you, and you don't know me, I wonder how you found out my name—but it seems peoples' names, like their country, are written on their furhead, so that London waiters may rade the same like the print of a book—well they're not always right in their guesses anyhow. Will you be

afther telling me your maning, young man, and not standing staring as though a furrin Count was a thing fit for nothing but a show booth at Donnybrook fair?"

"I couldn't tell while you were talking," said the man somewhat sulkily.

"Well then I'm not talking now, and so you can spake out what ails you."

"Nothing ails me as I know on, but here's a young woman as says she wants one Count Bundledoff."

"A famale! och! I was tould that good wives were as plenty in London as blackberries on a bramble bush, but that bates all."

"Am I to tell the young 'ooman to come in," said the second waiter, who was surly and uncivil as a second waiter ought to be, to set off the civility of his superior, but his enquiry was not to be answered, for the Count's command was cut short by the entrance of the young woman, who was the subject of debate.

The Count immediately recognised his

travelling companion, she whom he had so gallantly assisted to alight, and who had disappeared during his reverie in the inn yard. A sort of travelling acquaintanceship had been established between them, and as the Count was a communicative man, his name and rank had been disclosed to the young woman.

There were no pretensions to the lady about this same young woman, but a quiet, sensible propriety of decorum which was equally remote from the vulgar as from the genteel—she did not affect, nor could she be mistaken for a gentlewoman; neither could she be considered as an ignorant or uneducated person. Now we are not to be charged with pleonasm in using the two words ignorant and uneducated, for it is quite possible for a highly educated person, that is in the common sense of the word *educated* to be grossly ignorant—ignorant of *herself*—ignorant of the duty and decorum of social and domestic life—ignorant of all that it is important to know—while on the other

hand it is quite possible for a person of very meagre *literal* education to be highly intelligent and well-informed in the proprieties and decencies of social existence, and truly the peasant who conducts himself with propriety is greater than the prince who forgets himself.

Lucy Atherly with all her propriety of deportment was as simple and artless as a child. She was a black eyed, bright eyed, rosy cheeked, red lipped farmer's daughter. Not a gentleman farmer, nor a great farmer, but a small farmer, far down among the rude, rough stone walls; and white eye-insulting roads, and bleak, brown uninteresting hills of Oxfordshire; where the trees are few and far between, and the hedges stunted and stubby, and the water—when there is any, (and that is only after rain) is not so much like water as milk and water—because there is more chalk than cheese in that part of the country.

Lucy Atherly had coversed with the Count with modesty, and cheerfulness, and good sense

and with that simplicity and singleness of heart which was no less a quality of her character. She did not conceal from him that her father, (it was her step-father indeed), was in depressed and straitened circumstances, and that she was going as a sort of humble companion, and bettermost servant to a lady in Kent, who had known her family in better days, when her mother was living, and her father was a larger farmer than he was now, and therefore as a vast favour would take her, in a sort of amphibious capacity, with less wages and more work than an ordinary servant. Lucy Atherly did not *thus* describe her situation—it emanates from our truthfulness as her historian—to her it was untried and unknown, and she estimated the Kentish lady by her professions of disinterested interest in her affairs.

Lucy Atherly such as we have described her entered the coffee-room, at present very unlike what we have described her, for the roses of her cheeks, and the rubies of her lips were both fled,

and her bright black eyes were swimming with tears—fear and agitation having caused the former to fade, and grief and anxiety having filled the latter. She was too much agitated to await the tardy return of the waiter, whom she had despatched to the Count, and followed him into the room.

The colour returned with double violence to her face and spread in deepest crimson over her brow as she said—

"I'm sure you will pardon me, sir—I'm sure you will pity me—and indeed—indeed I implore your pardon and your pity—I would not for the world have applied to you, but I do not know a single soul in London—I do not indeed sir, and as I had spoken to you—oh dear! oh dear what *shall* I do?"

"But what in the world is the matther with you," cried the Count.

"I have been robbed, sir, robbed I suppose on the top of the coach—my pocket has been cut away—my purse and money—my pocket

book, and all John's letters are gone—oh dear!—oh dear! what *shall* I do—what *shall* I do!"

The Count was kept silent by the extremity of his surprise and indignation, but when he recovered his breath, he burst forth in a most unintelligible flood of native eloquence—rounding off his periods with a heavy anathema against "the villainous brute baste who would rob a poor girl of a rap."

The waiters looked suspicious, and the slightest possible vibration of the eyelid on the part of the principal appeared like an incipient wink. Lucy Atherly wept bitterly.

"Well it don't signify talking," quoth the Count, "that won't mend what's past; but just let us see what can be done to make things better."

"I'm sure," sobbed Lucy—"I'm sure I would not have applied to you, sir, but I did not know where to seek advice or assistance. I hope you will not think it improper of me."

"Improper! oh by the man in the moon, I think it the properest thing that you could possibly do, and whatever I can do to sarve you, I'll do it in the twinkling of a sunbeam; but now tell me all about it—when did you miss your money? Oh the blackguard! wouldn't I knock him into smithereens, if I had hould of him—when did you miss your money, my darlint?"

"Why you know, sir, I was in the cab going to the Maidstone coach, but I found I had lost my purse, and everything. My pocket has been cut off behind the coach."

The Count was the most generous of mortals; he was anything but a rich man, but he resolved to pay the poor girl's coach fare.

"Bad luck to the blac[illegible]guard that robbed you," he cried "but niver mind that—I'll send you off by the coach, and see you safe into it."

"Oh, sir, you are exceedingly good, I shall never be able to repay your kindness."

"Well, don't talk about paying—that's always hard enough I know—there isn't a harder verb to conjugate in the whole vocabulary of the English language."

"I did not altogether mean money, sir—I am sure my father will settle that; but for your kindness and generosity, I shall always remain your debtor."

"Ah! then that's just the very thing. I should like amazingly to know how it feels to have debtors—as to the creditors—they're common enough in all conscience. But it don't signify talking, hook on to my arm, darlint, and we'll see afther this coach, and no more about it."

Lucy hesitated to take the arm of the titled foreigner, but it was offered in so frank and cordial a manner, that she could not refuse, and they quitted the room arm-in-arm. The waiters, left at freedom by the absence of the parties, indulged in a little serious pantomime, which though it might be unintelligible to the

uninitiated, seemed perfectly understood by the freemasonry of waitercraft. The head waiter placed the point of his thumb on the tip of his nose, and extended his fingers therefrom, while the second waiter followed his digittal example, and moreover added his other hand to enhance the effect. Neither of them spoke, indeed their signals were so significant as to render speech entirely unnecessary, words are the signs of ideas, but actions are sometimes more expressive than words.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOSS.

"He lost his bundle, lost his wits,
And then he lost his way.

NEW SONG.

MEANWHILE the Count and his companion had reached the street, and were threading their way with all the impatience which poor Lucy's agitation induced, among the passing throng. The Count had expected to find the cab at the door, and indeed it would have been Lucy's wisest way to have driven back to the inn—but under the agitation of the moment, directly she discovered her loss, she had immediately

alighted, and bidding the driver await her return—enquired her way back to the hotel. They proceeded some distance silently, but swiftly—the Count muttering imprecations indeed upon the ruffian who had robbed his companion, but saying not a word to her. They walked so fast that the dew stood on his brow, while Lucy was breathless with exertion and agitation. At length he became sensible not only of a decrease of speed, but also that Lucy cast a hurried and bewildered glance about her —she gazed at the houses, she glanced at the corners of the streets—her step became irresolute—the Count felt her arm tremble.

"Where have you left the cab, my love?" he said.

"I left it in the street—but really—"

"What's the matter, my parsnip?"

"I am sure I thought—we turned down—"

"By the powers of Moll Kelly—you have not gone and lost the way?"

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Lucy, "I'm sure I never saw that church before."

"As sure as fate you've lost your way, and who in the world is to find it for you? Och! this bates all."

"We cannot have come far out of the way. I am quite certain that—"

"Och! you're in a case of complate confustification, but where the divil's the cab—you say you were going to the Spread Aigle. I say," (to a policeman), "have you seen a cab with this young woman's boxes."

The man smiled—but civilly replied, that if he knew the number of the cab he would try to find it for them.

"What's the number of the cab, swateheart?" quoth the Count.

"The man did'nt tell me any number," said Lucy.

She had no notion of taking the number. Her distress became uncontrollable—she burst

into tears, and the good folks of London being always anxious to see people in a pucker, a small crowd began to collect—a circumstance which did not alleviate her embarrassment.

"What sort of a cab was it, Miss?" said the policeman.

"It was a yellow cab, and my trunk was on the box," said Lucy.

"M 24!" cried the man to another constable, "have you seen a yellow cab with a trunk on the box?"

M 24 lifted his glazed-topped hat, and scratched his head, but having no information at his fingers' ends, he scratched none into his head. "No, I ain't," he said crossing over, "what's the start?"

"Why, this here young lady has lost a cab with her luggage."

"Where was she going?"

"Spread Aigle—Maidstone coach—Spread Aigle," said the Count.

"Och, long life to your honor," cried a man

who was looking on, "be St. Patrick, I'll find your honor the cab for the sake of ould Ireland."

"Ould Ireland be — hem!" The Count looked indignant. "I'm no more an Irishman than yourself."

There was a general titter. The impatient Count pushed through the crowd—but turning to the policeman said—

"Help us to find the cab, my man, and here's something to dhrink for you."

A short consultation took place—the constable being informed of the whole state of the case. Lucy, after she quitted the cab, had found the hotel by dint of enquiry, but in her anxiety and agitation of mind, she had neglected to note the way, and could not retrace her steps.

The policeman ascertained that she had taken a cab to convey her from the hotel, which for convenience we have called the Cross Keys, to the Spread Eagle, in Gracechurch Street. He

suggested that they should return to the Cross Keys, and by taking the most ordinary way to the Spread Eagle endeavour to find the said vehicle. The Count clapped him on the back for a "good fellow" as he heard this sagacious advice, and with the aid of the man's local knowledge, they made a near cut to the Cross Keys.

Here the Count and his coadjutor deemed it advisable to leave Lucy, for while they were certain from her description to know the cab if they saw it—they were unwilling to excite that attention which her agitation and distress could not fail to draw forth—moreover they would be impeded by her company, and lastly, it was not improbable that the driver, when he was tired of waiting, would return to the place whence he took up his fare, and might then be detained by Lucy at the Cross Keys.

Followed by a thousand blessings from the lips of the afflicted girl—the good natured Count and his companion set out on their ex-

traordinary mission. They determined to stop any and every yellow cab with a trunk on the box that they might meet—but alas! they had no opportunity to put that doughty resolution in practice—they encountered no such vehicle. They expected to find the said conveyance somewhere in their route standing soberly by the pavement, but their expectation was not gratified.

"I'm blamed if I know *what* to think," said the policeman, after they had made ineffectual enquiries at the Spread Eagle, for it was barely possible that the man, knowing that he was to have driven his fare to the Spread Eagle, might in her protracted absence have proceeded thither.

"I'm blamed if I know *what* to think."

"You never mane to say that you think the fellow has druv' off with the poor girl's boxes," quoth the Count.

The constable scratched his head.

"It's a very uncommon thing certainly," said

the man, "and a very daring thing, for the chances are strong against his getting off—but it do look queer, don't it?"

Unfortunately there were more ways than one from the Cross Keys to the Spread Eagle, and the cab might still be standing quietly enough in one of the intermediate streets. All that they could do was to return by a different route, and so give themselves another chance. Meanwhile Lucy was watching with most painful anxiety for their return—bending her bonnet into all sorts of uncouth shapes against the window of the Cross Keys, and wiping her breath from the glass in her eagerness to look up the street, and ever and anon stealing out to look at the clock, which she fancied had stopped, though it was going at the good old-fashioned pace of sixty seconds to the minute, and sixty minutes to the hour. Her situation was unspeakably distressing, it was not only the loss of her money and her luggage, if indeed

the latter should be lost, but what was she to do? Without money a man cannot move, but then the worst of it is, neither can he stand still. In a strange place it is as expensive to remain as to go forward, and then this stranger —generous — gentlemanly — honorable as he seemed, how was a young, unprotected female to accept of his protection. She doubted if she had acted discreetly in applying to him, yet what was she to have done? He was the only person with whom she had even exchanged a word. Her reflections on this score were embittered by those two officious waiters.

"So you ain't found your things," said No. 1, to poor Lucy.

"No, nor ain't likely," echoed No. 2.

"I wonder if it *war* somebody behind the coach," said the first, "as cut off your pocket?"

"Why, who should it be?" gasped Lucy.

"Oh, I don't know nothing about it—only people have been robbed by their fellow passengers—leastways so I've heard."

Lucy looked aghast.

"You needn't say anything about it, but don't you trust too much to that there Count. He's a queer customer, isn't he, Bill?"

"I should think so," quoth Bill—"he ain't a foreign Count any more than I am—he ain't."

This was the last ingredient to embitter the already overflowing cup of anxiety and distress to the poor girl. To infuse into her mind a suspicion of her self-assumed protector, was like breaking the straw to which she was compelled to cling. Just as the above colloquy was closed, Bundledoff and his companion returned. The waiter gave Lucy a significant frown, which was intended to convey an admonitory hint, and might have been translated into his patois, "say nothing to nobody," and withdrew.

Words will not suffice to paint poor Lucy's consternation, when she found that they had returned without finding the cab. Minute en-

quiries were made of the waiters, ostlers, stable-boys, &c., whether they had seen her enter the said vehicle, and accidentally observed the number or appearance, so as to identify it. Enquiries were also made at the next coach stand, whether such a cab had lately left; but 'twas all in vain—again and again was the distance between the Cross Keys and the Spread Eagle traversed by the active, obliging, and intelligent emissaries of police, for (spite of prejudice) such they generally are; and at length the conclusion became inevitable, that Lucy had experienced the extraordinary misfortune of a double robbery—that the cab driver (instigated perhaps, by her apparent simplicity and inexperience,)had driven away with her luggage. The police generally, admitted that it was a most remarkable robbery, for the chances were all against the man's escape; and they assured Lucy that there was little doubt of the boxes being recovered, but

she must stay a few days to identify them. Stay! how was she to stay? and yet on the other hand, how was she to go? The Count indeed promised her his protection, and she saw no other plan than to accept it; yet this was a very delicate and distressing point, and that odious wink of the waiter's made it ten times worse. Perhaps it would have been the wisest way to have written at once to her father; but be it known to all whom it may concern, that father of hers was one of the most harsh, impetuous, we had almost said brutal of human beings, and to tell him of her distress, was one of the bitterest points in that distress itself. It was too late now, however, to proceed to Ahburnham, even had she been so minded, for the coach was gone, and moreover she clung to the hope afforded her by the police (they must know best), that her property would be recovered; so she submitted to her fate—accepted the Count's offer, and with a profusion of thanks, declining all

proffers of refreshment, retired to her chamber, and burst into an agony of tears. It was too early to retire to rest—we ought to say to go to bed—for rest was out of the question to the agitated and embarrassed girl, and after the first bitter burst of vexation and distress—she sat at the chamber window gazing down upon the passing crowd.

It was a hot and sultry summer night—one might have thought the pavement must become red hot with that incessant shuffling of human feet. The eyes of poor Lucy, accustomed only to stone walls and dull roads, were quite bewildered with the continuous stream of human life; her heart sickened with the oppressive feeling that one cannot but entertain, when one knows oneself a stranger in a crowd—the miserable wilderness of a multitude. Perhaps, though it is a bold conjecture—of all that multitude there was not one more miserable than Lucy Atherly. She sat and watched out the daylight, and by the brilliant

but partial illumination of gas light, the incessant shuffling of feet seemed more oppressive than ever. Lucy got nervous and irritable, and a tap at her chamber door startled her like the report of a pistol bullet. The waiter's suspicions of the Count had involuntarily sunk into her mind, and she was nervously alive to the possibility that his behaviour (from the very peculiar position in which they were placed) might become intrusive; on the other hand, she felt that he might possibly think her rigid seclusion—her apparent mistrust, something like ingratitude. With thickly throbbing heart she demanded who was at the door. It was a tender-hearted chamber maid, who had brought Lucy a light, and a cup of tea. Upon hearing Lucy's case from the waiters, she had laid it before her Mistress; but the said Mistress being a coarse-minded, hard-hearted woman, "couldn't be bothered" (such were her words, not ours, gentle reader) about it; and the chamber-maid, though a common-place,

every-day sort of girl, had compassionately brought poor Lucy the articles aforesaid. The cup of tea to poor Lucy's parched and feverish palate was like a draught in the desert, and though the chambermaid's attempts at consolation were of the most commonplace and gossipping description, the sympathy and countenance of one of her own sex were invaluable.

'Tis true, Betty rambled away to the amount of her own wages—how her Misses pocketed her perquisites—what Joe, the ostler, had given her at Greenwich fair—and who had slept at the hotel for some nights past. Topics intrinsically interesting and important in the highest degree, though somewhat tiresome to the vexed ear of Lucy Atherly; but even this "bald chat of hers" was better than solitary thought, and she was anything but pleased when the chambermaid's bell broke the thread of the gossip, and summoned away her garrulous companion. Lucy retired to bed, anxious

and agitated, a victim to the combination of untoward events.

Many people will think with the policemen, that a double robbery was a very uncommon, perhaps a very unlikely thing, and so we think too; but we workers in the wild stores of the imagination have a right to place our characters in unusual, though not in improbable situations, just as a painter is justified, while painting from nature, to choose his subjects under the most striking and uncommon contingencies of light and shade. Besides, if we cast our eyes abroad upon the surface of things, we cannot but be struck with the number and variety of what are called *coincidences.* Events seem to be brought about to a surprising extent, by what is termed the chapter of accidents, and though indeed we might if we were placed on a ground of vantage, be able to trace the chain of cause and consequence; yet standing on the same level, we see nothing in the concatenation of events but endless

accidents. Lucy's second robbery was indeed in some degree the consequence of the first, for her obvious simplicity, her confusion, and alarm, had no doubt suggested to the dishonest cabman to drive away with her luggage; still it must be confessed that her position was the effect of uncommon, though not unnatural accident, but we will leave her now to her uneasy pillow.

CHAPTER III.

THE SEARCH.

"I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop."
SHAKSPEARE.

EMBARRASSMENT after all is the most common perhaps the keenest trial of human life. Affliction is a dark and sombre visitant indeed, but his visits are like angels' visits (angels of darkness certainly) few and far between—and in his train he draws I know not what, of solace, and consolation, and human sympathy. Pity and compassion follow in his steps, and wondrously alleviate the wounds of woe. Some people

indeed would almost venture upon a little affliction for the sake of exciting these same sentiments of pity and compassion—but *embarrassment*—a common-place, every day affair, exciting no dignified feeling of endurance in oneself, no assuasive sympathy in others, how hard art thou to bear!

The embarrassment of Lucy Atherly had long kept her awake, and the early *cries* of London falling on her unaccustomed ears aroused her too soon from a troubled and dream-disturbed slumber. Every thing strange and uncommon to one in a state of nervous excitement is an additional source of irritation and disquietude. The ticking of a clock will put a man of morbid feeling into a passion. I suppose if he could hear the ticking of the clock without knowing what it was, it would drive him mad.

Lucy Atherly lay awake listening to those odious cries, not understanding them, but vexed and annoyed by so contemptible an annoyance.

The chimney cherubim went "weep," "weeping" about the street, for it was before Lord Melbourne had bade them "weep" no more. The execrable dustman's bell made her ears tingle, accompanied by a word which might have been Chinese for aught she knew—and the shrill, fiendish shriek of "water creases," with which the street rang from end to end, conveyed no idea of any species of cress to her countrified ears. Is it possible that one labouring under an accumulation of real embarrassment and anxiety should feel such petty, paltry vexation and annoyance as this? Yes, it is possible—it is likely when the nerves are relaxed, and the spirits exhausted—and the moral powers disordered, that the patient or the impatient if you please should be more likely to give way to imaginary or contemptible evils than usual.

Lucy did not wish to arise too soon as the Count might not have appeared in the public room, and she might be even more exposed to observation and remark, so she lay listening to

these uncouth and unmeaning sounds, instead of the chittering of the sparrows under the eaves to which she was accustomed.

As for the Count, he also was lying awake, and but little less embarrassed than Lucy. What was to be done with this poor girl? She had thrown herself in the utmost simplicity and good faith, upon his protection, and he had not the heart to desert her, though his purse was so scantily lined as to render every shilling worth a shilling to him—but if he left her to her fate what in the world was she to do. Hundreds, thousands of men in his situation would have walked off and left her to her fate, but the Count couldn't do it. Why couldn't he do it says your long headed, cold blooded man of the world? Because his heart would not let him. Bah! says your long headed, cold blooded man of the world.

When a man has transplanted a flower, he must water it, and when he has watered

it, he must tie it up; and when he has tied it up he must pluck off the dead leaves, and though he cared very little for the flower at first, and only transplanted it that it might take its chance, after all this watering and tying, and trimming, he comes to take a vast interest in it— and so, it is a kindly impulse, an amiable instinct of our human nature that when we have done one good turn to a fellow creature we would go on to do another and another, and the more we do, the more we wish to do.

Perhaps, if the Count had left Lucy at first to do the best she could, with the wise and worldly aphorism that it was no business of his, he might have felt little compunction, at least he might have felt much less than he would now, if he acted upon so prudential a plan—but he could not—and therefore, though he felt terribly hampered and chagrined at the adventure, he would see the adventure to an end.

Indeed, " the fellow who would lave a poor girl in such a pinch was not worthy the name of an honorable, open-hearted—furrin Count." With some such sentiment as this, Bundledoff bundled out of bed, rang for his boots and hot water, and was soon in trim to make his appearance in the coffee-room. Here he found Lucy who had descended before him, and here this somewhat incongruous couple sat down to breakfast.

It was rather a public position, for several of the boxes were occupied by travellers of different denominations, but upon the whole, Lucy liked it better than being closetted with the Count. Perhaps the Count guessed as much, for there was a good deal of delicacy in his mental composition, though he *had* some crotchets in his brain, as which of us has not. Perhaps he guessed that Lucy would like it better than a private room, though it *did* subject them to some animadversion and remark.

It was a commercial house, and a commercial room, and *travellers*, emphatically so called, seem to possess a prescriptive right to pry into one anothers' affairs—indeed, one dandified specimen of the gentlemen of the bag, thought fit to cross-question our hero.

"Who do you travel for?" said he.

"I travel on my own account," was the laconic reply.

"What line, sir?" said the *bagman*.

"The *fancy* line," quoth the Count, and added, "in *my* country they say, ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies."

"Oh, I beg pardon, sir," said the youngster, for the Count was not a man to quarrel with. "I mean no offence. It's quite common in a commercial room where matters of business are discussed, to know who's *who*."

"Och! thin there needs no apology," said Bundledoff.

"I have travelled in your country," quoth

the talkative traveller. "I went the West journey for a glove concern, in Limerick."

"Limerick isn't in Jarminy is it?" said the Count coldly.

"No certainly, I—" but here the youngster met the eye of the Count fixed upon him with rather an ominous expression. "Oh! ah! I see," said he slowly, and with a glance at Lucy, and a very peculiar twist of the nose and mouth which was carefully concealed from the Count, he went his way.

This little colloquy had brought several pairs of eyes upon them, much to the uneasiness of poor Lucy. One old, fat fellow, who was writing and having his breakfast at the same time, was so much interested that he dipped his pen in his mouth, and his fork in the inkstand —another shifted his newspaper and peered over it at the companions—there was evidently a *sensation* created in the room, which made the Count indignant, and Lucy unhappy, but it rather operated in her favor, as the Count

determined to protect her through thick and thin.

The Count's propriety and even delicacy of demeanour somewhat re-assured Lucy. He was kind and attentive to her, but there was nothing approaching to undue familiarity. He used several eccentric terms of endearment too, but they were evidently words of course.

As soon as they had finished their breakfast they set out upon the serious business of the day. In quest, namely, of the missing luggage. Information was lodged at the several police offices, and as accurate a description of the vehicle and its driver as poor Lucy's bewildered memory could supply as given. Accompanied by the civil officer (no pun) who had first assisted them, they visited half the coach stands in London—an Herculean task, and many a yellow cabman became a crimson cabman, with indignation at their "imperent questions." Their search was unsuccessful—the

police never heard of such an 'owdacious' robbery, but it seemed that the 'owdacious' robber would escape detection. The magistrates thought the double robbery a very singular coincidence—but singular coincidences will happen in this world—some smiled—some shook their heads—some looked suspiciously at the Count—some sentimentally at Lucy. One only—a bland, benignant, white-haired old gentleman, who had black-eyed daughters at home, *effectually* pitied her. He bade his clerk slip a sovereign into her hand.

Miserably tired—splashed over the ankles, (for it had been a wet day)—exhausted in body and distressed in mind—the poor girl found herself, as night drew on, again the companion of the Count.

"If you please, sir—" she said, and stopped suddenly.

"Spake up, my darlint, don't be afraid to tell me all you think."

"If you please, sir—you'll not be offended

nor think me ungrateful—but if I might stay at a different inn to-night."

"Say no more, ma vourneen, you've had enough of the Cross Keys, and we'll find out a snug lodging for you to-night."

"And perhaps, sir, now that I have got all this money," pulling out the sovereign, "I might pay you for—"

"Pay be—" Nothing ladies—the Count went no further. He only muttered a demi-anathema, and said aloud—"Put up your suvrin, swate-heart, you'll have plenty to do with it. I'll look out for a lodging for you to-night, and to-morrow morning you had better be off to the ould lady's."

"And what shall I say to her—what *shall* I do without my clothes," cried Lucy wringing her hands.

"Poor girl!" thought the Count, "I've a great mind to go down with her meself, and set it all to rights."

The Count now left Lucy at a quiet, retired,

respectable inn, and telling her that he would see her before she set out in the morning, walked quietly off to the Cross Keys. It was quite as well that he returned alone, for the landlady having heard from the gentlemen of the coffee room, that the Count and Lucy were not proper company, determined that they should not remain at the Cross Keys. This would have caused a serious fracas had it been acted upon, for the Count was a fiery spirit, and poor Lucy's feelings already sorely harassed might have been seriously outraged. Fortunately therefore it was not *to be.*

The Count came home *alone*, and so satisfying the scruples of the good lady, he was left to his undisturbed ruminations, which were of a somewhat chequered, parti-coloured complexion. His prospects were not very brilliant; his present position anything but splendid. Indeed he had left his native land with the sole hope and intention of bettering his condition.

He was a man of good family, but small fortune—a man of sanguine temper and warm feelings, but sadly deficient in the sober, sterling quality of prudence. For this latter deficiency mark you, we by no means wish to hold him guiltless. Prudence is an attribute of real, unostentatious, and intrinsic value, but it is not a quality so showy, sparkling, glittering, as some others—hence in a sketch of character it is often undervalued. It is the custom to represent a man reckless and generous, witty and brave, but sorely deficient in some of the quieter qualities of man's moral being as though he were a praiseworthy character. We would not do so. There are many steady, sober virtues, for which a man gets little praise, but which he must learn to exercise, or he will suffer discredit and distress—of such are patience, prudence, and some others—things indispensable, but little applauded.

The Count then had several subjects of un-

easiness; his meditations were somewhat of a sombre character, but there were some bright points, and the pleasantest topic of all was Lucy Atherly. He felt that he had acted fairly, kindly by that poor, helpless, unfortunate girl, and such a feeling is always the most agreeable in the catalogue of our emotions. It would be worth while for a cold, worldly, selfish man to try the experiment of a little benevolence; he might possibly find that he had discovered new pleasure—a pleasure as pungent and as durable as money making and self-seeking. Nevertheless we are a great advocate for prudence, and honestly wish our hero had a little more of it. He sat soberly sipping his coffee, and running over the advertisements, but evidently with an air of disappointment and dejection. He bespoke the papers after every gentleman in turn, and scanned the whole of them with deep attention. He loathed the pearl dentrifice, and wished Rowland's kalydor at the bottom of the

sea. He hurried over the shipping advertisements with hasty glance, but perused the second column with deep attention. At the head of that mysterious second column it was that such mysterious notices appeared as this—"*If* B. L. will communicate with X. Y., a satisfactory arrangement may be made." "If R. R. will call on T. B., no questions will be asked." How the Count gloated over these dark, shadowy hints. And then such as the following:—"If John Jackson, formerly of Antigua, and last of Lambs Conduit Street, will apply to so and so, he will hear of something to his advantage"—or "next of kin"—"important" and so forth.

How he did wish that he was John Jackson, that he might hear of something to *his* advantage. With what desperate longing did he look for *his* name, as next of kin to somebody; still he was evidently dissatisfied, and tossed the papers from him with disgust. It was a dismally wet night, and the Count could

not even take a stroll to amuse himself; he yawned over the commercial directory—tried to count how many chemists, publicans, and pawnbrokers there were in St. Pancras parish, but finding the task too great for him, he called for a glass of brandy-and-water and his slippers, and went soberly to bed.

Meanwhile the object of his kindness and consideration, was spending a much more tolerable evening than the last. Being at a different inn from the Count, she felt that she was less liable to misconstruction; she was relieved too from the galling reflection that she was a burden on the generosity of a stranger. The little fund which the liberal magistrate had afforded her, sufficed for the present, and she hoped to obtain a supply from her father, which would enable her to refund to the Count what he had advanced on her behalf. She sat down to write to her father, but this she found a more difficult task than she had expected. As before hinted, the

farmer was not indeed her father, but rather the husband of her mother. During the life of the latter poor Lucy had been treated by her step-father with at least a decent degree of kindness, but when her mother died Lucy Atherly, though she possessed a legal claim upon him for support, did not possess a natural claim upon him for affection. A generous man indeed would have felt more forcibly the delicate situation of the poor girl; but farmer Muggins was not a generous man, he had children of his own—he was in straitened circumstances, and Lucy was looked upon as an interloper.

The little Mugginses, her mother's children, were taught to look with something like jealousy upon their half sister, but her natural kindness and sweetness of temper wound itself round their young hearts, and they could not but love her spite of themselves. The farmer saw Lucy depart with ill-disguised satisfaction. or rather he did not endeavour to disguise

his satisfaction at all. He had grumbled a good deal about the expense of her outfit—he had churlishly supplied her with a little ready money, and it was to *him* that she had to write and tell the startling news that she had lost her money and her outfit too. Again and again did she take up the rusty, steel, tavern pen, and plunging it into the pewter receptacle which contained a full table spoonful of a sable compound, half mud half vinegar—begin to write. When a person has a queer correspondent he gets out of a writing humour, and when he is out of a writing humour, all sorts of aggravating obstacles seem to conspire against him. It was so with Lucy—the pen ploughed into the paper instead of making a mark—then the nibs got crossed like the tail of a king-fisher. A steel pen itself is one of the most capricious animals in the creation, nothing can go on more smoothly than it does for a time, but once taken testy it seems possessed by the very spirit of caprice—first

it *will* write, then it *won't*---*now* it will not make a mark at all---*then* it makes a blot. Lucy was not annoyed by the noises in the street, as she had been last night either. There was little more than the patter of the rain on the window panes, occasionally enlivened by the clatter of a pair of pattens on the pavement, drawn along sometimes with a screech that made your blood run cold. Lucy's equanimity was overcome by the obstacles, moral and physical, which impeded her penmanship. She gave up her occupation in disgust, and determined to postpone her correspondence till she could have the advice and concurrence of Mrs. Latimer, the lady in Kent, to whom she was going.

This good lady would no doubt interpose her good offices to appease the indignation of farmer Muggins, which poor Lucy trembled to think of. She would write when she got to Ashburnham---now she would go to bed —she did.

Early the next morning Lucy was visited by the Count. The policeman had come to him, having obtained a clue to the detection of the robbery.

"He knew they would find it out; he never heerd of such a robbery, and not to detect such a bare-faced business would be a disgrace to the force."

Lucy was in a fever of anxiety and agitation. She was soon equipped, and ready to accompany them; and they repaired to the Station-house, where a suspicious-looking cab-driver was detained for her to identify. This however she could not do. Her excitement and distress had been so great on the memorable evening of the robbery, that she felt much difficulty in saying that it was *not* the man, but certainly she could not swear that it *was*.

The man however was taken before a Magistrate, and his account of himself was so unsatisfactory, that he was remanded to the next

day. What was Lucy to do? Two more days in London! for of course her presence was necessary, and this and the following day must probably be spent in the metropolis. Again did she sit down to write to her father, but the terrors of farmer Muggins's infuriated countenance so possessed the imagination of the poor girl, that she again threw down her pen. If she waited a day or two, she *might* have to tell the farmer that her luggage at least was restored. The time passed on—the examination was resumed. Lucy again appeared, and though the suspected man was really a suspicious character, it was evident to all that he was *not* the purloiner of poor Lucy's property, and he was discharged,

Night fell upon the third day of Lucy's stay in London, her little stock of money was getting low though she had been as careful of it as possible, indeed she would have barely enough to pay the fare by the Maidstone coach. She began to doubt too the propriety of her remain-

ing in London so long, and yet what could she have done. She began to feel apprehensive after so long an absence from home lest she should be received with coldness—perhaps with suspicion and distrust. What if Mrs. Latimer should disbelieve her statement? She had come by degrees to make a sort of confidant of the Count. His behaviour had been so uniformly kind, considerate and unobtrusive that her suspicions were completely allayed. She told him of her embarrassment and apprehensions, and this made him, in the kindness of his heart, determine to accompany her to her destination (an idea that had previously entered his head) and by his explanation of the circumstances set all to rights. The Count was sincere in this desire to serve Lucy, yet if truth must be told, his amiable intentions were somewhat strengthened by hearing that Mrs. Latimer was a single lady of independent property—probably what he called an "eligible female," and though Lucy was overwhelmed

with the additional obligation under which it would lay her to the Count, she could not but feel delighted to have his countenance and protection.

It was a lovely Summer day when the Count and his companion set out by the Maidstone coach to be left at Ashburnham, the little country town, honored by the residence of Mrs. Latimer. The fine, fresh breeze blowing across the Kentish hills, came laden with a thousand Summer sweets---and though poor Lucy Atherly felt dull and despondent---she was occasionally exhilarated by the hilarity and good humour of the Count. A few hours brought them to Ashburnham, one of those charming little country towns, (hardly more indeed than a hamlet), with which merry England is strewn from one end to the other. It was so thickly scattered with wood, that you were surprised in Winter to find how many houses you had overlooked on a Summer excursion to it. The coach set our travellers

down at the gate of Rose Mount—the elegant abode of Mrs. Latimer. It was just enough of the cottage to stop short of the cotton box. The smooth shaven lawn was kept with the greatest care, and the still smoother drive from the gates to the front door was as hard and as dry as deal board.

CHAPTER IV.

AN OLD MAID.

"Nemo me impune lacessit."
SCOTCH THISTLE.

Miss SERENA LATIMER—by common courtesy called Mrs. Latimer, because she was beyond that certain age which every body seems so uncertain about—Mrs. Serena Latimer then, commonly so called, was one of the most cold, caustic, and virulent of what are termed vinegar old maids. We have a great respect for old maids, particularly such as are not above the title. We have seen some of the purest sym-

pathies, the dearest charities, the warmest affections exhibited by old maids which are to be found still clinging to the ruins of honest old human nature.

Old maids! why what super-excellent sisters, what invaluable aunts do they make—looking upon young mothers and young children as their natural born protegèes—and doing for the host of half fledged urchins who call them "aunt" —all the self-devoting duties of parental tenderness without the intense instinct of parental affection to carry them on. Still it cannot be denied that there is a class among the ranks of female celibacy of which there is no type in the male variety—a class generally and not inaptly called vinegar old maids—a set of people whose veins seem to flow with bitter water instead of blood—so cold are they and caustic.

We are not fond of a retrogade movement; we like to go straightforward with our story, and not to progress crabwise, but we *must*

retrograde awhile, because it is absolutely essential that our beloved reader should be fully informed of past events as they affected the family of Latimer.

The father of Miss Latimer had been one of those questionable characters to whose faults and foibles Mrs. world extends a degree of charity and tenderness which for so ill-natured a personage as Mrs. World is generally known to be, is somewhat extarordinary.

He was a testy, touchy, impetuous old man full of whims and eccentricities, but as warm in his attachments as his animosities. One of those old gentlemen who are sent to walk about in comedies in a blue coat and brass buttons, knee breeches and white stockings, who are always in a rage and fever, but very susceptible to wheedling and coaxing, and whose business it is to join the hands of all the couples on the stage before the curtain comes down. This hopeful old gentleman was the father of two children, Miss Serena and a son,

the former of whom alone survived old Latimer —the latter having made a love match with a very lovely woman, and left her an early widow with two charming children, a boy and girl. This love match, however, had so exasperated the old man that he steadily refused ever after to see his son, and immediately made a will in favor of his daughter, Miss Serena.

From the period of her husband's death the poor widows' heart seemed withered within her, she struggled on awhile in hopeless poverty and destitution, she struggled bravely for a time, but she was spirit smitten, and at length was carried off by one of those diseases whose secret source of power is an aching heart. Perhaps old Latimer was visited by compunctions of conscience—he took his grandchildren home to Ashburnham, and with characteristic inconsistency became as foolishly fond of them as he had been unnaturally cruel and resentful to their parents.

This extreme fondness for his grandchildren

on the part of the old gentleman became quite notorious, and it was therefore a subject of extreme astonishment to all who knew the circumstances of the case that when old Latimer died he left young Edwin and his sister Fanny absolutely unprovided for.

A will indeed was found—an old one—being the identical testament above alluded to, by which his daughter, Miss Serena, was made the whole and sole successor to his property; but no other document of any kind was to be discovered.

"Well, old Latimer *was* an eccentric man, a very eccentric man," was the common exclamation, until the singularity of the circumstance was forgotten, and people got accustomed to the thing. Custom will reconcile one to stranger things, than old Latimer's will.

The family of Latimer then, at the period of our history, consisted of the aforesaid old maid, who enjoyed the fortune, and her nephew and niece now grown to man's estate; which

estate, if not aided by other funds, is a remarkably small one. After all man's only absolutely inalienable estate is the six feet or so that he occupies *after all.*

The person of Miss Latimer was as unprepossessing as her disposition was disagreeable; she had a sharp, thin, vixenish-looking face, and a cold grey eye, which chilled you to look upon.

One peculiarity of her attire, and we have done. Some one told her that a swansdown tippet was very becoming to her—accordingly a swansdown tippet did she wear, winter and summer; and as she had got a trick of drawing it about her sharp-boned shoulders all the time she was talking to you, it irresistibly, attracted your attention and you always associated Serena Latimer with a swansdown tippet.

Edwin Latimer, who had a small annuity, lived in London, He had some slight prospects in which however the perspective was the

only point well defined---some slight prospects of a government post. Fanny Latimer lived with her aunt---a life certainly not to be envied---she being the chief focus of her aunt's spleen, which spread itself indeed like the sun's rays to all around, but was concentrated on Fanny. Had that indeed been light which truly was darkness, and been as we say all concentrated on Fanny, it could not have displayed the excellence of that sweet girl more fully, than did the unamiable disposition of Mrs. L. illustrate the suavity, and gentleness, and goodness of her niece. With all her meekness, there was enough of spirit and vivacity in Fanny, she was one of those happy mixtures of opposite qualities, which one seldom meets with, but which go as far to form a perfect character, as it is to be met with in such an imperfect condition as mortality---That Fanny had no faults we would not venture to assert, as we should not be believed by any one who knew anything of human nature;

her character then was not faultless—her *person* was—Beauty is so much a matter of opinion that ninety-nine beauties out of a hundred are merely the subject of discussion—some calling them beautiful, others seeing not even common prettiness in them. There are a very few whom all consider beautiful, and such was Fanny Latimer. This was the couple into whose presence Count Bundledoff was ushered, having left Lucy in the hall. Mrs. Latimer was taking her wine after dinner. Fanny was at work.

"The top of the morning to you, Madam," said the Count, he had got a way of saying "Madam" full out, and not contracting it to Ma'am. "The top of the morning to you, Madam—by your lave, I'll spake a few words to you."

Mrs. Latimer, whose nerves were of the most delicate description, and who could never bear to hear people speak much above a whisper,

recoiled in amazement and disgust at the loud tone and familiar address of the Count.

Fanny quietly looked up from her work, and a soft smile passed across her face as she thought of the way in which her aunt was likely to regard the interloper. Indeed, while Mrs. Latimer threw herself back in the chair, and gazed over her glasses, the experienced eye of Miss Latimer could trace the gathering gloom of the tempest on her brow which the Count was unable to perceive.

"My name's Bundledoff, Madam, Count Bundledoff—at your sarvice." Mrs. Latimer, the better to see the stranger moved a decanter. "You need'nt ask me to take wine, for I've been *afther* taking—I mane I never take any *afther* my dinner. I'm a Jarmin Count, Madam."

Mrs. Latimer slightly inclined her head to intimate that she heard the speaker, while a scrutinizing glance from under her contracting brow, intimated perhaps that she heard a little

more than she believed. Fanny too looked up, and slightly elevated her eye brows, while a somewhat incredulous smile played about her pretty mouth.

"I'm come to have a few moments talk with you---and by your lave I'll be sated."

Mrs. Latimer did manage to motion him to a chair.

In taking it however he chanced to disturb the meditations of a fat, saucy, snarling female of the canine race named Juno, who was slumbering on the rug. He did not put his own foot, nor that of the chair, upon the ungracious brute---he merely touched its tail, but like its mistress, the sweet animal could not bear to be put out of its way, and with a yell of intense spite it darted up and seized the Count's leg.

"Confound the baste!" cried Bundledoff, and with his unemployed foot he gave the creature such a kick as sent it flying across the room.

Mrs. Latimer darted up—her dignity was lost in a moment. "Juno! Juno! *was* it hurt a dear," she cried—but the ill-conditioned brute continued to yell as if its ribs were broken.

"What d'ye mean by it, what d'ye mean by it, fellow?" cried Mrs. Latimer breathless with rage. "Have you no feeling, or do you think the poor dumb animal has none."

"Faith now, madam, that I have some feeling the swate craters teeth have partly proved, and if it's a dumb animal you call it, for a dumb animal it's got a divil of a tongue as ever I heard—but I ask your pardon, Madam, I didn't mane to hurt the famale dog—much less to affront such a respectable famale as its mistress I honor the sex, madam, in both of you."

This complimentary coupling of the good lady and her dog was anything but gratifying to the former. There was however, such an

air of imperturbable good humour, and unquestionable innocence on the face of the Count that she could not conceive it to be an intentional insult, and seeing that she got no good by open violence she curbed her temper so far as to speak calmly, though the hidden fire burnt fiercely within.

"Will you tell me what business you have here," she said.

"With all the pleasure in life, Madam. I would have tould you ages ago, if you and the dog hadn't hindered me. I'll be judged by your swate-faced daughter here, if I could get in a word edge-ways."

The Count was getting worse and worse. There were two points in this speech peculiarly unpalatable. Mrs. Latimer could not bear to be thought to look old enough to be Fanny's mother, though by the way, had that lady been alive she would have been considerably the junior of Mrs. Latimer; and again she was particularly jealous of Fanny's beauty,

to which the Count made so gallant an allusion.

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Latimer, folding her arms and primming her mouth, and assuming an air of intense patience, which is so provoking—"perhaps when you have had your say out, I shall be favoured with your communication?"

"Well then compose yourself, my dear ould lady, and don't be in a passion, because that never does any good."

Mrs. Latimer turned pale with anger at the words 'old lady,' even her little thin lips becoming white; but she maintained her affected composure, only regarding the Count with a withering smile.

"I've done something to offend," said the hapless Count, "but as sure as the daylight I'm as ignorant of my crime as the babe that's unborn—barring the kick of the dog, which was the impulse of the moment; and let me tell you, my dear Madam, when a dog's

teeth are tickling your shin, you don't stop to think whether your toe will hurt him. I apologise, Madam—I apologise, Juno, since your name's Juno—which was one of the Hathen Goddesses—and rud upon a pacock, as the Latin poets say, which is all d—n lies, begging your pardon, ladies. Accept my apology, Madam."

"You have said quite enough, sir," quoth Mrs. Latimer.

"Perhaps you'll be sated, Madam."

"Thank you, I'd rather stand."

"Well, but I would not kape a lady standin for all the universe, and more—pray be sated, my dear Madam."

"Tut tut, how annoying—couldn't you have told your message to the servant?" said the lady.

"Humph!" quoth the Count, a spark of indignation beginning to smoulder in his bosom —that's civil any-how; but it don't signify talking. As aforesaid Madam, my name's Bun-

dledoff.—When I'm at home, I'm in Jarminy —and when I'm not, I'm at the Cross Kays Inn!"

"You are pretty much at home anywhere, I should think," said Mrs. Latimer bitterly.

"Well, Madam, thanking you for the compliment, I *am* pretty much of a citizen of the world—which manes a countryman of any place.—Town or country—England or Ireland —Europe or Jarminy—its all one to Terry O. —Bundledoff; but I'm kaping you from your wine, Madam, which is a thing ould ladies don't like."

"Well, sir, and *if* you are a German Count, as you say you are, what is that to me!"

"Och! nothing in life, Madam, only I wish you to know that I am a respectable gintleman."

"I don't know that it follows because you are a German Count, that you are a respectable gentleman—all I know of German Counts is, that they wear whiskers, and eat sauerkraut."

"Sauerkraut! what the d— Och! I'm awake, that's what they call the imperial diet of that country."

"But if you were fifty German Counts— What's the matter, Miss Latimer?"

This was occasioned by a convulsive explosion on the part of Fanny but which soon subsided, and with a very red face she said—

"Nothing, aunt."

Indeed Fanny had exhibited some rather remarkable nervous phenomena about the neck and forehead for the last few moments, which might have alarmed her tender-hearted aunt, if that amiable lady had happened to see the said symptoms. Her face indeed was held so low down upon her work, as to be invisible, but the veins of her bold and beautiful brow seemed swollen nigh to bursting, while the muscles of her neck were singularly tremulous; she appeared to be repressing with difficulty some convulsive explosion.

"If you cannot behave yourself, Miss Lati-

mer," said her aunt, "you had better leave the room. I do not see anything to laugh at."

"I'm sure I am not la—a—aughing, aunt," said Fanny in a subdued tone.

"Och! don't you snub the swate crater," cried the Count—"you were young yourself once, Mrs. Latimer, and *I* shan't be offended. I love to see a laugh on a pretty face, like a sunbame on a pleasant prospect."

"Well *now*, sir, if you please," said Mrs. Latimer, rubbing her hands viciously—.

"If *you* plase, Madam. Well then I've made bold to call upon you in behalf of this young famale, Miss Lucy Atherly."

"Lucy Atherly! oh, has that important personage made her appearance at last. I have been expecting her these four or five days."

"Well thin you see, Madam, the wisest of us is disappinted sometimes;" and therewith the Count commenced a comprehensive recital of Lucy's misadventures, which being

told in *his* way, and garnished with a great many reflections, execrations, notes, and addenda—not to say errata—presented a series of wild and romantic adventures, which were to say the least not a little improbable. It was only by dint of cross-examination that the story was rendered at all intelligible; and as this cross-questioning was conducted by Mrs. Latimer with an ill-disguised sneer, the Count became more and more chafed in temper, and consequently less and less coherent in manner. Fanny had good sense and good feeling enough to perceive that with all the Count's eccentricity of manner, there was an ingenuousness and simplicity of demeanour, which told well for his veracity, and a warmth and sincerity of purpose, which spoke volumes for his heart. She was convinced indeed that he was *not* a German Count, but she was hardly less firmly convinced that he *was* a man of integrity and benevolence. As he proceeded her work fell from her hand—her sweet face settled into an

expression of painful sympathy—and as she gazed in the countenance of the Count, she let fall an occasional—

"Poor girl! poor creature!"

The Count observing the interest which Fanny took in his tale, and attracted by her charming and intelligent features, came at length to address his words to *her*—a circumstance which redoubled the virulence of her aunt's animosity against him. At length, when his recital was at an end, she deliberately drew her swansdown tippet around her, and looking him full in the face said—

"I don't believe a word of it."

"What!" cried the Count with an emphasis that made Mrs. Latimer start—"is it meself that you call a liar! by the powers! ould lady, if you wasn't an ould lady I would twist the nose of you into a ram's horn."

"You are no more a German Count than I am," said the old lady, "and the whole story is a fabrication, got up to deceive and mislead

me. Since you have brought Lucy Atherly here, you may take her away again, for these doors she does not darken I assure you."

"But!" cried Fanny and the Count both at once; but the latter was thunderstruck at this new complexion of affairs, and the former got the start of him—"but, my dear aunt, *do* think."

"I generally *do* think, Miss Latimer, and I hope I am fit to manage my own affairs without asking your advice. Do you believe the pretensions of this extraordinary individual?"

"Why, aunt, really—"

Fanny coloured deeply as she caught the eye of the Count fixed upon her.

"I am determined this young person shall not come here," continued Mrs. Latimer.

"But, dear Aunt, what *is* she to do—what will become of her?"

"That is *her* look out, Fanny. I am sorry for the young woman, because I knew something of the family, but I cannot risk the

disgrace and danger of having her in my house."

"But, my dear aunt, she has no home—no friends."

"She can easily find friends, it seems."

"Madam," said the Count, his voice trembling with emotion, "I was betrayed into a hasty faling which I am sorry for—when you tould me I was a liar, or as good as it, I—I forgot myself—and your sex and condition—but since I came to meself I haven't been able to belave my own ears, to think that you have so shamefully forgotten *yourself*. Instead of pity and advice which the poor girl had a right to expect from your age and expariance, you first put slander and contimpt upon the young cratur, and then you would turn her adrift to become as bad as you would make her out to be—you don't mind the ould proverb which is under the king's arms, and says, avil be to him that avil thinks, whereby many a one has come to ruin.—I'm ashamed of you, I'm ashamed of you."

"If you do not absent yourself from my house, and that directly," said Mrs. Latimer trembling with anger as she laid her hand upon the bell handle. "I will have you turned out."

"Turned out!" exclaimed the Count, showing his brawny fist. "I should like to see the man that would turn me out, when I wasn't disposed to go—but I am disposed to go now. I've had quite enough of this speciment of charity and avil spaking."

With this the Count placed his hat upon his head, gave it a steady bang on the crown, touched the brim to Fanny, and left the room.

"Come along, Lucy," he said, as he entered the hall, "come along, the ould lady won't have you here."

"Won't have me!" almost shrieked Lucy, "what can you mean?"

"The maning's as plain as the nose on my face, darlint. The ould lady can't belave there's such a thing as kindness and goodness in the world—she's no expariance that way."

"Good Heavens! what will become of me? Madam!" cried Lucy, throwing herself upon her knees and catching the garment of Mrs. Latimer, who at that moment entered the hall, "I beseech you to have compassion on a poor unfortunate girl—I have done no wrong—but I have suffered one misfortune after another till I am utterly wretched and miserable. I beseech you, Madam, as you would save an unhappy being from complete destitution and ruin not to cast me out—but to have pity—to have mercy upon me."

"Divil a throw of pity or mercy has she got to spare," muttered the Count.

"You have brought this person here on purpose to insult me, I believe," said the lady, snatching her dress from the grasp of the suppliant girl.

"What shall I do—what is to become of me," exclaimed Lucy.

"You should have thought of that before you acted so imprudently—so indiscreetly—as to this person—"

"I'm not a person," cried the Count, "and I never was called one before—by the powers its come to a pretty pass, when a furrin Count is called a person."

"Well then, as this *Foreign Count* has protected you so far, he will perhaps see you safe home to your father."

"How am I to go home to my father, Madam? I have no money—no friends—I am absolutely desolate and hopeless, Madam."

"My dear aunt," quoth Fanny, who had followed Mrs. Latimer, "*how* is this poor girl to get home without money?"

"*Well*, Fanny," cried Mrs. Latimer, "you are enough to provoke a saint," (saints are not so easily provoked, but it is needless to say that Mrs. Latimer, though sanctimonious enough was not one). "You are always opposing and contradicting me. Do you for a moment believe the improbable story of a double robbery—are you for an instant deceived by the pretensions of this Foreign Count? Where

have you been all this time, in London, Miss Atherly?" she continued turning sharply to Lucy.

"At the Champion Ma'am, in Princess Street."

"There! there!" exclaimed Mrs. Latimer triumphantly to her niece. "*He* said the Cross Keys, in —— Street. They do not even agree in their statements."

"Will the ould lady hear no rason?"

"I want no argument," she said, "my mind is made up. I shall write the reasons for my conduct to Mr. Muggins—and my advice to you, young woman, is to get home as fast as you can."

"But how—how, dear Madam, how am I to get home?"

"Through the assistance of Count Bundledoff," said Mrs. Latimer, and leaving the hall she called to the foot-boy to open the garden gate.

"Come away, Lucy! come away! I will see

that you are sent safe home—and thank your luck that you are not caged with such a female tigress as this."

So saying, he grasped the arm of the weeping young woman, and with more kindness than tenderness hurried her away.

Their return to London was unattended by accident or incident of any kind worthy the attention of an honest and intelligent historian. We prefer therefore to remain with Fanny Latimer, who is an especial favorite.

CHAPTER V.

Oh the days when I was young.

OLD SONG.

MRS. LATIMER was so chafed and excited by the heat and altercation into which she had been betrayed that nothing but an afternoon's nap could restore her serenity, and for an hour or two afterwards she might have been found in a very easy chair by her bedside—

with her swan's down tippet opened to l
the heat, and a veil thrown over her f
keep off the flies, puffing and blowing
sweetest of afternoon naps. And w
sweetner of the temper, and a soother
spirit is an afternoon's nap, when a ma
over the fire on a cold winter's day, or
cool corner on a hot summer's day, and
to feel too lazy in the one case to save h
from being roasted, and in the other to p
his neck from getting stiff. Then to
eyelids bow under their own weight, a
arms fall anywhere, and the head go w
will, and to have a drowsy, dreamy cor
ness of one's own happiness. If a pers
be ill-tempered after an afternoon's
must be a brute indeed.

Whether Mrs. Latimer's ill-temper s
the period of her repose remains to b
that period gave Fanny an opportu
reflect upon the events which had just
pired. It did more—it gave her an o

nity to go to the front door, as a young man, well mounted, rode up to it, having pushed open the gate and allowed his horse to find its own way up the drive, a feat which the animal seemed quite competent to, and which permitted his own eyes to travel towards the window—must it be admitted—in search of Fanny Latimer.

We do not intend this to be a love story; and yet why should a man be ashamed to tell a love story, source of much, of most of the good and evil of human life—of half its incident and excitement—one cannot turn a page of the world's history without hitting on some true story of true love—and what story would one tell in preference—the tale of man's mad ambition, or savage warfare?· of his meagre paltry schemes for the acquirement of wealth? or his rapacious plans for the acquisition of power? themes so passionless and cold that they affect not the human heart, nor stir up the human sympathies of our common nature. No, though

we do not intend the passion to maintain a prominent place in this history we should not be a faithful painter of the picture of human events were this strong light or deep shadow, (as the case may be,) kept out of it.

Did the heart of Fanny Latimer bound lightly as she opened the front door? Not more so than Allan Netherby bounded out of the saddle at the sight of her. He threw the rein upon his horse's neck, and allowed him to walk off, which was some detriment to Mrs. Latimer's lawn and laurels, for the latter he nibbled, and the former he impressed with three great hoof marks, which procured a subsequent scolding for the footboy.

There was no nonsense about Fanny Latimer or she would not perhaps have allowed her fair fingers to open the door for Allan Netherby, and thereby given him the heartfelt gratification of knowing how pleased she was to see him. Fanny Latimer was essentially *modest*,

she could therefore afford to dispense with affectation.

"How is your aunt, Fanny?" were Netherby's first words—though certainly not his first thoughts—second thoughts are said to be best, they were not so on the present occasion, for his first thoughts were of Fanny Latimer, his second of her aunt.

"How is your aunt, Fanny?"

"She is very well, but she is asleep," said Miss Latimer in a low voice as though she did not wish to awake her.

We cannot say that Fanny thought anything of the kind, but certainly Allan did when he whispered, "Is she asleep?" and then with remarkably little noise they entered the parlour.

The lovers, for such we are compelled to call them, sat for some time in silence. It was one of those silent pauses which are more eloquent than any words—more delicious than the sweetest strains of poetry or music. Too long

a silence, however sweet, becomes irksome, and it was broken by Fanny.

"My aunt will be very glad to see you, Allan."

"If she alone were glad to see me," said the youngster, "I fear she would hardly be gratified."

"Nay, that is too bad, Allan, you should not say so, for I am sure my aunt treats you very kindly."

"But she does not treat you very kindly, Fanny, you, who are the gentlest, and the kindest, and the best of daughters, to a cross-grained, ill-tempered old aunt."

"For shame, Allan! I have often told you that I will not hear you speak in that way. My aunt has her infirmity of temper—her uncertainty of disposition, but we should not speak evil of any one, much less of one who is connected with us by the ties of near relationship—one with whose foibles and infirmities we become acquainted by dwelling together. It

is something like being a spy to speak evil of the inmates of one's own habitation."

"That is spoken like yourself, dearest Fanny, which is the highest praise I can give it—but I cannot close my eyes, or repress my indignation at the way in which you are treated."

"We have all some cause for sorrow in this world, Allan—some thorn in the side—some crook in the lot—and I am thankful that mine is no worse. But you have not told me how are our good friends the Jenkinsons."

"Why much as usual, Fanny, very kind, very good, very well, and very happy, but fancying themselves very ill and very miserable, and well nigh making themselves both by the fancy."

"You are growing quite scurrillous, Allan."

"Nay, my dear Fanny, I speak in a good spirit. Every body knows, and every body regrets the failing of the Jenkinsons, but every

body loves and respects them—and of all people in the world I am, and ought to be the last to speak against them—I wish one could esteem and admire your aunt a thousandth part as well as the Jenkinsons with all their peculiarities.

"My aunt will be delighted to hear of her old friend Mrs. Jenkinson. They are such old cronies, and tell their miseries together so pleasantly."

"There now, Fanny, you are as scandalous as I."

"Nay, as you say, sir, one cannot help seeing the peculiarities of our friends, and of the Jenkinsons no one can speak bitterly. But are they still at Euston Square."

"Still there, Fanny, and the terminus has not yet put a terminus to their career—those Jenkinson has been prophecying a blow ever since it was established, and that's a little variety, because it used to be a blow down

but it's easier to fidget about steam than wind."

"And have our friends really been at Euston Square all this time without finding the necessity of sea air or salt water, a warmer climate, or a chalybeate spring."

"Truly they have, wonderful as it may seem Fanny."

"And what if I may be so bold, Mister Allan Netherby, brings you down here?"

"Can you ask me such a question, and *you* here?"

"Well, that is all very gallant and pretty," said Fanny with a faint blush—"but I did not mean that—I wanted to know what your business is with my aunt."

"Is not inclination strong enough to bring me here?"

"Inclination is a very pleasant personage to follow, Allan, but he has often more will than power."

"Well, but I have got fairly into his good graces this time, Fanny, and moreover he has overcome all obstacles, I am allowed to stay till Monday morning."

"What? all to-morrow and Sunday!" said Fanny with a flush of joy upon her face which made Allan's heart bound.

Fanny did not wish to wear such a flush, she would have repressed it if she could—and as a prudish person may say in maidenly modesty she *ought*. But it was no fault of Fanny's because she could not help it, she tried very hard but it would not do—the emotion came up from her heart, and as it were mantled into her face before she was aware of it. It was such a flush as seen upon the lovely face of a beloved object by a young man who knows he is in honor of him, is worth an age of common life.

"Then the Jenkinsons have no objections—" began Fanny, but there she got confused and broke off abruptly.

She had begun suddenly, and without reflection to cover the slight confusion which she felt, but as it often happens in such cases she only made matters worse, and she stopped speaking with a deep blush.

"I know what you would say, Fanny," said Allan taking her hand, "the Jenkinsons have no objection to my intercourse with you—I hardly know how to answer you—The Jenkinsons esteem, admire, love you, as every one must who approaches your presence—but Jenkinson I know had set his heart upon my marrying the daughter of an old friend of his, with a large fortune. He considers her almost as much of a protegée as I am myself, and nothing would give him greater pleasure than to see us united—he thinks too, much more than is quite necessary about money, and though you must come into property at the death of your aunt, enough, and more than enough for content, independently of what Jenkinson

might do in that way for me, still I think he looks with longing eyes upon the lady's fortune —I do not believe the Jenkinsons would put any harsh constraint upon my feelings, nor do I think that I should be justified in obeying them in such a case. But Fanny dear, you know how I am situated. Were the Jenkinsons my parents I would not hesitate for a moment to urge my claims to the right of a freedom of choice. But I am bound to them by a deeper tie of gratitude than ever son can be to parent—because I have not the natural claim upon their kindness which their own child would have had. Left an orphan without a friend—they have been to me (the child of their adoption) the kindest and the best of parents—and their lightest wish has been a law to me."

"Your sentiments are highly honorable to you, Allan, nor would I wish you—nay, allow you, for my sake to alter your behaviour to

them—I do not know indeed that I do right in allowing you to address me as you do."

"You would not surely be so cruel, Fanny."

"Nay, we had better drop this strain of conversation; you have not told me yet the immediate cause of your visit to Ashburnham?"

"Why your brother had something to do with it, Fanny; he called upon Jenkinson on behalf of that half foolish, half knavish fellow, Spofforth."

"I wonder Edwin continues to associate with such a person," said Miss Latimer.

"Why Edwin loves to laugh at eccentricity, and I think he only encourages the dandy to amuse himself; however, it seems Spofforth has borrowed money at an exorbitant rate of interest of your attorneys here, Marks and Silvereel; and old Marks is rather pressing for the amount of a bill which they discounted for him, and Mr. Jenkinson has promised to be half towards the bill, if your aunt, with

whom Spofforth is a favourite, will be the other half."

"And you are to negotiate the matter Allan?"

"Just so, I am to see the lawyers to-mor row, and as the next day is Sunday, I am t spend it here, so I hope we shall not quarrel i the course of two days, Fanny."

They were now interrupted by Mrs. Lat mer, who had slept off some of her ill-humou and expended the rest in a letter to farmer Mug gins, the step-father of Lucy, so she welcome Allan Netherby, (who was a favourite,) wit much cordiality.

That was a happy evening at Rose Moun It was not perfect indeed, for there were som cold, biting, sarcastic things thrown out a Fanny by her unamiable aunt, but which th good humour and suavity of the young lad neutralized as some substances neutralize th virulence of a poison. They made Allan blood boil indeed, but they had no more effec

on Fanny, than to make her appear doubly amiable beside her unamiable relative. She could not forbear saying however once to Allan Netherby when her aunt was out of the room.

"If it were not for Edwin's sake, I could hardly bear all this."

These little sallies however were not frequent, and upon the whole the evening was a happy one.

The next morning was devoted by the young man to the business upon which he came, and which he settled to his satisfaction; but as all the personages of whom he spoke on the preceding night are destined to play a prominent part in our history, we postpone their introduction to the reader until a more important opportunity.

Saturday slipped away to the fancy of Allan, as though the hours were by some inexplicable process cut into minutes, and the minutes into seconds; and then came Sunday—such a Sun-

day morning—that walk to the old parish church with Fanny Latimer—and that walk back again—the stroll by a most circuitous path through green and fertile meadows, pastures of deep luxuriant grass, sprinkled with those pretty crimson-dipped daisies, which ought to be always opening, and never open—and other fields, from which the hay had just been gathered, or lay piled in huge masses on the waggons ready to be taken home on the morrow morning. It was quite safe out in the field, for no man, weather-wise, or otherwise, could dream of rain upon that glorious day. To wander in such company on such a day, and listen to the lark, and mark the chirping grasshoppers as they darted by dozens from your footsteps—and watch the graceful form of the libellula, with its long painted body and reticulated wings, poising itself above the crystal pool--and marvel at the millions of small azure-tinted butterflies, which the sun

had called into a brief but joyous life, to hover over those old straggling hedges. This was a white and happy day, enough to form an era in a man's existence. But Sundays cannot last for ever in this world, and night would come even on such a day. There are some seasons in a man's life in which he feels that when they have past away, he never can be happy any more—his life will be a blank—a perpetual shadow—a dark and tedious dream; but they *do* pass over, and life goes on as usual.

Monday came—black Monday, as Allan and the school boys might have called it—and he must needs depart. His horse was at the gate, Mrs. Latimer wouldn't allow it to be brought to the door, lest it should make any more dints on the drive. The horse then was at the gate, and Allan and Miss Latimer walked down to it.

Her aunt of course knew all about the attachment of Allan to her niece, but she did not

interfere. The Jenkinsons' disapprobation wa rather implied than expressed, they could no possibly have any objection to Fanny Latimer she was every way the equal, if not the supe rior of Allan, who was only the adopted so of his kind friends—and they could have n objection to Fanny, but that a better mate had offered itself. Mrs. Latimer therefore d not feel herself called on to interfere in a matt in which she felt but little interest—she d not care what became of her niece. It was peculiarity of this extraordinarily unamiab woman, that she could live with Fanny La mer without loving her.

Before young Netherby mounted his hor Fanny handed him a letter with an inclosure

"Allan," she said, "you will oblige n much by delivering this as soon as you can my brother Edwin."

Allan took the letter and minutely examin it. Not that he had the most remote intenti of rudeness towards Fanny Latimer—or t

least desire to pry into the secrets of the young lady. What did he do it for? Gentle reader it was only to put away a little time in the presence of the young lady—but this delightful trifling could not be long protracted, and with a heavy heart he bade her adieu and departed.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MISERY MAKERS.

Ah, Jack! there is not a feature in the sky, not a movement of the elements, not an aspiration of the breeze but hints some cause for uneasiness.

SHERIDAN.

Upon the following morning to that upon which the Count and his companion had made their disastrous journey to Ashburnham—both Lucy and the Count were most sorely perplexed with the extraordinary combination of circumstances, which had placed them in so

delicate and embarrassing a situation. Anxious consultation was held between them, as to the next step which should be taken, and the Count was decidedly of opinion that she should set out for Oxfordshire immediately. To this however Lucy made some objection. The Count had been at considerable expense on her account, and the funds for the proposed journey must be supplied by him. She was most anxious to repay what he had advanced, and to encroach still further on his kindness was hardly to be thought of. By waiting for the return of one post she might be enabled by her father to repay the sums advanced, and to avoid incurring any additional obligation. She represented to the Count that her father, though a stern and severe man, was an upright and honorable one, and would not allow *him* to be a loser by his generosity. Truth to say, Bundledoff, though he readily advanced the money, was too poor a man not to hear of its being repaid, with some satisfaction. We will

say this much for him — that he would have advanced the money, though he had been certain of not receiving a fraction of it back again, yet he could not but feel that it was quite proper for farmer Muggins to be at the expense instead of himself, and he the more readily agreed to Lucy's plan of writing and receiving a reply. If she had any misgiving too of her father's remitting the *whole* of the money advanced, he would certainly send her enough to convey her home, and therefore the Count would not be called on for any further outlay. Lucy had come to regard the Count with the most ingenuous feelings of respect and confidene. His demeanour was so uniformly kind and affable, without in the slightest degree descending to familiarity upon the possibility of which she had kept a very jealous eye.

In their first acquaintanceship on the London coach, the Count had assumed

a slight air of gallantry, such as was by no means unnatural, and implied not the least degree of impropriety in a gentleman conversing with a very pretty girl, of somewhat inferior rank—but even this he had laid aside since she had been as it were under his protection. This kindness and consideration won upon the poor girl more than the most assiduous attentions of another sort would have done, and she was insensibly coming to regard the Count with a degree of feeling which would have somewhat annoyed John, had he been aware of the circumstance; and not less perhaps have embarrassed the Count, had *he* penetrated the penetralia of Lucy's bosom. To write to her father had now become a harder task than ever, but now it *must* be done, and like all things that *must* be done, it *was* done. Leaving Lucy to her pleasing occupation, the Count set out upon his own affairs. The principal of these was to deliver a letter

of introduction to a far away cousin o
the only inlet to society in London of
he was in possession, and this cousin w
other than Mr. Jenkinson of Euston Sq

Josiah Jenkinson, Esquire, was one of
unfortunate individuals who are the
miserable of mortals, because they hav
thing in the world to make them unh
No cares, no troubles, no wants, no wi
He had an easy fortune, an easy tempe
easy wife; he had no miseries, and ther
he had the trouble of making them; and
is one of the greatest troubles upon e
We verily beleive that real miseries are
the whole not only more respectable, but
endurable than fancied ones; and yet t
are hundreds of people who come under
pitiable class of misery makers. S
was Josiah Jenkinson, and such was his
—extremely kind-hearted, good-natured sou
a stout, comely, comfortable couple, but set

and established misery makers. They lived in an excellent house in Euston Square—not a fine house, but a comfortable one—for they did not pretend to be people of high fashion, or they might have got into the high and cold region of real miseries. No, they were really respectable—truly genteel, but not fashionable. Josiah had been bred a gentleman, and a gentleman he was. He was a man of independent property—had been brought up to no business—perhaps that was unfortunate, for he might not have turned misery maker, had he been bred to a better trade. It is generally your idlers who have nothing to do who take up the manufacture we have mentioned. They had a most comfortable house—every luxury, every elegance that ample means could purchase; and they might have been eminently happy, but for the unfortunate profession of which they were members. There is often a deep and flagrant degree of impiety and ingratitude in the discontent of affluent

people, but the dereliction of the Jenkinsons did not extend so far as this. Of course it was wrong, very wrong in the highest point of view, but it was rather a habit than a principle. They were good, amiable, charitable, humane people, not wanting in piety and principle, as it is eminently called, but they had got into the horrid habit of making miseries. They had no children—that was a pity, because if they *had* they would probably have had no scope for making miseries. They would have had too many true joys—too many real cares—to be under the necessity of creating either.

Mr. Jenkinson's house in Euston Square was redolent of comfort. The grates were somehow set to throw out the greatest warmth—the curtains somehow arranged to keep out the bitterest cold; there was a springy elasticity about the sofas—a downy, foot-embedding feel about the rugs, which seemed peculiar to the house of Mr. Jenkinson. Then the paper

of the rooms, the patterns of the carpets, the colours of the curtains were all *couleur de rose* —in the spirit, not the letter, they were all the very thing they ought to have been—nothing seemed improveable, indeed this was one of the latent causes of the Jenkinsons' unhappiness—even in their furniture they had nothing to wish for.

With all this comfort, elegance, luxury, there was a worm in the bud—or if you please a maggot in the brain of Mr. Jenkinson. He fancied (it was the merest whim in the world,) that his house was infected with the dry rot. Had a whole host of termites a colony of white ants fresh from Ceylon attacked his house, and left nothing of the cornices but the gilding—nothing of the walls but the papers, he could not have expected more confidently than he did to see the whole carcase of his house crumble into a skeleton—the whole of his furniture moulder

and chimney glasses to spot, and cielings to crack as hers. Then it was all in vain that she envelloped the picture frames in tissue paper or muslin, the flies *would* get in, and *did* get in, all she could say or do. She dreaded living in the country because the moths might get into the curtains, and she hated living in London because the bugs might get into the bedsteads. She was constantly on the fidget about the chandelier, and this is how she managed it:—The said chandelier was taken down once a month to be cleaned. Well, for the fortnight previous to this operation she fidgetted lest it should be broken in taking down, and for the fortnight after, she fidgetted lest it should not have been fastened properly in putting up. Such were the absurdities of this amiable and in other respects, sensible couple, and such will no doubt be recognised as the general features of a common class, the misery makers.

Jenkinson was of Irish extraction, and his wife an Irish woman, and this made their mania

[redacted] the Irish do not often make mistakes—they have no occasion. It is a more common point of Irish character to cast off with the buoyancy of spirit and good-feeling and good-temper that belongs to it—ready made miseries than to deal in this somber but flimsy manufacture—but Jenkinson probably inherited his whim from his father, a stately Englishman, rather than his mother, a pretty lively little Irishwoman—and as for Mrs Jenkinson, she probably acquired the habit from her lord. Such were the distant relations that Bundledoff set out to visit, and to whom he bore letters of introduction.

There is one point to which the attention of misery-makers is ever directed, and which the Jenkinsons did not overlook—this is bodily health. They were in constant communication with Buchan, not our old friend Logie, the estimable laird, whose interference is so piteously prayed in behalf of Jamie; but our antipathy the doctor, whose pages have told so

many people how to be ill *secundem artem.* Some folks (gourmands to be sure) have set themselves to eat out all the recipes in the cook's oracle—the Jenkinsons seemed to have set themselves to take all the prescriptions in the "family physician." They had a most delightful process of accommodation—that is they most ingeniously accommodated the symptoms of their complaints to the symptomatic lists in the "family physician," whereby they sometimes got into error—as for instance when Mr. Jenkinson turned to a wrong page, and found himself in an interesting position seldom occupied by gentlemen.

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Jenkinson as they sat over their breakfast table, each occupied with a newspaper, "here's a pretty job!" Mr. Jenkinson looked alarmed—"they are gone to war with these precious Chinese, and what on earth will become of us?"

"Why they will not invade England, my love," said he.

"Fiddle! you are always thinking abo invasions and revolutions, and such rubbis but don't you see they will put poison in t the tea, and we shall be obliged to turn te totallers, and drink nothing but water, isn't i horrid?"

"I confess, my dear, I didn't see it in thi light."

"Well but Mr. Jenkinson, don't you thin the tea has had a very queer taste lately— kind of coppery taste—verdigris is not unlik hyson—they are both green you know."

Mr. Jenkinson did not seem to be deepl impressed by his wife's alarm, which effectuall spoiled her breakfast; but he soon began t make troubles of his own. It was remarkable that though both were misery makers, the did not generally hit upon the same subjec of uneasiness, which was unfortunate, as the lost the consolation of mutual sympathy.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Jenkinson, "if i is not enough to provoke—here, my love, we

must use our own legs in future—no more horses for me—no more flys, gigs, carriages—oh dear me no."

"Why what in the world is the matter, Mr. Jenkinson?"

"Matter! matter enough I think. They are going to pave some of the principal streets with wood—with *wood*, Mrs. Jenkinson, when every body knows that no horse can keep his legs upon it—if they have wooden pavements they must have wooden horses next, for flesh and blood can't stand it."

"Well, but Mr. Jenkinson, don't you think—"

"No, my dear, I do *not* think—I am certain that we shall all be a mass of broken legs and bruises, and I shouldn't at all wonder if the surgeons were at the bottom of the plot—and then think of the waste of wood—there will not be enough to build ships with, and without ships the coast will be left undefended, and then there'll be an invasion."

[redacted] I [redacted] would not with an [redacted]

[redacted] my dear, how can you be [redacted] you know, Mrs. Jenkinson, th[redacted] the naval resources of this country are dim[redacted] I don't know how much—besides t[redacted] true national spirit is evaporated. Who you think in these degenerate days is sworn [redacted] the King, and hate the French. Ther[redacted] a sign of the times for you—I don't belie[redacted] there are a dozen men in twenty who wou[redacted] refuse a quid out of a Frenchman's tobac[redacted] box—that's your liberalism for you—heav[redacted] knows where it will end, but it makes me p[redacted] fectly miserable. There's your national edu[redacted] tion again—"

National fiddlestick," interrupted Mrs. J[redacted] kinson, "I have no patience with such thin[redacted] unfitting the lower classes for their station society. I pity the poor things who are ma[redacted] uncomfortable and discontented by learning

read, I believe we shall have all mistresses and no maids soon."

"What a dreadful condition of society," said Jenkinson.

"Well you know what I mean, Jenky, I am sure it makes me wretched to think of—they say there are no 'men' in America, they are all 'helps' forsooth—"

A pause ensued, accompanied by the crunching of toast, and the sipping of tea.

"The funds don't fluctuate much I see," said Jenkinson.

"Well, where's the harm of that, my dear," quoth his helpmate, they had got so much into the habit of expecting an evil announcement from one another that in the case of an indifferent remark they generally enquired "where was the harm."

"Why not much harm, my love, only I don't like to see things too steady it looks as if they were shaky."

"If your mother had said that, my dear would have been called a bull."

"Bull or no bull its true, Mrs. Jenkinson I don't altogether like this calm, steady, d fixedness of the funds—we know that a ca often precedes a storm—and the water see to sleep before it dashes down the precipice."

"You are quite poetical, my dear."

"Don't insult me, Mrs. Jenkinson, wha tell you is the truth. If the national de should be swept away, you and I must go the workhouse."

"Perhaps there wouldn't be any workhou to go to."

"Why there couldn't be any paupers if the was nobody to keep them, Mrs. Jenkinson."

At this stage of the conversation the do opened, and the stout portly butler entes with a letter.

This man was a standing proof that t Jenkinsons, if they made themselves miserab kept others happy enough around them.

"To be sure you do. My kind-hearted cousin, Michael O'Sullivin. This is a letter of introduction to me, the bearer of which is his only nephew, Terence. Well to be sure, I am quite delighted, why didn't you ask the poor boy up stairs, Brooks?"

"He ain't a boy, and he's gone—besides how was I to know that he was any body?"

"Well, that's true—but what do you mean by gone?"

"Why he left the letter, saying that would tell you all about him, and that he would call again."

"What an extraordinary thing! to bring a letter of introduction, and not stop to see the parties addressed, he's a true countryman *yours*, Mrs. Jenkinson."

"None the worse for *that*," said Mrs. J.

"Deuce a bit," said Mr. J.

"Rather the better *I* should say," added Brooks.

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have known that no such name as Bundledoff *could* be in the letter—but he did *not* reflect upon the subject. The Count was a creature of impulse—the slave of a whim—he was partly a deceiver, but more a self deceiver—he had a reason, at least a motive for deception, which motive we cannot in honour explain, until he shall choose to do so himself. Being in his confidence, we are sure the honourable reader would not wish us to betray him. Suffice it to say that he quite forgot that the name of Bundledoff was *not* in the letter—a piece of forgetfulness which we believe, in Germany, is called a bull. As to his leaving the letter without obtaining an interview with Mr. Jenkinson, that was as much the servant's fault as his.

He had enquired of the boy, an awkward, loutish lad, if Mr. J. was at home; which indeed the said loutish lad answered in the affirmative, but as Mr. Jenkinson's household were always taught to believe that their mas-

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[redacted]

by the sweat of their brow, want of employment is a greater curse than the original malediction; but even among those who do *not* eat their bread by the sweat of their brow, nothing to do is an intolerable evil. Whoso is at all conversant with young children, must know the pungency of that pitiful cry—"I want something to do, or I don't know what to do;" and among children of a larger growth this miserable feeling levels the supposed advantages of rank and riches, and ought to make the active artizan specially content with his condition, if he could understand the bitterness of the cry as it falls from fashionable lips —"I don't know what to do."

The Count was suffering from this serious malady. He sadly wanted a definite and settled object, for though he had a vague and shadowy purpose in visiting the metropolis, he had no fixed plans, no determined line of conduct to pursue. He was now floating languidly down the current of events—having been taken

by a sort of eddy and whirled rapidly about for a while with Lucy Atherly—but the interest of his adventures, in connexion with poor Lucy was in a measure now evaporated. Until the answer to her applications should arrive, nothing could be done, and while he had a painful sense of the burden which she was at present upon him, he had nothing for it, but to assume such a degree of patience as he could accomplish, and hope the best. Lucy indeed shared his anxiety, but in a much more intense and painful degree. Wearisome enough were the two days that she endured before she could in the course of post receive an answer to her epistle. That is, she wrote on Saturday and could not receive a reply till Monday. What an eventful week for poor Lucy. It was on the previous Monday that she had quitted her quiet home in Oxfordshire. Wearisome enough we repeat were the Saturday and Sunday which Lucy was destined to spend in the metropolis.

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was the most hale, wholesome looking, merry-eyed, self-satisfied of butlers. He handed the letter to his master with a sort of patronising air, and continued to gaze upon him with a look which seemed to say—"you're a queer old fellow but a good one too, and I suit you very well, and you suit me very well," all which was depicted upon the butler's face.

"Bless—my—heart—alive!" said Jenkinson, taking his time over so solemn an adjuration. He did not address himself either to Mrs. Jenkinson, or the butler, but rather to the letter—it brought however the attention of both upon him.

"Mrs. Jenkinson, my love," he said, "this is from Michael O'Sullivin—why Brooks," to the butler, "you remember Michael O'Sullivin."

"*This* high," said Mr. Brooks laconically, and suiting the action to the word by holding his hand flat on an imaginary head some three feet from the floor. "*This* high."

"To be sure you do. My kind-hearted cousin, Michael O'Sullivin. This is a letter of introduction to me, the bearer of which is his only nephew, Terence. Well to be sure, I'm quite delighted, why didn't you ask the poor boy up stairs, Brooks?"

"He ain't a boy, and he's gone—besides how was I to know that he was any body?"

"Well, that's true—but what do you mean by gone?"

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"None the worse for *that*," said Mrs. J.

"Deuce a bit," said Mr. J.

"Rather the better *I* should say," added Brooks.

This little episode settled, they returned to the contemplation of the letter.

"And so you say he left this, and went away," said Jenkinson, "what a mysterious thing."

"Mysterious!" exclaimed the lady, "dear me, are you sure its all right—it isn't an imposture—a begging letter, is it? Did you cast an eye to the coats and cloaks, Brooks, there are so many idle boys about?"

"He isn't no *boy*, Ma'am," said Brooks, "leastways, if he is a boy, he's one of the biggest I ever heerd of. If he hasn't come to his growth yet, I should say he would be a second Irish giant when he *does*."

"Oh, he's grown up is he?" said the gentleman.

"Pretty well grown up," quoth Brooks—"grown up a great way. I did not see him myself—that is I did not take in the letter, but Charles says that he is a fine looking fel-

low, with big black whiskers, and as I took a peep after him, I saw that he was a strapper."

"And he did not leave his address—how very odd—however all we can do is to wait patiently, till he calls, and then show him that we haven't forgotten his poor uncle, Michael O'Sullivin."

The intelligent reader will no doubt have gathered from this conversation that the deliverer of the introductory letter was no other than our eccentric and mysterious friend, Count Bundledoff. It has been said that he was the bearer of a letter to his cousin, which cousin was Mr. Jenkinson; and therefore the intelligent reader will no doubt have concluded upon the identity of the Count and the letter carrier. One thing however may have puzzled the reader, namely, that the name of Bundledoff was never mentioned in the letter; but this is our mystery, which we do not intend lightly to impart to any one. If our friend, the Count, had reflected upon the subject, he must

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He had enquired of the boy, an awkward, loutish lad, if Mr. J. was at home; which indeed the said loutish lad answered in the affirmative, but as Mr. Jenkinson's household were always taught to believe that their mas-

ter was in the last stage of some chronic unaccountable disorder, the lad added that Mr. Jenkinson was ill. Whereupon the Count, with a promise of another call, left his letter and departed; so that when the official and sagacious Mr. Brooks came to the door, he saw nothing but the back of the departing Bundledoff.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LETTERS.

"Here are our hands in token of our hearts."
SHAKSPEARE.

THERE are few troubles of every day occurrence more annoying than want of employment. Certainly this was one of the Jenkinsons' sources of uneasiness, but it is not to the case of the Jenkinsons, but the case of the Count, that we now refer.

Among the majority of mankind who live

by the sweat of their brow, want of employment is a greater curse than the original malediction; but even among those who do *not* eat their bread by the sweat of their brow, nothing to do is an intolerable evil. Whoso is at all conversant with young children, must know the pungency of that pitiful cry—"I want something to do, or I don't know what to do;" and among children of a larger growth this miserable feeling levels the supposed advantages of rank and riches, and ought to make the active artizan specially content with his condition, if he could understand the bitterness of the cry as it falls from fashionable lips —"I don't know what to do."

The Count was suffering from this serious malady. He sadly wanted a definite and settled object, for though he had a vague and shadowy purpose in visiting the metropolis, he had no fixed plans, no determined line of conduct to pursue. He was now floating languidly down the current of events—having been taken

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To a person not in a humour for sight-seeing, what a great black brick wilderness is London —to one who is harassed by anxiety—corroded by care—spirit-broken by affliction and distress —what a positive nuisance is the pressure of objects which would possess extraordinary interest to an unburdened spirit. There is just this difference between the beauties of nature and the wonders of art, that the former exercise a prodigious influence upon the spirit of man—the latter lose their influence when the spirit of man is not attempered to the enjoyment of them. The sights and sounds of nature; green fields, and glittering streams, whispering winds, and murmuring waters, sooth and lull the vexed and agitated mind—the hum of multitudes, the tread of feet, the gaiety and glitter of the world, vex and irritate it still more.

Lucy was chafed in spirit, and rendered nervous and anxious by the tumult and turmoil of London. Sunday was worse than a week

day, because she was accustomed even to a deeper degree of quietude in the country. Business to be sure was at a stand still—the shops were shut, except indeed those absolutely essential ones, open for the distribution of lozenges, cigars, oranges, and ginger beer—some butchers and bakers too were dispensing the necessaries of human life, because their customers had been too busy sipping gin, and guzzling porter to make their purchases on the Saturday night, the majority however of the shops were shut, but then there were those execrably noisy church bells, and gaudy chariots rolling to the churches, and fine dresses, and showy bonnets, and crowds of pedestrian puppies, (of the biped order we mean), insulting the sweet summer air with tobacco, (the quadrupedal variety of the genus seldom smoke). There is doubtless as much of genuine piety and pure devotion in London as anywhere, perhaps more so than in any large

city in the world, certainly of Europe—but a country person cannot at first think so—the natural quiet of the country seems somewhat sabbatical—few being abroad but those arrant sabbath breakers, the bees—perhaps ordinary occupations are followed in the country quite as much because they are many of them works of necessity, but London *seems* more irreligious, and to a devout girl like Lucy the circumstance was distressing.

It was past however, and the long looked for Monday came at last, and with it a letter from farmer Muggins.

Nobody opens a letter at once, and generally the more anxious we are for the contents, the longer we take to scan the outside. Lucy looked at the post-mark—perused the superscription—examined the seal—re-examined the letter—poised it—pinched it. There *was* an inclosure—it was not heavy enough for money—that is for coin—it was almost too heavy for

a bank note. Lucy's hand trembled so much, her breathing was so heavy, she could not break the seal. She allowed the little girl who had brought it up to her bed-room to depart before she opened it—she could not bear the child to see her agitation. As soon as she was alone she *did* break open the letter—she glanced over the contents—a burning flush arose to her brow—then gave place to an icy chill—a mist came before her eyes, she could not see a letter of the epistle—her legs tottered under her as she staggered to the bell-rope—and when in obedience to the violent peal that she pulled the child returned, she found Lucy partly on a chair—partly on the bed—pale as a corpse, and seemingly as insensible, with the bell-rope in her hand, and the letter lying on the floor The girl who doubted not for a moment that Lucy was dead indeed, yelled out at the summit of her lungs, an expedient which presently brought the little talkative, good-tem-

pered landlady of the small inn, where Lucy was staying, to her assistance—cold water and vinegar were instantly in requisition, the little girl was despatched to the chemist's hard by for some *salts*, but returning with an ounce of Epsom, received a stunning box on the ear. With some difficulty Lucy was placed on the bed, and manifold chafings and slappings of the hand were resorted to, but for some time without effect.

While these manipulations were in high operation. Count Bundledoff made his appearance. He had heard below that his young female friend upstairs was either dead or dying, and walked up forthwith. He was greatly shocked, but seeing the letter lying on the floor, and presuming that he was somewhat interested in the contents, he took the liberty as her only friend, adviser, and protector, to peruse it. It was indeed an interesting letter to him, and ran as follows—

"Mr. Muggins sends his love to Lucy Atherly, and as I am not going to be bamboozled by any got up stories which I may believe, or not as I like—shall not part with my money for any such purpose. As Lucy Atherly well knows Mr. M. was at great expense for her to be send away to her situation —which it appears from the enclosed, you didn't go to, as Lucy Atherly ought to have done. Mr. Muggins begs to say, as the old saying says, 'tell me the company you keep, and I'll tell you what you are.' J. M. begs to say that he perfectly agrees with the very respectable lady who has wrote the enclosed—and I do not wish to see any more of you, as you are a disgrace to my family. I cannot do anything for you, as I have so many of your mother's children to keep, which you are not. J. M. begs L. A. will seek some decent employment, as he should be sorry to see her a disgrace to me and mine. I am going now to hear Dr. Drowsy, and must therefore hasten to

close this, or I shall be too late, so no more from your loving father to command,

"JOHN MUGGINS."

"P. S.—I wish you had finished my mittens."

Enclosed in this precious epistle was the following:—

"Rose Mount, Friday Afternoon.

"SIR,

"I feel it my duty to lay before you the concatenation of circumstances which has furnished me with reasons for the part I have found myself compelled to pursue under the following very unpleasant position of affairs. After nearly a week's expectancy of your daughter, Miss Lucy Atherly, she made her appearance at my house, accompanied by a person, who calls himself a German gentleman, but who I am absolutely certain is neither a German nor a gentleman. In short, I have no hesitation in saying that your daugh-

ter has fallen into very bad company; and while my heart bleeds for the poor young woman, I feel it my duty—a duty I owe to the position in society in which I am placed, to decline the attendance or association of the said Lucy Atherly. The person (her companion) under whose protection she is now living, offered me the most glaring insults, and the story which they had made up about cabs—coaches—robbers—and other things of that nature, was not even consistently told by the surreptitious parties.

"I am, &c., &c.,

"SERENA LATIMER.

"To Farmer Muggins,

"&c., &c., Oxon."

The Count was a choleric man, but he seemed half stunned by these precious epistles—he muttered a few execrations in an unknown tongue—at least the landlady supposed it such, for poor Irving was then the town

talk—and saying, " Don't let her want fc
thing, I will pay you," hastily left the
Lucy was some time before she recc
and when she did so, it was to ease her
ing bosom in a flood of tears.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEW FRIEND.

"Ever affectionately yours."

EDWIN LATIMER.

THE Count was one of those mercurial spirits upon which disaster and distress make little impression. Birds have got a way of applying a sort of oil to their feathers, so that moisture is sent trickling off without injuring them, and some men seem to possess something like this property of oiling themselves against adversity. Reckless they are, and careless,

shaking off their troubles with a sort of quiet indifference that is quite surprising—but then such men are always *in* trouble. Their very indifference is of the element of imprudence, and they are perpetually involved in embarrassment, so as the old ladies say, it's as broad as it's long. The Count walked steadily to Euston Square, revolving in his mind the reception which he was likely to meet with from his cousin, and forming many sober regulations for his own conduct and demeanour. He must subdue his tone and manner to the standard of the poor querulous but kind hearted invalid, whom he was going to visit—he must put on his best behaviour, and thus employed his mind turned from the perplexities of Lucy Atherly, to his own more immediate affairs. Arrived at his destination he pulled up his collar, ran his fingers through his curly black hair, and rapped at the door. There was a sort of smirk on the portly butler's face, which seemed like a half recognition. To the en-

quiry—Is your masther at home? he replied—He *is* at home, sir, but he is very unwell, very unwell indeed, sir. However I dare say he'll see *you*. Please to walk in, and I will enquire. Your name, sir, is—a—I think."

"Bundledoff—Count Bundledoff."

The man evidently was discomposed. He had gone too far—his master would not see a stranger—he had expected another name. It was however too late to retract, and he was asked into a parlour, the stout footman casting an anxious eye to see that there was no stray plate lying about as he left the apartment. He was absent but a few minutes, during which the Count surveyed the luxurious looking apartment with a smile and a sigh—a smile at the thought that his cousin was so well off, and a sigh for the reflection that he was *not* so. He sat down in the stuffed morocco chairs, to feel how soft they were. He gazed at the fine picture of their common ancestor over the mantel-piece, with a feeling of exulta-

tion. He inspected one of the splendid annuals which lay on the table with delight, and was just regarding the Lakes of Killarney with an air of enthusiasm, which looked like patriotic pride when the man returned.

"My master is very sorry, he said, but he cannot see anybody to-day."

"Och! well then I must call agin—you'll tell him that I called—and the next time may be I'll saa him."

"Your name, sir, I think you said was—"

"Bundledoff—Count Bundledoff."

"Yes, sir, yes."

The Count stalked off—the portly butler did not shut the door immediately, but stood gazing after him with a dubious look.

"I thought *that* was the man who delivered that letter," he said, "but it can't be—it can't be. I was mistaken."

While the footman thus soliloquized, the Count went stalking along the pavement thinking his cousin was as uncomeatable as a

minister of state. He was in an abstracted mood, and he went on trundling his cane along the area railings, thinking alternately of Lucy Atherly and his cousin, when his eye caught the soul inspiring announcement of Goding's genuine cannon ale, with a lamb-like lion sitting amiably with his paws out as if he were practising the piano forte, a flowing wig and a face of such profound gravity, that he seemed to have been imbibing too much of the ale which it was his business to announce.

The Count was thirsty—it was no fault of his that he did not drink hock or claret—he would have done so with the greatest good will if he could have procured it—but alas! hock and claret cost money, and money was not superabundant with the Count.

It is humbly hoped that he may not suffer in the eyes of society, or that his title to the title of a foreign Count may be disputed because he did not drink hock and claret; he plunged into the yawning door of the tavern

and called for a pint of ale. The newspapers as before stated, were always objects of great interest to him. He snatched up the Times, and turned to his favorite page. He did not waste his time upon politics—he did not care for ship news—he had no sympathy with police reports—he had no friends to die or be married, nor did he expect any to be born. No, the advertisements—those sublime efforts of English composition—were all to him. His eye caught one by which his attention was transfixed—"wanted a partner." The Count was all animation, he proceeded—"who can command a few hundred pounds—" the Count's countenance fell—"to join the advertiser in a lucrative business."

"Pish," quoth the Count with an air of supreme contempt, "lucrative business be—"

The ale was finished, and Bundledoff returned to his retirement at the Cross Keys. He had hardly done so when a stranger was announced as wishing to see Count Bundledoff

Who could it be? Some emissary from his cousin thought the Count, but such it was not.

A young man of very prepossessing appearance was introduced, and requesting a few minutes private conversation with our hero, was led by him into a separate apartment.

The Count was almost certain that the young man was a stranger to him, and yet he was almost as certain that he had seen his face before. How often do we meet with faces as familiar to us as the features of our companions but which we have never seen before unless it be in our dreams! Some such thoughts were passing in the Count's mind—but this somniferous theory was unnecessary to explain the puzzling circumstance connected with the stranger—and yet there was a paradox in the case, Bundledoff had not seen the stranger before, though his features were familiar to him.

The problem was at once solved by the young man's placing in the hands of the Count a small card with the inscription thereon, visible—Edwin Latimer, Albany.

"That's my name," said the stranger as he delivered his credentials, "that's my name, Count, and I have taken the liberty to call upon you at the request of my sister."

"Och, thin you're brother to that swate faced young cratur down yonder, I'm proud of your acquaintance and the acquaintance of any of the good looking family, except the ould lady in the swan's down, who, as she's your aunt, Misther Latimer, shall be nameless."

"Never mind *her*," said Edwin smiling, "I shall not put lance in rest in her behalf, I assure you—but I hold it as a maxim that when one can say nothing in favor of a friend we had better say nothing at all."

"Be St. Patrick you're a broth of a boy—give me your hand, Mr. Latimer—and let us

have a glass to dhrink to our better acquaintance."

"Not now—not now," said Latimer seizing the arm of the Count, and preventing him from ringing the bell. "I have but little time to spare, and I want to ask you some questions. Now, my dear sir, you must not think me impertinent. I assure you, whatever the conduct of my aunt may have been, as it regards that poor girl to whom you afforded your protection, my sister gives you credit for the best feelings and most honorable conduct on her behalf."

"The best blessings upon the bright face and the noble heart of her for the words," said the Count. "It's hard to have your motives mistaken, and your conduct misconsthrued, and your falings hurt by suspicion, when you're doing your best to relave your fellow craturs, and though I care little for the likes of that skinny ould aunt of you, I thought there was something in the twinkle of that sparkler of

your swate sister that said, 'Bundledoff, I belave you,' and it was a drop of honey in the bitterness of the moment to me."

"You were quite right in the supposition, sir, my sister was indeed distressed at the turn affairs took that night, though you will understand me when I say, she durst not say all that she felt. She was still more distressed when a letter arrived on Monday morning from that old brute, farmer Muggins, whose skull I will crack if I ever come across him."

"Och, hubbaboo! philaloo! doodlely bob!" cried the Count in an ecstasy, wringing the young man's hand, "friend of my heart, give me your hand. If ever I come across that farmer Muggins, I'll lay a shillelah upon his skull till it's as full of lumps and bumps as the outside of a damson pie."

"Well, my sister was certain that the poor girl's misfortunes were real, and when the letter came from that cold blooded churl of a

farmer, she contrived to send me a line to beg me to see you, and serve you if I could. What has become of poor Lucy, Count Bundledoff."

Latimer put this question so suddenly, and scrutinized the manner of the Count so narrowly that if there had been anything of duplicity about the man he could hardly fail to have detected it—our hero answered at once and without confusion or hesitation.

"She is still at the Feathers. Indeed I don't know what to do with her—but have her I won't while I've a penny to part with."

"My sister has sent her a sovereign—to which, I am so much interested in her fate, that I will add another. I wish we could afford her permanent relief, but we are both too poor to act as we wish in such a matter—my income is extremely limited, and poor Fanny is almost dependent upon her aunt."

"Then by the powers I don't envy her situation."

"You are quite right, sir, she is indeed to be pitied, but 'tis of no use complaining. I wish it were in my power to place her in an independent position, but this is not the subject upon which I came to talk. You will not object to our adding our mite to the support of poor Lucy, and aiding you in your generous purpose of affording her assistance."

"Divil a bit, Misther Latimer. I am not rich enough to quarrel with any one for helping me in such a matter—and I am not selfish enough to wish to monopolize all the satisfaction of doing a kind action."

"Well then you have no objection to my seeing Lucy."

"Not a ha'porth. I'll go with you to the Feathers, or lave you to go alone, as you like."

"And allow me to suggest, my dear sir, that until we can find some employment or situation for the poor girl, it would be much better to remove her to lodgings."

"But the rint, Misther Latimer, the rint—"

"Why that cannot be so expensive as stopping at an inn—she will be able to economize so much better, besides it will be so much more consistent and creditable for a young unprotected female than stopping at a public-house."

"Well, I dare say you are right, but where—"

"I think I can find some one, a very decent old woman, who will take her in."

"You spake to the point—and that's the way I like."

"Well then, Count, we understand one another. I will call on Lucy—it is in my way home—and then ascertain the possibility of procuring her a lodging. When shall I see you again. Perhaps you would call at my chambers. If you are not engaged this evening—I shall be happy to see you."

"Och! I've got no engagements at all—I

haven't a frind, save one in this great city, and him I never saw."

Latimer looked surprised.

"Is it fair," said he, "to ask your business in London?"

"To better my condition, Misther Latimer, which is a thing that sames a little further off than when I began to do it. My steps in London have been rather backward than otherwise."

"But, Count, I trust you will excuse me—do you mean to say that you have no connections, no pursuits, no prospects?—that you are here for the purpose of bettering your condition, without knowing how to set about it?"

"Just that same. I am like a cork poppling about on the tops of the waves, which *may* lave it high and dry in some snug nook and comfortable corner; and it's better to go on floating about upon such a chance, than to be

stuck like a limpet on a cold hard rock for ever and a day."

"I am really interested in your situation, and hope you will not think it impertinent when I ask if you have any views which I, in my insignificance can farther."

"Many thanks, Misther Latimer—your frankness plases me, and if you know any eligible famales—"

"Any what?"

"Eligible famales—widdies with dacent dowers—single ladies, with little bits of independent property—I don't want to marry for money, but I can't afford to marry without it. I'm tould that there are thousands of ladies in London wanting husbands, and when I mate with one of 'em—if I like the lady mind you, not otherwise—I'll make her a good husband, and Mrs. O. — Bundledoff into the bargain."

During this speech Latimer gazed at the

Count in silent amazement; he would have given the world to laugh, but would not hurt the Count's feelings, and perhaps arouse his anger by such a proceeding—so he stifled his mirth at the hazard of apoplexy, and merely wished his new friend success in his interesting pursuit.

"They tell me that there are many good matches made in the newspapers," continued our hero.

"In the newspapers?"

"Yes—that is, you see them advertised."

"Oh yes, I understand you. Well, we will talk this matter over when I see you again. In the meantime farewell."

A cordial shake of the hand passed between them, and Latimer was about to leave the room, but returning he said—

"There is one question you will perhaps excuse my asking—*what* countryman are you?"

"A Jarmin Count," said Bundledoff somewhat coldly.

"Oh, indeed—yes—I thought you did not speak exactly like an Englishman."

"Ah, you mane that I have got a little bit of the bro—that is the *Jarmin accent!*"

"Why yes—a *nice* ear might detect something of a foreign intonation."

"A furrin accent it is—but so slight that few people would perceive it. In my own country nobody noticed it at all."

"That's very likely," said Latimer, and wringing his friend's hand, he said—"don't forget to-night, and hurried into the street."

He did so principally that he might have his laugh out, and many a passing traveller gazed at the light-hearted and vivacious youngster, as he went merrily along the pavement, screwing up his features to prevent an uncivilized outbreak. Latimer was a sensible fellow too, and when he had subdued his risible emotions, he went soberly along, musing upon

conversation which displ
genius, and yet this sin
his betrayed the simplici
child. Again his co
Atheriy displayed a ma
interested spirit: and
speculation seemed as m
could well be imagined.
evidently like every one
thing that in the delinea
racter is so commonly overlo
the wisest of mankind has n
Who among the

for *lee way*, and however steadily a man pursues his object, one has always a little lee way to be allowed for his inconsistencies. Then how the Count was gulling himself, and no one else, about his country—what a flimsy veil was his *title*, to hide the glaring fact of his "furrin accent." How successfully did he seem to think that he imposed on others, while in so supposing he was egregiously imposing upon himself—and *what* was the purpose of this intended imposition? This Edwin Latimer could not conjecture, but it was obvious that the associates of the Count must be content to practise a little harmless cecity, and humour him in the idea that he *was* a a German Count; perhaps he had said so till *he* believed it himself.

Edwin Latimer called and cross-examined Lucy Atherly. He entertained indeed but little doubt of the veracity of the Count's statements, still it was well to have them corroborated by his companion, and his acumen was

brought to bear upon the simplicity of po
Lucy, but without producing any other res
than a firm conviction of her artless, unaffect
candid truthfulness.

That evening was a happy one for the Cou
It was the first that he had spent in Lond
in anything like society.

"This is Mr. Spofforth," said Latimer,
troducing the Count to a young man in a b
figured satin waistcoat, with a gold chain
eye glass—who boasted moreover of
blackest pair of mustachios, and the whit
set of teeth in London—"he is a particular
quaintance of your friend Mrs. Latimer."

This piece of affectation in a frock
trowsers—frock coat we mean—but the for
attire would have been consistent with
nonage of his discretion. This piece of affe
tion approached, and honouring the Co
with a one-eyed stare through his eye-gl
for he shut one eye, and kept his glass in
other by muscular contraction—placed h

self in the first position, and made a bow. His speech was distinguished by two particulars, he drawled out his words in a most languid and indolent manner, and he never pronounced upon any account the letter *r*.

"'Pound of the honnah of youah acquaintance, Count," he drawled out, "Mistah Latimah has told me of youah meeting with his aunt—he! he! vey um—vey um indeed—know Misses Latimah vey well, but no elation—nev mind me—say what you like about the old gal—shan't be affonted."

"The laste said about her the better," quoth the Count, "I don't want to spake avil of the female sex, and so I won't spake at all, as Misther Latimer says."

"Quite ight—quite ight—I don't want to talk about the old lady, but I thought if you thought I was a gate fend—I should take her past, quite mistaken, I assure you."

"Well never mind the old lady now," said

Latimer, "remember she is my aunt, and your particular friend."

"Ya'as, she likes me, she plays at kibbage with me all the evening. Fanny likes me too."

"No she doesn't, Spofforth, she thinks you a great coxcomb."

"He! he! he! sheea envy—sheea envy—Not that he envies his sistah liking me, but poor Latimah knows that all the gals like me, and so he calls me a coxcomb. I'll be judged by the Count, Latimah's envy is vey foolish, but not vey emaakable."

"I should say that the famale sex is sure to be very fond of you, the swate craters have always had good taste since the days of the princess in the 'Rabian Nights, who picked rice with a pin."

Spofforth smiled sweetly, and acknowledged the compliment—he was not deep read enough to know that the lady in question set her heart upon a ghoule.

"Well, Spofforth. I have asked you here

to meet the Count, because I know that you are a general favorite, and know every body, and will introduce him to some people, he is looking out for a wife, Spofforth."

"Ah! what a boah—I should hate a wife as bad as a dun—I give out that I am a maaing man because it makes the gals look aftah one—but as to maay that's out of the question—I couldn't make up my mind fau a woman to see me in my night-cap fau the univaase."

"Couldn't you slape without one," said the Count.

"Impossible—my haah would be all out in the mauning like a mop. By the bye, count, if it isn't a gate seket—I see youah haah curls divinely—might I pesume to ask what you use?"

"What I use?"

"Yes, is it pomade divine—*au huile antique a la ose*—au macassah—au what?"

"I don't use any grase at all—St. Patrick

curled me hair with the fire tongs, and tickled it up with the kitchen poker."

"Ah, I see you keep youah seket—well I hope I am too well bed to pess a gentleman on such a point, but about this lady. Do you seek fau beauty, wealth, ank, au intellect?"

"Why I've no objection to any or all of these, but if I must say the fortune is indispensible."

"Ah I see. Well I will intoduce you to my fend Figgins's family—Figgins is a etiahd goceh—you don't mind the smell of the shop — its gone off since he gave up tade."

"Not a ha'porth if I like the lady, and the tarms of the marriage contract."

"Ah, well, Miss Figgins is a gate fautune, her father sold figs till he put away a plum—but if I had such a head of haah as youahs I wouldn't sacifice myself fau any woman in the univaase."

"Well, Spofforth, I'm sure the Count will

be much obliged for the introduction—but here comes Mrs. Watkins to tell us that the lobsters are ready in the other room, and Spofforth is the best getter up of a salad in London."

So saying he led our hero and the dandy into another apartment, where the latter was soon busied in the mystery of salad mixing. He compounded the elements as carefully as the most scientific chemist could have performed the most important operation, and to him it was an operation of the utmost importance.

Just at the moment of projection a couple of young lawyers, friends of Latimers, dropped in to supper—but Spofforth was not to be disturbed—he would not speak to them till he had finished his task. The lobsters were unexceptionable, the salad was superexcellent. The mirth of the party was above par. What was wanting in wit was made up in laughter. To repeat the puns, to sketch the conversation would be doing injustice to both, a second-hand witticism is like a bottle of soda water with

the cork left out, 'tis only at the mome
the cork flies out that its worth having.

The Count went home to the Cros
after the happiest evening that he had
London.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FAMILY 'FIGGINS'.

Some men are born great,
Some men achieve greatness,
And some men have greatness thrust upon them.
SHAKSPEARE.

THE family 'Figgins' dwelt in one of those questionable squares which though they are inhabited by some very genteel people, do not give gentility to their inhabitants—people are not genteel *because* they live in them. None but first-rate fashionables dwell in the first-rate

squares—nobs and bobs—garters and pan leaves are as common upon the pavement cabbage leaves and apple rinds in Cov Garden. The rumble and turmoil of trade commerce—die into faint murmurs and away 'ere they reach the ultra-aristocracy Grosvenor or Berkely Square. Into th hallowed precincts trade intrudes not—

> The waggon wheels of Thames or Tooley Street,
> Which on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafe,
> Cannot be heard so high.

But there are other squares, true squa none of your ovals, hexagons, polygons, c cents or quadrants, perfect squares, the wh are not so essentially genteel.

They are not like the above named.

Not only genteel in themselves but cause of gentility in others. They ar sort of debateable land, between the borde aristocracy and shopocracy—inhabited inc by some of the highest in intelligence

purest in gentility of the land, for many of the great law-officers, men of whom England is reasonably proud—led by some local advantages live there—but still there is to be found a sprinkling of the class and order "Figgins." One of La Fontaine's fables gives us a picture of a foolish stag, who prided himself upon his branching antlers, but hated himself on account of his thick legs—his thick legs, however carried him safely through a hard run, and would have saved his life had not his branching antlers caught in the overhanging boughs and held him fast. Trade and commerce were the Figgins family's thick legs — Fashion and gentility their branching antlers. Shakespere is ever at hand to express your meaning for you a thousand times better than you can do it yourself, and therefore though La Fontaine has done it pretty well, we cannot refrain from quoting honest Will— the words are so apt, and therefore we will quote him not this time in an

abominable travestie, but in his own exquisite expressions—

> " Humility is young Ambition's ladder,
> Whereto the climber upward turns his face :
> But when he once attains the upmost round,
> He then unto the ladder turns his back,
> Looks in the clouds scorning the base degrees
> By which he did ascend."

And we earnestly hope that young Ambition under such circumstances may miss his footing and break his neck, just as the Figginses fell up the steps of arrogance and affectation and broke their noses. Trade is the great stepping stone of England's greatness. Formerly indeed people earned grandeur with their swords—now they buy grandeur with their money—and who can say that this is not the march of civilization. Plutus indeed may not be so showily drest as Mars, but he is a steady old deity, and the better friend in the end. From the ranks of trade arises a phalanx of intelligence, honor, and refinement, which would do credit to any country, or any age of

the world's history, and he who despises and contemns trade is rationally, himself the object of contempt, but when a man owes to trade his whole stock of importance, and then looks down with scorn upon it. Oh, hang him—there is a heartless ingratitude—a vile, cold-blooded vanity about him which is execrable. No persons of good sense or good feeling either will do this. The Figginses did.

Old Figgins was a somewhat short, somewhat fat, common place looking person, with a matter of fact countenance, a bald pate, and a pair of ragged, wiery grey whiskers. Mrs. F. was a lady of very ample dimensions, with a red face. Their offspring consisted of Julian Figgins, an insipid young man of twenty-two, and Juliana, an all accomplished young woman of nineteen. This family finding itself somewhat deficient in its claims upon society—unfortunately devoted itself to the arts—or harts as Figgins persisted in calling them. Julian was a bit of a poet. Juliana dabbled in oil

and water colours. Old Figgins addled his head with the details of "harchitecture," and Mrs. Figgins understood the whole *art* of cookery—but the art upon which they all cast themselves tooth and nail, body and soul, vocally and instrumentally was music. If the arts collectively were to make them conspicuous—if they were ever to make a noise in the world—music was the thing—and a pretty noise in the world they *did* make. Few instruments from the flageolet and fife to the bassoon and double bass, but were instrumental in annoying their neighbours, but they had of course their favorites—those upon which they particularly excelled. Juliana tickled the harp and thumped the Piano. Julian scraped the fiddle and whistled into the flute. Mr. Figgins stooped to accompany them on the violoncello. The lady of the house indeed neither played nor sang, but she contrived to persuade her friends some how that she was *essentially* musical. Her soul was in it. She put her foot

in it sometimes indeed, for she beat time with her great cart-horse of a foot *at the wrong place*, and threw them all out—still she contrived to make the world believe that she was a great musical genius. It is amazing how cheaply some people purchase a reputation of this sort. They found upon a negative title. Now every lisping logician knows that it is impossible to demonstrate a negative, and nobody could possibly prove that Mrs. Figgins was not a great musical genius, though she committed the executive department to the care of her family.

A few petty peculiarities distinguished the different members of this domestic circle to which we must refer. Mr. Figgins had, as hath been hinted, a great Cockney predilection for the letter H. He did not mince the matter—he came out with his aitches nobly—firmly—candidly—

"And in his aspirations to be great,"

As Byron says, he certainly signalized himself.

Having once quarrelled with his son Julian, he paralysed his friends by informing them that he meant to cut off his hair with a shilling—however he had not much hair to cut off.

Mrs. Figgins was rather magniloquent in her way, she indulged in gentle expletives. When she was vexed at anything, she uttered the intense anathema of "drat it," and when she was urged beyond all endurance she went so far as to give vent to her feelings in the maranatha "of drabbit it!" These two forms of imprecation served to show the temperature of Mrs. Figgin's temper—her family knowing that they might presume upon the gentle expletive of drat it—but when the awful "drabbit it" was heard, it behoved them carefully to look about.

Drat it! and drabbit it! were somewhat analogous to the "*peste*" and "*diable*" of the French—but Mrs. Figgins had no form of imprecation

answering to the awful "*sacre*" of that polished people. With her—

> The force of language could no further go,
> To make a third she joined the former two.

And when the maidens heard the dire exclamation, "drabbit and drat it," they slunk away in silence.

About Julian Figgins there was nothing at all particular. He was one of those very ordinary young men whose only character seems to be that they have no characteristic. It is impossible to describe them, and yet every one knows such young fellows, who are emphatically, what is so emphatically called a chip in porridge—certainly not wise or witty enough to be entertaining—not even foolish enough to be laughable that way. He was tolerably good looking, except when he played the flute—and all that you could say of him was, that he was clean.

Juliana quite as insipid and inanimate as her

brother, was not so easily overlooked, because she was pretty and had money. When we say she was pretty, we mean that she had good features and a good complexion—one of those beings whom a man likes to be placed beside in a quadrille, but who if he have not the impudence and persevering loquacity of a J—— G——, tire him out before the first figure, in attempts to get up a dialogue. Beings who do for a country dance, where the women stand in a row to be stared at, but who are abominable in a quadrille where they may be spoken to. Juliana Figgins seemed to be possessed by the very spirit of taciturnity—she hardly used even monosyllables for a slight smile served her for an affirmative, and a slight frown for a negative—and it was no uncommon thing for the men to wager that they would get an answer out of Juliana Figgins.

We repeat that Juliana had a pretty face but it was such a pretty face as would not be preferred by a man of any taste to an expres-

sive ugly one. It was a pretty face that would have done for a Turkish Harem, or a Chinese Pagoda, but in England where the vulgar prejudice prevails that women have souls—a man would like to have seen a few symptoms of soul in the face of Miss Figgins to have countenanced that absurd English theory.

Such was the family to which our friend the Count was introduced by his friend the dandy, and such the young lady represented by Spofforth as an "eligible famale," to the attention of the Count.

The title of a Count was a sure passport to the house of Figgins, and he was welcomed with great cordiality by Mr. F., with great condescension by Mrs. F., with a polite bow by Julian, and a languid simper by Juliana.

"Do you do anything in this way, Count," said Mr. Figgins, holding a violin to him as if he had been nursing a baby.

"Faith I can't come it now, though I larnt

him." And so saying the dandy departed, : he had a mortal aversion to the music at M Figgins's."

"This coffee is capital, isn't it, sir?" s Mrs. Figgins—"it's the best Mocha—two a nine a pound—but perhaps you like loaf sug —some people prefer *miste*—I always see the coffee myself—we use an egg to clear with."

"Well, mother, I should think the Cou is not much interested in the manufacture coffee," said Julian.

"Oh, I don't know, Julian, most gentlem are very particular about their coffee, whatev you may be, but I don't wish to put off t music."

This hint set every one on the alert, and t piano was opened, and the flute being out joint, was screwed up to the sticking place, a the violoncello was disinterred from its sm baize-lined case, which latter seemed a gre cruelty. There is something so comfortab

looking in fiddles of all sizes in their cases, it appears a pity to pull them out; they look like people snug in bed, with the clothes tucked nicely up over their shoulders. Then came the screwing up of the bass viol, until it was in tune (so to speak), and the telescoping of the flute, in and out, till it was up to pitch; fortunately the piano was unalterable, and as the tuning of *that* was not in the hands of the Figgins, it was tolerable. But all was ready now, and off they went!

The Count and Mrs. Figgins composed the audience, and the former began to converse in a key not to be found in the musical scale but he was stopped by a gentle though dignified look of disapprobation from Mrs. Figgins, so he had nothing for it, but to sit like an Indian at the stake, and endure in silence. The piece was the Overture to Guillaume Tell, and the Solo for the flute, wherein Mr. Julian Figgins came in with his tootle-tee—tittle-tee, being played in a wrong key, had a very novel

and striking effect. They got through it however.

"Let us be patient, and fortune will at length turn favourable."

Bundledoff of course was profuse in his praise, indeed he seemed quite delighted at the end of the piece. But the Figginses were of the number of those who admit no pause in the music for the sake of the pent up conversation. Julian having laid by the flute for the fiddle—a sorry exchange in his hands—at it they went again. "Like French falconers they flew at all sorts of game," and Bundledoff was now edified with an elaborate *tryo*—for so old Figgins called it—of Correlli's, or somebody's. It was evident however that they were soon out of their depth. Figgins went sawing away in the most independent manner, leaping over a pause like a five-barred gate, and he was accordingly pulled up by his son.

"Father!" cried Julian, "what's the use of going on in that way, you are several bars before us."

"Am I, Julian? well I'm sure I didn't know that—*where* shall we begin again?"

"Juliana, do you know where *this* is?" scrape scroop—scroop scrape, went Julian.

But Juliana shook her head and looked miserable. At length they found a starting point, and off they went, but as they had unfortunately chosen three different places, the effect was more curious than pretty. It was a false start, and they pulled up again, and then as the shortest way they agreed to begin all together "*de novo.*"

The criticisms and comments of Mrs. Figgins were all this time most elaborate, and the Count began to take a sort of savage pleasure in their misadventures.

They had not proceeded many pages before old Figgins again put them out, when Julian's remarks became somewhat severe.

"Don't you see the *dot*, father?" he enquired acrimoniously.

"Yes, I *do* see the dot," replied Fig doggedly.

"Well, I suppose you know what a dot does to a note."

"Yes, it makes it twice as long as half," quoth Figgins.

"Half as long again, father," said Julian superciliously.

"Well, and half and half—what's half and half?"

The Count longed to say very good drink, but he forbore. A somewhat tedious explanation ensued, and then, at it they went again. Old Figgins had received a serious admonition to count six in a bar, and in the determination so to do, he counted aloud, but as he was rather irregular, Julian, to keep him in order, counted louder than he, so the vocal part soon came to preponderate over the instrumental—and a stranger coming in might have thought that Julian and his father were indulging in a fierce dispute with an accompaniment for the pianoforte, bass, and fiddle. Mr. Figgins liked Julian to play the flute best, because that stopped his mouth.

They managed this time to get to the end of the piece—as they approached the finale however, the pace became fast and furious, and though Julian and Juliana managed to come in neck and neck, they were still distanced by many bars by the old gentleman—he was not however idle for acting upon the old principle of first done help the others, he continued scraping away at Juliana's part to the end of all, and managed to be in at the death with the last chord.

Then came a solo on the violin by Mr. Julian, who shouldered that instrument after the fashion of a butcher's tray. The harp fortunately for Bundledoff wanted too many strings to be used, but Mrs. Figgins asked if he would not like to hear Juliana sing. His pressing affirmation raised him much in the esteem of both ladies, though the effect was somewhat injured by his enquiring if the fair Juliana could not favor him with Kitty of Coleraine. Juliana had a decent voice, she

was not animated enough to be affected, and so she sang pretty well—and then she played at the Count's request a piece called the reminiscences of Ireland, which he saw on the pianoforte, but between Juliana and the composer, the airs were so disguised that Bundledoff did not recognise them for Irish melodies, of which as the reader will think he was remarkably fond.

The Count was not altogether tongue-tied all the evening, for though the music was nearly incessant, he found that unless all the performers were engaged, he could converse comfortably enough with the disengaged, the Figgins family loving music, (as it is loved so often) because they loved to hear themselves play. Music was cultivated by them as it is by hundreds, not as an art but an accomplishment, its performers desiring to show off not their instruments, but themselves. Like most musical bores they were intolerably selfish paying little regard to the feelings of the

fellow players, and none at all to the comfort of their hearers.

Hence they went on incessantly, allowing little or no pause between the pieces for the repose or relaxation of their auditors. The music over, the Count had the honour of handing Miss Figgins down to supper, and here he was much more at home, especially as old Figgins eschewed sandwiches, wafers, and such light ware, and held by a good substantial grocer-like supper—fish meat, pastry, &c., &c.

At this portion of the evening's entertainment, the Count played his part with great eclât. He could handle a knife and fork with any body, and his hilarity and *bonhommie*—his clear, merry-hearted laugh, and his native *naivete* soon won the warm hearts of the Figgins'. The old people laughed and chatted, chatted and laughed, Julian condescended to take wine with him, and even Juliana was once caught showing her teeth.

CHAPTER X.

LUCY'S TROUBLES.

Luce a non lucendo.

: lodging which was procured for Lucy
erly by the care and kindness of Edwin
mer, was certainly not situated at a
ionable part of the town. It was not very
from Vauxhall bridge, amongst a world of
iron---cog-wheels, fly-wheels, pipes, and

boilers, all oxidising (to speak scientifically) in the open air. The Vauxhall road hath been for these many years a wholesale repository of old iron. There are a few rows of houses it is true, but the principal part on both sides of the way is devoted to the reception of old iron. Huge pans, half full of rusty water—ponderous cauldrons—gigantic cylinders, which he of Gath, Goliath, could not lift—vast chains half buried in the mud—and so you may go on for furlong after furlong on both sides of the way. It looks as if the Cyclops had become bankrupt, or Vulcan past the Insolvent Court, and left his stock-in-trade to moulder here for the benefit of his creditors. This cheerful display of rust and rubbish is only enlivened by huge masses of stone, getting green with age, and standing in pools of still greener water, with a few waggons, wanting only three of the wheels out of their ordinary complemeut, and dropping piecemeal with age. Then we come to a row of

two of half built carcases of cottages—the joists and girders black with age, though the floors have never been laid, and falling through with the indescribable lumber with which they have been crowded. In short the very demon of decay seems to hover over the Vauxhall road, and hangs brooding with his sable wings on both sides of the way.

Through this scene of damp, mildew, rust, and mouldiness Lucy was conveyed to her new abode, the day being muggy, dull, and cheerless, and the effect upon her spirits anything but exhilarating.

The said lodging was situated in a retired and sequestered spot—the windows looking point blank upon the dead wall of a gas works. The prospect indeed would have been monotonous, but for the alternate elevation and depression of the gasometer which occasionally appearing above the wall and again disappearing behind it gave of course great variety and animation to the scene. There was little

wanting to oppress the spirit of the poor girl, but these cheerful externals rendered the oppression perfect. She began to fear that she should never find her way out of this labyrinth of old iron and rotten stone. Choice was not however in her power—Latimer had entrusted her to the care of his washer-woman, and she was conveyed, together with sundry baskets of clothes to the above mentioned abode, in a small shay-cart, drawn by a one-eyed, wall-eyed, shambling, hiccuping pony. The laundresses of London generally choose some small neighbourhood in the outskirts, where their linens may enjoy the bleaching process of a factory chimney—a foundery furnace—a gas works or a great brew-house.

At first Lucy became almost despondent and spirit broken—her bright eye began to grow dim, and the pure fresh colour of her cheek to fade. She sat weeping in the obscurity of her close and dirty lodging, until the garrulous and good tempered woman, to whose care

she was committed, became uneasy and anxious for her bodily health and her mental condition. She watched Lucy to the brink of the turbid and muddy stream of the Thames, which at this part seems to take its complexion from the character of its banks, and fancied that the poor, lonely, hopeless girl, eyed its waters with an anxious, and even an ominous glance. Perhaps Lucy *did* think of the quiet grave and its repose from the turmoil and anxiety of the world, and perhaps she *did* wish that the swift waters were rushing over her insensible frame; but as to any thoughts of self destruction, her well regulated mind, and firmness of principle, would not have entertained such a thing for a moment.

A week passed away, and no prospect of employment. With the most rigid economy, the supply of money which she had received could not last long, and where was she to look for a supply. From all that she had heard and seen, she believed the Count to be any-

thing but a rich man, and she was fearful that she had already encroached inconveniently on his resources. From her landlady too, she learnt much of the situation of the young Latimers, and could not but feel at once a double share of gratitude, and a double portion of embarrassment, at the reflection that she was an incumbrance upon them—one circumstance too, that added much to the uneasiness of her situation was the want of female friends and associates. The only visiters that had come to her abode were young Latimer and the Count, and she feared that all might become the object of misconstruction and suspicion.

Dejected and oppressed, a prey to the anxiety which this complication of embarrassment induced she either sat moping and lonely at home, or wandered, as before hinted to the banks of the river where she took her sad and solitary walk. The weather too was most unfavourable, and who is there among us—us English—who can

resist the influence of the weather. Why under a brilliant sun, or what is still better patches of sunlight and shade, the very shores of Vauxhall and Millbank assume something like an air of cheerfulness—the very water by the Dolphin looks bright and sparkling, and the skeleton ribs of the black iron bridge, light and pretty; but in dull, gloomy days, when the heavy lap of the tide upon the stone steps is broken occasionally by the frequent plash of the rain drop, and the mist creeps slowly up from the river to swathe the heavy form of that odious bastile of a penitentiary, and strike a deeper chill to the cold hearts of its inhabitants, and the smoke rolls out in volumes from those tall chimneys of the potteries on the other side, and cannot disperse, but hangs in a thick, black cloud over the whole neighbourhood! Only fancy, dearly beloved reader, a person in all sorts of vexation and anxiety of mind, without the vestige of a cheerful prospect before the mind's eye, and this pleasant picture, which

we have painted in Indian ink, before that of the body; and say if a whole legion, not of blue, but the very darkest of purple devils is not likely to settle on such a person. We have not done with the catalogue of poor Lucy's miseries either. She was a most affectionate and open hearted girl—she had caught but a glance or two of Fanny Latimer, yet the lovely face of that charming personage, lighted up as it had been, with an earnest sympathy in her behalf—a face full of intelligence and feeling, haunted her day and night dreams, and she longed to know and serve, almost to worship Fanny Latimer; and there was another feeling creeping upon her, not openly like her desire to elevate herself to the service of Fanny Latimer but silently, insidiously—but nevertheless most powerfully—an emotion not confessed but felt. The week of her journey to London, with all its painful and agitating consequences, appeared now, in the blank, miserable monotony of the present, like a wild and

romantic dream—but mixed up with all this exciting and astounding dream was the presence of our hero. She had learnt inevitably to place a pure and undoubting confidence in him—her ear had been accustomed to listen for his step —her heart to bound at his approach. Thrown by circumstances into such intimate communion with him—feeling naturally so much gratitude towards him—depending so entirely *upon* him —it is no wonder that she came to love and to delight in his company, and that her heart ached and life felt void and desolate when his company was withdrawn. This feeling was more dangerous to her peace of mind than aught beside; but Lucy was a brave and noble minded girl, and after giving way to her depression for a while, she rallied her energies and aroused her moral powers to the encounter of her distress. Lucy was a devout girl, and the principles of devotion are the only true source of real fortitude, and though a devout person may for the moment sink under the shock of

affliction and distress, it will be but for the moment—such a person possessing in himself the elements of high minded endurance. Thus Lucy began to recover her self-possession. As before hinted, there was a certain 'John' with whom she used to 'keep company,' in Oxfordshire, but she felt more indignation than any other emotion against him, because he had taken no notice of her in her distress. Still she was to a certain extent pledged to him, and she was not the person to evade her engagements. At length, through the interest and exertion of Mrs. Figgins to whom she was earnestly recommended by the Count, she began to obtain some employment as a sempstress, and though she earned but a scanty pittance, she began to hope that the abyss of utter destitution into which she seemed ready to sink was to be escaped.

With these brightening prospects we leave her for the present, to take another glance at

The world is nothing but a large kaliedescope wherein every turn brings up a fresh combination of circumstances to amuse, if not to instruct, we are bound therefore to grasp the present for a sketchy portraiture before it is gone, in short, to "shoot folly as it flies, and catch the manners living as they rise."

CHAPTER XI.

THE JENKINSONS.

Me miserable, which way shall I fly.

MILTON.

"YES, my dear I *do* think it very odd, very odd indeed," said Mr. Jenkinson in reply to his wife as they were again seated at breakfast with the addition of a third party, Allan Netherby, who has already had the honor of an introduction to the reader.

"What is so odd, sir?" said the latter.

"Why that our young friend Terence O'Sullivin does not make his appearance Allan. He came here about a week ago—while you were at Ashburnham indeed, and brought a letter of introduction from my cousin Michael. Instead of seeing me, the foolish lad left the letter, saying he would call again—but from that time to this he has never made his appearance."

"I shouldn't wonder if he has got into some trouble," said Mrs. Jenkinson, "there are so many temptations and dangers to young people in London, I'm sure it's quite horrible to think of, and makes me perfectly wretched. I've not the slightest doubt in the world that the poor young fellow has got into some trouble or another."

"Why, my dear madam," said young Netherby, "what harm can have come to him?"

"Nonsense, Allan, that's always what you say, but of course I cannot say exactly what

has happened to him, but it doesn't follow because I cannot say exactly what has happened that nothing has happened, does it now?"

"Certainly not, Mrs. Jenkinson."

"There now," cried the lady triumphantly, "there now! I knew you would admit it at last—you will hear reason I know, Allan, and that's more than Jenkinson will do at all times—I can't convince him of the danger to which we are all exposed in this way they have got of watering the roads."

"Danger in watering the roads, Madam."

"Yes, Allan, you know—what the Italians call mal'aria, all comes from stagnant water, and think what it must be to have all this water thrown npon the roads to lie and stagnate, and make mal'aria."

"But my dear madam, it evaporates in no time."

"Well, that's the very thing that makes it so bad, you may depend upon it we shall have the plague produced in London one of

these days, I'm sure it makes me miserable to think of—"

"Pho! a little water cannot do any harm," said Jenkinson from behind his paper.

"Can't it, J., well we shall see, water indeed! and pretty water it is, I'm sure Betty brought me a velocipede she had caught in the ewer this morning—ugh! such a fright."

"A velocipede, my dear madam?"

"Yes, you know, Allan, one of those things with such a lot of legs that walk all ways at once."

"O a centipede."

"Well centipede—I knew it was some pede or another, but I suppose they are all one genus—but I'm sure if you had been to the Adelaide Gallery, and seen the miscroscope as I have, you would think the worse of a drop of water all the days of your life. I'm sure those poor dear tee-totallers must be a mass of corruption—ugh! the idea of all those

queer eccentric monsters playing their pranks inside of one."

"Do you see these at the Adelaide Gallery, madam?"

"Yes, and at the Poly—what d'ye call it, too. They throw a drop of water against the wall, into a circle of forty miles round."

"Forty miles, Mrs. Jenkinson?"

"That is forty feet, and there you see the ugliest and most odious looking wretches fisselling about and playing Meg's diversions with one another—they seem to be always at war among themselves and making a rumpus—I'm sure to have such battles in one's inside—"

"Would be an intestine war, my dear," interrupted Jenkinson. "But you are always fancying evils, Mrs. J. and goodness knows there's no need of that when there are so many real miseries around us. Here are these blessed anti-corn law people, I don't know what they would have, I'm sure I pity the poor people

that are starving, and I am sure I would do any thing to help them, but there always have been people starving, and I suppose there always will be—and then if these corn laws are done away with, we shan't grow enough corn for ourselves, and then if we go to war with all the world at once, where shall we get corn from? we can't eat coals, or fill our bellies with our mineral treasures as they call them, I see you are laughing, Allan, but I don't see much to laugh at."

"Pardon me, Mr. Jenkinson, I did not mean to offend."

"O, no offence, no offence, Allan, but you young men are always so incredulous, you never think of a thing until it happens. Now men of my age can foresee trouble before it comes."

"Well, Mr. Jenkinson, unless you can avert the evil by your foresight I really do not see the value of such evil anticipations."

we shall be annoyed and insulted, I'm sure we shall, and poor J. isn't at all in a fit state of health to be worried with foreign Counts—I shouldn't wonder if he were to send an incendiary letter."

"Oh, no my dear madam, I think it very unlikely that he will do any thing of the kind. I believe Fanny Latimer wrote to her brother about him, but she seemed unwilling to enter much upon the subject with me, and therefore I did not press her, however I brought a letter from her to Edwin, and I think it was about this Count Bundledoff."

"Bless my heart how very singular!" said Mrs. Jenkinson, "there is something mysterious I am sure—couldn't you guess, Allan?"

"I did not try, madam, since Fanny seemed unwilling to tell me. At first she appeared as if she were going to tell me all about it when as I said, we were interrupted by her aunt, and afterwards, when I referred to the subject, she

seemed as if she had thought better of it. However from something that dropped from her I conjectured that her letter to Edwin had some reference to this Count, and all I know about it is, that it contained some money."

"Oh, that explains the whole affair," quoth Mrs. Jenkinson. He is some begging letter impostor or another, perhaps he is a Pole, or a sham Pole."

"A sham pole, Mrs. Jenkinson!"

"Yes, I mean one of those poor refugees that people used to get up balls, and fancy fairs for and make collections—and many of them were as much Poles as you are—and Count is a capital name to go begging by—and so I dare say this Count Bundledoff is no better than a begging letter man, and I hope the Latimers won't send him here—you see they must have sent him before, and poor dear Fanny, though she is a sweet, charming, lovely girl, seems very easily imposed on, and I

wonder she has got any money to throw away upon Poles and Counts, and such people. She has got nothing of her own till her aunt dies—poor thing!"

"I wish you could let Fanny Latimer alone, my dear—you are always talking about her," said Jenkinson, with an admonitory frown which was unseen by Allan, both because Mr Jenkinson's face was hidden by the newspaper from the young man, and the said young man had fallen into a deep reverie."

"Well, I'm sure J. I mustn't open my mouth next I suppose; but all I know is that if this Count Bundledoff calls again, would be ill if I were you, and not see him."

"Why I was ill the last time he came."

"Well, and I would be ill again. I wonder at the Latimers for sending him."

"Why, my dear, you are not sure that they did send him."

"Fiddlesticks end! how could he have found us out else? However, do as you please—only I would not throw my money away upon such people. "You'll never get a penny back from that Spofforth I believe —what did the lawyers say about him, Allan?"

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Jenkinson."

"I say what did the lawyers at Ashburnham think of Spofforth's paying his debts."

"Why Mr. Silvereel thought that he never would do so, but old Mr. Marks said he would have the money out of Spofforth some how."

"I can't bear those lawyers," said Jenkinson, "and how Mrs. Latimer puts so much confidence in that old Marks, passes my comprehension."

"I detest old Marks," echoed Mrs. Jenkinson; but as for young Silvereel, I *do* like him amazingly, he is such a civil, well spoken young—"

"I think you are
Allan. Of the two I
more than Mr. Marks.
favorite of mine, yet I th
more candid and upright
demure, hypocritical Silv

"Well, it is the last
out of me," said Jenkinso

"So says Mrs. Latimer,
ing him. I wonder indee
has endured him so long
Edwin Latimer, and let hi
lution."

"Do so, Allan—do so
kinson.

"And Allan,"

said her lord—"I really wonder that you should be always bringing Fanny Latimer's name up, when you see how much that boy thinks of her. I am afraid he is deeply attached to her."

"And that is likely enough, J. Fanny is such a dear, pretty, charming girl, that I don't wonder at any young man taking a fancy to her; and besides, if you are so much afraid of such a thing, how came your wise head to hit upon such a scheme as sending him just now to Ashburnham?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, my dear, I wanted to ascertain the real state of the case, and I fear his affections are more deeply engaged than I imagined; he has been absent ever since he came back again."

"Absent ever since he came back, my dear J., what in the world does that mean?"

"I mean silent, and reserved, and absent."

"Oh yes, that's true, and a very wise

scheme it was to send him down there—it was as like giving the cold water cure to a drowning man."

"I don't know really that it was wise—but I did it for the best—at any rate I see now how the land lies."

"And why don't you let the young people have their own way. Fanny Latimer is in every respect as good a match as Allan has a right to look for; she is a young lady of good birth, great beauty, admirable disposition, and very fair prospects. The Latimer property is quite sufficient to place both Edwin and his sister in easy circumstances, when they come into it, and I am sure you might give Allan an a competence to keep them in the meantime. Really if poor old Netherby, your father's friend, could rise up and see his son so well provided for, he might thank his stars for sending his boy such a friend as yourself."

"Yes, but then there's Mira Philips—think

of her fortune—and what it would be with all I could leave to Allan. If they were married, Mrs. Jenkinson, upon my life it would be glorious; and then Mira knows how I desire the match, and she must not be disappointed you know."

"Disappointed indeed! I don't believe that Mira cares a fig for Allan, nor indeed for anybody else, but herself; and that's one reason why I don't agree with you. I'm sure it would be a shame for Allan's warm heart to be thrown away upon one who cares little if anything for him, when there's such a charming person as Fanny Latimer, as fond of him as she is."

"Well, my dear, said Jenkinson, lifting his wig, and scratching his head very hard, "it does not signify talking, because if Allan—oh! oh! oh!" cried Mr. Jenkinson very emphatically.

"What in the world is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkinson, jumping up.

"Oh! such a pain—just here—under waistcoat pocket."

"Why that's the region of the heart," the lady.

"Yes—yes—there, it's better now· oh dear me! it's only moved—it's here i chest."

"There! that's not your chest, Mr. kinson."

"*Not* my chest—why where is one's then?"

"Why *here*—this is one's chest."

"My dear Mrs. Jenkinson, how ver surd."

"Why that's the pit of your stomach, kinson."

"Ridiculous in the extreme—don't think I know where my chest is as w you?"

"Why so it would seem, if you say—"

"I don't say anything of the kind, Ms

"Pray don't 'Madam' me—I believe, sir—"

"Do you think I'm a fool, Mrs. Jenkinson?"

"No, sir, but I think you think I am. If you—"

"I tell you, Mrs. Jenkinson, one's chest extends—"

"Fiddle de dee! your chest is—"

"I suppose my chest is like any one else's chest?"

"Not if you say your chest—"

"Well, go and fetch Buchan, and let us see."

And Mrs. Jenkinson went to fetch Buchan, but whether Mr. Jenkinson doubted his position or not we cannot say, but by the time Buchan came he remembered that he was very ill, and began to scold his wife for worrying him.

"I don't wish to alarm you, Mrs. Jenkinson but I feel more than I can describe."

"We had better send for Johnson," quoth the lady.

"Yes, by all means. Is Allan gone out?"

Fortunately Allan was not yet gone o and in accordance with the importance of t occasion, he went to fetch the doctor hims rather than send a servant. Considering t warmth of Allan's character, however it is s gular, how very coolly he executed his co mission. The doctor too was by no mea excited by the intelligence, and came in Alla company so deliberately, that upon their arri they unfortunately found the invalid—mu better. The doctor however being full patients, recommended change of air. So was settled in less than an hour, that the wh family should set out on the morrow for Ch tenham. Accordingly there was a vast bus in Euston Square all that day. Such a pa ing up of furniture, (not to *go*, but to sta silver-papering of picture frames, and newe pering of sun-blinds, and druggeting of carp Mrs. Jenkinson was in a ferment of anxi

but considering the delicate state of her husband's health, that was not to be wondered at. Allan Netherby was despatched at once to Cheltenham to procure apartments, so that *he* was well out of the confusion.

On the next morning the whole establishment of Mr. Jenkinson—butler, man, and maids, set out on their important migration. It was generally understood that this hasty removal was to save their master's life—but his was nothing uncommon, his life having been so saved frequently before. The Jenkinsons were sorry to set out without having seen their cousin, but with the old man and woman who were left in charge of the house, they left a letter for him, containing a pressing invitation to visit them at Cheltenham. This letter was duly stuck up in a picture frame in the hall, and there it remained.

Our hero called soon after, and was surprised to find that his cousin's family had quitted sud-

denly. They had not even left a line. Indeed there was no letter or anything addressed to *him.*

The Count was not a little chagrined at this circumstance, he had hoped to meet with an introduction to society through his cousins, which would perhaps afford him an opportunity to further his fortunes. Bundledoff we have seen, hoped to make his marriage a medium of advancement, and yet he was not a mere fortune-hunter—he had too much sensibility and good feeling to sacrifice all considerations to self-interest. He had been brought up in that pernicious school, whose motto is—'I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed.' He was one of the victims of that multitudinous host who groan beneath the unrighteous laws of primogeniture. The younger sons of younger brothers who are immolated on the altars of family ambition.

The Count came of a family whose absolute

poverty was only equalled by its superlative pride. He was bred up to look down upon commerce as a degradation, and as his family could not muster money enough to purchase him a commission he was left to absolute idleness, with the only hope of bettering his condition by a mercenary marriage.

Strange infatuation for a man to contemn the idea of selling sugar and tea, who can condescend to sell himself for a—consideration.

Howbeit all Bundledoff's relations entertained the same views, and he had come to London intent upon committing matrimony. He found it a harder task to put his feelings in his pocket than he had imagined, and his suit with Miss Figgins prospered but slowly.

This tardiness in the matter of the courtship was not however solely the fault of the Count. The Figgins family had soon discovered that our friend was *not* musical, and music was nearly a *sine qua non* for a suitor of Miss Fig-

gins—and therefore though Bundledoff
Count, and a German, and a good-lo
fellow, and a merry-hearted, agreeable
he was not altogether a thriving wooer.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DANDY.

But forget not that I am an ass, though it be not written down.

Lucy Atherly proceeded patiently in the discharge of her laborious duties. Mrs. Figgins though a vain, ignorant, ostentatious woman, was a kind-hearted, good-natured person—a little patronage too was soothing to her sense of dignity, and she therefore really interested herself in the poor helpless girl. By her recommenda-

tion, and that of some other ladies to whom she had been introduced by Mrs. Figgins, Lucy obtained a tolerably good succession of employment. Still the terms of her engagements were so pitifully low, the ladies liking to do kindness and charity as cheaply as possible—that it was as much as she could do to pay for her paltry lodging, to procure her daily bread, and to keep herself neat and respectable looking, an absolute essential to her subsistence. Hard indeed was her fare, severe indeed her labour, however she was in a certain sense independent. She ate the bread of care, and toil, and watchfulness, but that is by no means so dry and bitter as the crumbs of dependence and obligation. Not but that there is sometimes a little false pride and foolish impatience connected with this same sense of dependence, and some people are anything but wise or worthy in their boast of not being *obliged* to any body—and Lucy, though she longed to be able to save enough to remunerate by some

secret means of conveyance her first benefactor —the Count—still she was not impatient, but thoroughly grateful both to him and the young Latimers.

Sometimes Lucy worked at home in the obscurity of her dark lodging, and many a weary walk out of that iron-bound neighbourhood did she take with the fruits of her industry in her hand, at other times she was engaged by ladies to work at home, and the quiet, pretty, modest-looking country girl was becoming quite a favorite, especially with the children of her employers.

Mrs. Figgins often employed her in this way —and one day the good lady herself, with her daughter Juliana, and Lucy Atherly, were all as busy as bees—Queen bees of course—who always make their own bed-furniture—when they were startled by a thundering rap at the door. Mrs. Figgins with her lap full of fragments went to the parlour window.

"Drat it!" she exclaimed, "if here ain't

young Spofforth and Count Bundledoff." She rushed to the room door, and exclaimed, "Up stairs, John! *Up* stairs!"

But John made so much noise in opening the street—we beg pardon—the *square* door, that his mistress's adjuration was unheard, and there was nothing for it but for the ladies to cut and run, which they did, making their exit out of the parlour by a back way, leaving the room strewn all the way to the door with portions of work, and Lucy alone in her glory.

Spofforth being an intimate friend proceeded to the parlour forthwith, where he found the birds flown, though the nest was full of the feathers.

Lucy lifted her eyes from her occupation for a moment, while the rebellious blood mounted to her temples, her heart had throbbed thickly from their first coming to the street door—but of course that was only from the

startling knock with which they thundered at the door.

The Count immediately recognised his former protegee though she had dropped her eyes upon her work again. He advanced to the back of her chair, and tapping her on the shoulder said—

"Lucy my love, have you forgot your ould frind and fellow traveller?"

"Certainly not," she said looking up and blushing still more deeply, "I never have—and I hope it is impossible that I ever shall forget your kindness, sir, but I did not presume to speak."

"Not spake!—och! is it meself that you thought was above the spaking to you? sorrow a bit I am—but I haven't been to saa you lately because I thought folks might say 'twas your purty face and not my own good falings that brought me. It's a false and a foul mouth'd world that we live in, Lucy, and many fine folks and poor folks too, that would think

shame of their lives not to kape their hand from picking and staling, don't care at all t kape their tongues from avil spaking, lying an slandering."

During this colloquy Spofforth kept his glas steadily levelled at Lucy, while his eye alter nately wandered from her to the Count Spofforth could see just as well without a glas as with one, so he allowed his naked eye t travel towards the Count, holding his glas steadily with Lucy in its focus. He was evi dently astonished, but both Lucy and th Count were too much occupied to observe hi astonishment.

"And how do you get on, Lucy," continue the Count—"do you get plenty to ate an dhrink?—and are the people of the hous kind to you?—Misther Latimer's laundress mane."

"Oh I am better off in every way than have any right to expect. I shall never ceas to pray for you, sir, and Mr. and Miss Lati

mer, as the kindest and best of benefactors to a poor destitute girl, who must have been utterly lost and miserable but for your goodness—may Heaven reward you for it."

"And do you like London as well as the country, Lucy?"

"Why I cannot say but that I long for a glimpse of the green fields, and a breath of the fresh air sometimes—and London is very large and very black, and there is such an immense quantity of iron about it, but I am far, far better off than ever I had a right to expect, far better than I deserve I'm sure, sir."

"And you have never heard from that ould one horned elephant of a father of yours?"

"Not a word, sir, from any one at Michington."

"And I took care to let them know where you lived too, Lucy."

"Did you write to my father, sir?"

"Yes I did, and I gave him such a dressing as must have penetrated the thick hide of him,

and leather breeches.

At this moment the servant entered
that the ladies were expecting the gentle
the drawing-room, and after a kind adie
the Count, and a broad stare from Spo
both addressed to Lucy they left the roo

"I say, Bundledoff," quoth the dan
they ascended the stairs, "I say what a
pitty gal that is—where did you pic
up?"

"Why that's the poor girl that wa
adrift by your precious frind ould M
Latimer."

"What, the gal that you found like a
pigeon on the top of a coach, and took c
aftah she had picked youah pocket."

"Misther Spofforth!"

But here they entered the drawing-room and made their bow to the ladies. Juliana and her mother were as grandiloquent and affected as ever. The dandy drawled out the very smallest talk which it is possible to conceive—and the Count bore his fair share of the conversation. It was the very specimen of what a morning call always is and always will be. Somebody said the day was dull, and somebody else said that it was not so dull yesterday, and then somebody hoped that it would not be so dull to-morrow. And having sat awhile ruminating upon this topic, with the addition of hope and memory attached to it, they began again. One said that upon the whole it was rather a fine season—another added that there had been a good deal of rain too—and a third mentioned the fact that the sun was very bright when it *did* shine—and having sat in full conclave for a quarter of an hour or so, they came to the conclusion that upon the whole it *was* a

fine season and no mistake. Fortunately f the Figginses there was always one topic conversation to which they could turn wi fresh delight. The chit chat namely of t musical world—what singers were engaged the opera? what songs were popular? wh concerts were coming on. It is curious h some people can go on gossipping eterna upon one subject, and yet know no more of at the end than the man in the moon.

"This bald disjointed chat" of theirs havi been spun out for half an hour or so, Spoffo dawdled out—

"Well—we—must go—besides we ah h dahing you from—youah—work."

"Work! Mr. Spofforth," exclaimed the la of the house.

"Ya'as, I know—I saw—down a staiah pa'aps I shall dop in and see you—aftah—y —have done youah work—when does the you woman go?"

"She goes about eight, but—"

"Well, may be I shall dop in—bye, bye."

And therewith the dandy departed, taking our hero with him. They walked for some time in silence, for the Count was pondering the probabilities of his success with the heiress Figgins, and the chances of happiness contingent upon that supposed success, and Spofforth was lost in thought—as far as that word was applicable to any process which might occasionally pass in his modicum of mind. Being thus, anything but sociable companions, they soon separated—the Count going soberly to his hotel to dine upon a mutton chop, and Spofforth strolling languidly to Verrey's.

Though the Count and the dandy were content to be companions they were anything but kindred spirits. The Count was a much better man than the dandy supposed him to be—and the dandy was a much worse man than the Count supposed *him* to be.

Spofforth was misled by the Count's mystery —he knew that our hero was intent upon

practising a particular deception, and thence he set him down for a sharper. Into Bundledoff's generous, warm-hearted disposition, he had neither head nor heart to enter. On the other hand, the Count considered his companion a mere fool—a good natured, affected, finicking fool. As to his good nature, there the Count was wrong; there was a tinge of virulent, venomous bitterness in his nature, which lay concealed beneath his affectation. It was hidden like a viper's poison *under his tongue.* The dandy was a much more vicious man than the Count supposed; he had more of the knave in his composition than was generally known; for these two phases of man's evil nature, the knave and the fool, are more consistent with one another, than people generally think. Knavery and folly are indeed component elements of one character, for no really wise man is a knave. Wisdom always acts upon a more comprehensive plan, a more extensive purpose, than is consistent

with knavery, and the only semblance of wisdom to which a knave can lay claim is cunning —a poor counterfeit for the lunatic himself is proverbial for his cunning, and thus Spofforth was not an uncommon character as a compound of knave and fool. Still the Count and the dandy clung to each other's company; they had become accustomed to one another, and *use* has a good deal to do with such matters, then they were, or hoped to be, mutually serviceable.

Bundledoff was indebted to Spofforth for his introduction to the Figgins, and others, and Spofforth hoped to make the Count useful as a confederate in some gambling transactions, in which he was engaged. They parted for the present as aforesaid.

After dinner, when the elder Figgins was taking his ordinary nap over his wine, and the ladies having given the strictest injunctions that they were not at home, had resumed their work, Spofforth re-appeared at the abode of

the Figginses. The footman asked him to walk up stairs to his master, but instead of doing so, the dandy put up his white kid finger in an admonitory manner, and gently opening the parlour door, inserted his upper man therein, with his eye glass stuck in his eye as usual—

"Pay mistess mouse, ah you within?—heigho says Oly."
Yes kind sir, and I'm learning to spin."

Quoth the peeping puppy.

"Drabbit the man!" exclaimed Mrs. Figgins, "to come catching us in all this disability."

"Nevah mind, my deah Madam," said Mr. Spofforth, advancing. "Beauty nevah looks so lovely as when adoaned the most—something—cannot you give me some—a—employment. I can wind—off—silk like an angel, and hold skeins of things on my hands like a scatch-cadle. Emma Slatterly says that I look like Achilles at the Court of Queen—Elizabeth—or somebody."

So saying, the Spofforth creature seated himself.

"What's this, fau?" said he taking up some portions of the work, "I think this would suit Juliana's complexion to a T.—auburn—haah—was made—a—purpose for this colah."

"Fiddle! what do you know about it?"

"La bless you—I rm quite a—standaad of taste—Ida Eglantine—always takes me to choose a—caps, I know—a—that Juliana—would look—a—divine in this dove colah."

Juliana thought "what a dear love of a man you are."

"Have you—a—seen the new Fench mits, Miss Figgins," he continued, "they ah—as thin as the—web of a spidah—and work'd so beautiful—with gold thead—and floss silk—such heavenly pattens."

During this dialogue, (for a dialogue it was, Miss Juliana taking no part in it). During this dialogue Spofforth's glass was stuck in his eye, and directed against Lucy with an inten-

[illegible] and his eye as bright as he believed it, must inevitably have burnt a hole in her cheek. Fortunately her eye was necessarily bent upon her employment, or she must have been stared out of countenance—as it was, whenever she raised her eye for a moment, she found that he was looking at her, and when her gaze was upon her work she *felt* that his was upon *her*.

The female Figgins were delighted with the dandy's company, and at length began to talk of coffee and music.

Spofforth, who loathed the music at the Figginses, (he had taste enough for that), proceeded to draw on his gloves and think of going, while Lucy Atherly, at a hint from the ladies began to put her work away. Drawing on his gloves was always a work of time—for he had to stop several times to admire the whiteness of his hands—and rub the brilliant of his ring, and strain the said gloves over his hand till there was not a wrinkle in them, and to button

them carefully round his wrist—but at last all this was done and he departed.

Lucy soon after left the house, she tripped lightly along, she had as agile a foot as a fawn —she tripped lightly along, for she had a great way to go, and the light was beginning fast to fade away—the west end of the street still looked warm and cheerful, but the east end was growing dull and gloomy. She had not proceeded far before she was encountered by the dandy.

"What a bustle you ah in," said he.

Lucy said nothing—she tried once or twice to pass him, but he dodged her, smiling all the time with ineffable self-esteem. At length, seeing the difficulty that there was in avoiding the puppy, Lucy crossed straight over the street. Spofforth appeared quite bewildered by this manœuvre—it seemed to be a species of tactics of which he had never conceived the possibility. Unfortunately, when Lucy had crossed the street, in her agitation she turned

the wrong way, and every step was taking her in an opposite direction from her home. Under these circumstances her step became irresolute —she looked back—she paused—she was evidently undecided, which the dandy perceiving crossed diagonally, making a long crossing towards her, and by an exertion of speed which was to him enormous, overtook her. Lucy took the opportunity to turn abruptly round and hasten forwards in the *right* direction. The dandy followed, panting and puffing, by her side.

"What a divil of a pace you ah—going at." He gasped out—"I say—I say—stop a minnit."

But Lucy only walked the faster, and quickening her pace almost to a run, Spofforth was soon left leaning against a post, completely out of breath.

"Dem!" muttered the dandy dabbing his face with a white cambric handkerchief, but soon subduing his ill-temper, he burst into a

prodigious fit of laughter, and laughed till he had well nigh lost his breath again—hi! hi! hi!" laughed the wise and manly Mr. Spofforth, "what a div'lish good joke—poperly distanced by Jove—but I am not such a bad huntah as to be baffled at the fust double—if I don't see that pitty gal again,—cus me!"

Spofforth strolled gaily along repressing his mirth with much difficulty—it was such an *uncommon* good thing—he had risen so much in his own estimation by the adventure—how the "fellahs of his set" would enjoy the jest—what a funny dog he was, hi, hi! Being heated with exertion he was obliged to drop into a pastry cook's and eat an ice—he was in such an exquisitely facetious humour, that he straddled across a chair, supported his arms upon the back of it, and as he sipped his ice, kept winking incessantly at the shopwoman to her uncontrollable disgust.

The "fellahs of his set" *did* think him a capital card—he could not forget the fun all the even-

ing, and when he was in bed consoled himself with a pleasant hi, hi, hi! Everybody knows the fable of the boy and the frogs, and the solemn and impressive observation of the latter—"It may be fun to you, but its death to us." Other authorities besides Ally Croaker, the great summi of the frogs, tell us that there are two sides to a thing, the one bright and pleasing, the other black and threat'ning—and so it was with the present circumstance—it affordes Spofforth a host of smiles, it cost Lucy a flood of tears. Faint and exhausted she reached her humble home, perhaps she was more alarmed and distressed than the circumstances of the case demanded. The agitation of her spirits, and the irritation of her nerves might have exaggerated the event, still there was quite enough to distress and dismay her. This odious dandy was evidently a friend, and an intimate one of her benefactor the Count, then he was quite at home at the Figginses, and there was no saying how many opportunities of annoying and in

sulting her he might find. It was of no use to be sure to anticipate evil, but this inutility of evil anticipating, never has sent the practice out of fashion, and we fear it never will. Lucy went to bed utterly wretched and miserable. She trembled the next day to knock at the door of the Figginses, and every foot-step on the door-step made her nervous and uneasy. Instead of the comparative comfort and tranquillity which she had hitherto enjoyed, she wrought in fear and discomfort, and anxiety—but Spofforth did not appear at his friend's house, neither did he again obtrude himself upon her homeward walk ——he had taken a more secure, a more extensive, but as he expressed it, a more funny mode of annoyance.

In the short dialogue between Lucy and the Count to which Spofforth had listened with the most marked attention, Bundledoff had said something about "Misther Latimer's laundress," and this seemed to be a clue by which he might obtain the knowledge of Lucy's abode, accord-

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAWYERS.

Marry if he come not till I fetch him he shall take cold in my feet.

On the arrival of Edwin Latimer, he had found his aunt suffering under a severe attack of paralysis; and while the attentions of Fanny were sedulous and incessant, she had hardly the satisfaction of receiving from her suffering relative so much as a smile of recognition.

The solicitude of Fanny was nevertheless unabated; the harshness and acerbity of her unamiable relative was all forgotten in the compassion, which her deplorable condition excited. From Fanny's hand alone would she receive assistance, and though the poor invalid had not the power to smile, Fanny often caught her aunt's eye fixed upon her with a singular expression, as it seemed of mingled tenderness and regret.

When Edwin arrived, and chafed her withered hand, and pressed it to his lips, this dubious expression was even more remarkable. The doctor gave no hint of immediate danger, but thought her ultimate recovery entirely hopeless. She seemed to suffer little, but there was still the same aparent anxiety upon her mind. It is a solemn and impressive adjuration of the prophet—"Set your house in order, for you must die and not live." As to the most sacred and important sense of preparation for such an event, it is too essen-

of eternal importance, ha
agony, and fear—to be
ments of religion, when
charity should be in acti
considering the evidences
its essential verities shoul
happiness, and safety to th
of infatuation, which if it w
be incredible; but even
secular aspect of the case,
earthly interests and wor
to the last, will be sul
anxiety.

Passing over therefore t
the subject, there was an
affairs of time which l

so silent and deserted. The old lady was indeed generally in a state of torpor, and the young Latimers, stealing out of the room, sat as aforesaid over the fire, talking in whispers, though there was no occasion for such caution, but the oppressive influence of a house of sickness was upon them. They talked of old times and old friends, for they had been brought up together, and could enjoy the charm of mutual reminiscence. The day dreams of the past, the vague anticipations of the future, mingled remarkably with the anxiety of the present, and still they recurred again and again, to the mystery of their aunt's manner.

Mrs. Latimer had lain in a state of speechless torpidity for some days, nothing remarkable being observable in her demeanour, except this same anxious watching of her relatives, when a considerable change took place in her state of health—her powers and faculties were considerably improved, and she was heard to

mutter something connected with the name of Mr. Marks.

Now in common courtesy we must tell the reader what sort of a man this Mr. Marks was, and as Mrs. Latimer relapsed into speechlessness again, we have ample leisure so to do. Mr. Marks, then, was an old man, and an old lawyer; he had lately admitted his clerk into the partnership, and the firm was now Marks and Silvereel. Mr. Marks was however still the principal partner, and a very shrewd, and sharp, and fortunate practitioner he was. He was a little, dry, mean-looking old man, with extremely sharp features, and scanty silvery hair hanging straight down the sides of his head, the summit of it being as bare, and convex, and shining as an ostrich egg. He wore a pair of drab shorts, holding the heresy of trowsers in utter abhorrence—he displayed the cleanest pair of white cotton stockings upon his thin little legs, with a straight cut waistcoat (for rolling collars were

the next degree of abomination to trowsers), a limp, white cravat, and a snuff-coloured coat. In an examination of human character we have almost always to observe the power of conflicting passions and propensities. The phrenologists tell us of balancing bumps, counteracting organs—so that if a fellow has got too much on one side of his head, you have only to hit him hard on the other. If there is any truth in phrenology Mr. Mark's head was one large bump of simple *acquisitiveness*. The whole compound of his feelings, faculties and emotions was swallowed up in avarice. He was an old man, had nearly run out the complement of man's mortal allotment, he had no brother, son, nephew, relative of any degree of whose existence he was aware, he had no friends, upon which he warmly congratulated himself—it was impossible for him to spend a tithe even of the interest of his property, hospitals he hated—asylums he despised —— what he could possibly do with his money

was a problem as difficult as a North-west passage, and yet his soul was in accumulation. This worthy gentleman was a special confidant of Mrs. Latimer's and upon *his* name it was that she called in her moments of returning animation. As however she immediately relapsed it was of no use to send for him.

Thus stood affairs at Rose Mount for some days. The young Latimers regarding their aunt with more interest than they had been able to do for some time, and ministering to her convenience with unceasing assiduity. There was the ordinary alternation of hope and fear common on such occasions. The usual conjectures of non-medical persons upon symptoms of the meaning of which they are utterly ignorant, and the usual looking for the medical man as an oracle whose dicta are infallible. In his absence the same symptoms being alternately taken for omens of good or evil. At length it was evident to all that the old lady was rapidly sinking, and their hopes and fears

fell into that nervous, sickening excitement which replaces hope with the expectation of evil.

The day was drawing to a close, the patient had been lying in a state of stupor for some hours, her anxious relations watching her with mournful and affectionate interest, when she suddenly and most unexpectedly revived.

"I have wronged you, I have wronged you both," and she extended a hand to each of them.

"Do not say so, dear aunt, do not say so," exclaimed Fanny, weeping on her hand. "In all our relative positions in this life there is something to be forgiven, something to be regretted on both sides. We have all need of forbearance, and forgiveness, and there has been wrong thinking, and wrong doing in both."

"No, no it is I, it is I," gasped the dying woman, "you have been the sweetest, the tenderest of daughters to me, and I—"

"Say no more, aunt," cried Edwin, "I am sure Fanny Latimer thinks not for a moment of reproach and recrimination, she is too good, too noble."

"She is all, and more than all that you can praise—and I—I have hated her—I have hated her. Your mother despised me—despised me for my evil temper, and my bitter spirit, and for her sake I have hated Fanny and yourself. You know not how bitterly I have hated Fanny—you know not how I have tried to chafe her meek and quiet spirit—how I have miscalled her playful, cheerful temper—how angry I have often been because I could not make her angry—how I have purposely thwarted her humour, spoiled her pleasures, contradicted, and—ah!" she exclaimed with a shriek that made the hearers start, "I remember—I remember!—I had forgotten, but I remember *now*—I have wronged you both—more than you could believe—Mr. Marks! Mr. Marks! Fanny will be a beggar."

Edwin and Fanny were so completely the natural heirs to Mrs. Latimer's property, that any other disposal of it had never once entered their imagination. They had never indeed during the course of her illness thought for a moment of the subject, but the words of Mrs. Latimer, and the mention of her legal adviser, Mr. Marks, suggested to Edwin the idea that some such unnatural disposition had been made. A burning flush shot up as it seemed from his breast to his brow—it was not of himself he thought, but Fanny—what would become of Fanny?

"Run!—run!" cried the gasping invalid, "fly for Mr. Marks, Edwin—go yourself—trust to no one else."

"But dear aunt I will not leave you in this awful hour."

"Go yourself! yourself! Edwin—my will, my will—save Fanny from poverty—and me from utter despair."

The gestures of the dying woman as with her shrunk and withered hand she waved him off, were truly appalling—there was something so wild and unearthly in those gestures affected as they were by partial paralysis.

"I cannot leave her," whispered Edwin to his sister, "I dare not quit the house and you, at this moment—John shall go."

"Go yourself—yourself, Edwin," cried the invalid, guessing with the remarkable cunning so often displayed by such parties, "go yourself. I—I *will* not die till you come back again."

Edwin left the room—and the miserable woman continued to wring her hands, and mutter "go yourself," her thoughts diverted thus from better things by this unhappy source of anxiety. Then came a fit of wandering fantasy, wherein the more prominent actions of her life seemed all compressed—blue skies, and sunny fields, and childish sports, had all their

share in these disjointed murmurings. Dress too, and household cares, and even the minutiæ of a game at cards, but still at intervals, and mixed with all the rest was her shrill yet feeble, anxious cry of "go yourself." She had exerted herself so much as to sit up in bed, but as she became exhausted she sank back again, and muttering "go yourself," she fell asleep.

Now it so happened, that when Edwin left the room, there was a person standing at the door making enquiries in the most bland and courteous tone of voice about the health of the poor invalid. This individual was none other than the amiable and polite partner of the very attorney to whom Edwin was going, Mr. Silvereel. He had been most punctual in his attentions, always calling at the same hour every evening, making the most minute enquiries, and leaving the most polite messages from self and partner.

Edwin caught up his hat in the hall, and

hastily passing the group at the front door, without knowing or indeed seeing Mr. Silvereel, he hurried up the path and was gone.

"Goodness!" cried a servant coming out of the parlour, "is Master Edwin gone for the doctor?"

"Doctor!" said John, who had been speaking to the gentleman at the door, and still held it half open. "Doctor! there isn't no call to go for the doctor, he's give misses up long ago and he only comes to comfort Miss Fanny, and keep'em in spirits, I heard him say so."

"Mary! Mary! you be to come up and stay with Miss Fanny, while I—"

The rest was lost in the whisper which the damsel maintained, though she was half way up the stairs. It was addressed to the person who had joined the group at the front door, and John thinking it a good opportunity to ease his overwhelming curiosity, exclaimed—

"Betty! Betty! where's Master Edwin gone to, eh?"

"He be gone to fetch Mr. Marks as fast as he can run," was the reply—the said Betty having been a witness of the scene in the bedroom, and only left it to summon her coadjutor Mary.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mr. Silvereel, "I would have gone myself." He had not changed colour, for he never had any to change, but he had changed countenance, and that in a most extraordinary way—there was a singular air of perturbation about him as he said—"I—I will go for Mr. Marks too, how very lucky that I happened to be here."

Mr. Silvereel for all his perturbation made a bow to the servants, which might have saluted a duchess—it was remarkable that he should do so when he was evidently excited, but it was all habit, it was as much a matter of course as putting his hat on.

"What a nice man Mr. Silvereel is," said Mary, "he's always so polite."

While this nice man was in sight of the

house his step was pretty steady, but when he had allowed the gate to swing back, which he continued to do for a long time backwards and forwards till it closed with a click—his step was swift and stealthy and uneven.

We should not have noticed the swinging of the gate only it served to show the singular state of mind in which Mr. Silvereel left the house---for he generally took great pains to shut it quietly, and he must have pushed it open and allowed it to swing back in a reckless manner, which was anything but characteristic. Before the gate had done oscillating on its (patent) hinges, Mr. Silvereel was a long way off; he followed the same road as Edwin had done for awhile, but as the said high road made a considerable *détour*, and as Mr. Silvereel knew a short cut to the back of Mr Mark's house, which indeed saved a few furlongs; he turned out of the high road, and breaking through a low hedge, made his way at full speed across a field. It was indeed the

knowledge of this short cut, that made him volunteer his services to fetch Mr. Marks. Had he been obliged to follow Edwin's footsteps, he would not have done so.

It was getting quite dark during this rival race for a lawyer. There was a striking difference in the pace of the two messengers, while Edwin had set out on a run, whereby he lost his breath, and was obliged to change his pace from a broken trot, to a hurried walk, Mr. Silvereel did not run at all, but maintained his swift and stealthy walk. There was this difference too, that while Edwin was flushed, and crimson with exertion, Mr. Silvereel, though his long, lank, black hair dropped with perspiration, was as pale, cadaverous, and colourless as ever. Mr. Silvereel traversed several fields, and though it was now almost dark, he seemed by an unerring instinct to hit upon the right spot for the style, or some gap in the hedge by which he could proceed, when however it came on to rain, and the

grass got wet, and gave him slippery footing ; he grew impatient; and the drops stood mor— freely on his pale forehead. He thought c the firmer footing that Edwin's path mu afford, and feared that he should be di tanced yet. It was remarkable that the you lawyer should feel as much interest in th race, as though a great wager had depend upon it. At length he reached the back Mr. Marks's house, a low paleing separated small garden from the field, and into this sm garden looked the office window. The offi was a small chamber, a very small chamber, kind of square box covered with floor clo and containing nothing but a double desk, wit a couple of high stools, upon one of which wa seated the identical Mr. Marks. There was n outlet from the office to the back of the hou as it opened only into a passage which led t the front. Silvereel therefore tapped at th window, and thereby nearly startled the ol

man off the stool—he however came to the window where the apparition of Silvereel's pale face made him start back again. Recognising his partner however he opened the sash.

"You are sent for—you are sent for," gasped Silvereel, "to Mrs. Latimer—she—is —d—dying."

"Sent for!" echoed Marks, partaking of his partner's perturbation, "well—well—so—so—you have been in a great hurry, Mr. Silvereel, 'gad you have been extraordinarily obleeging—I am very much obleeged to you."

"I should not have made so much haste but Edwin Latimer is gone round the other way."

"Eh, what! 'gad so, quite right—eh what the deuce is to be done?"

"What you think proper, Mr. Marks. I knew you attached great importance to this matter, and would rather hear it from me than any one else."

"Quite right—quite right, my dear Silvereel—you are exceedingly good—so you came the short way—eh—across the field—while he went by the road—how very kind."

"Yes, I knew that you would be in the office waiting till I came back, to know how the old lady was."

"Yes, yes, poor old lady—see, see, what shall we do, eh?"

"Not *we*, Mr. Marks, not *we*, my dear sir—it is you that have to act now, I have done all I can do, I have brought you the news, I have come to fetch you, observe I have done my duty by the dear lady."

"Come—come, Silvereel—hang it, don't be hypocritical—we hunt in couples, my interest is your interest you know—what shall we do, eh?"

"Whatever you do, Mr. Marks, you must do quickly, *I* have done my part quickly

enough. If you do not decide at once Edwin Latimer will be at the front door."

"Yes, yes, I see—I see—what the deuce, Silvereel, eh—I don't think I could find my way across the fields—eh—it's the shortest way, but it's dark—deuced dark."

"I don't think I could find my way back again," quoth Silvereel with a grim smile.

"Yes, yes, you could, I'm sure you could, Silvereel, 'gad it's a good thought—a very good thought, its so much nearer, we shall be there a half the time—you—you—you can guide me, I know you can, we can't miss our way—impossible, eh—impossible."

"If you delay a moment, you will have him at the door—and he—he will detain us."

"Odd so! yes, yes, I see—he will talk—he will hinder us with his talk—when we know all about it—eh, we know—ha, ha, we know."

But here a loud knocking at the front door

put a stop to the parley. What was to be done?

Mr. Marks could not get out the usual way, he might encounter Edwin, whose impatient knock would doubtless soon be answered. Mr. Marks must come through the garden— the window—it was but a step-a-low window, only a foot or two from the ground. But his hat! it was in the hall by the front door, and there was the front door being opened. Oh, hang the hat. Mr. Marks heeded it not, he blew out his candle, stepped out quietly, closed the window, and though the rain came drizzling down upon his bald head, made for the field with Silvereel.

Edwin and the servant came direct to Mr. Marks's office, and the latter was astounded at her master's absence. He was but just gone too, for the wick of the candle was still red and smoking. Urged by Edwin's impatience, the girl called her master from the back door—sought him in the parlour—in the drawing-

room—in his study. How very odd! his hat was in the hall. Where was his clerk? Gone up to the "Three Pigeons." Where was his partner? Gone to call at Mrs. Latimer's. Then that was him at the front door.

A bright thought struck Edwin. Though his aunt asked for Mr. Marks, Silvereel was a lawyer, and would answer the purpose; he trusted that they would detain him, or if they did not he must meet him on his way back. With this idea he determined to return immediately, giving strict orders however, that Mr. Marks should be sought in all directions, and sent forthwith to Rose Mount.

Edwin then bent his steps homeward; he endeavoured to maintain a more steady pace than he had held on his way to Mr. Marks's, but he could not manage it, he would walk a few paces swiftly and steadily, and then break into a worried, uneven trot. He reached home well nigh exhausted with exertion, and much

surprised, though the reader may not be that he had not encountered Mr. Silvereel.

The lawyers wandered long beside t hedges, and, though the rain still patter among the leaves stood under a tree and talk of ordinary topics. At first they had see lights glancing from the back windows of M Marks's house, and voices calling on his nam but they did not return, and what was remar able, though Mr. Silvereel had come so readil they lost their way in the first field. It w certainly quite dark now, and the rain mig be blinding and bewildering, a thing that M Silvereel remarked in a tone of voice rath jocund than otherwise—he was such a very n man, and took every thing so calmly and w such suavity. Howbeit, they lost their w in the first field.

It is curious how these two atrocicus sco drels, knowing that they must be quite tra parent to one another, did yet imagine that t were deluding one another, and even tried

delude themselves with the flimsy plea that they had lost their way. At length, as if completely tired of disappointment, they sought the shelter of a tree, and Mr. Marks having placed a silk handkerchief about his head talked on indifferent topics. It was a full hour before Mr. Marks came home, drenched with rain, which was especially pouring off his silk pocket handkerchief.

"Lawks a mercy, master! where in the world have you been?" said his old servant, "we have been seeking for you high and low—here's old Mrs. Latimer a dying as fast as she can, and nobody to help her."

"I—I—know it—I have been over the fields—the short cut—but I—I could not find the way."

"Way! no faiks! I should think not, indeed—why you're all over mud and dirt."

"Yes, yes—you had better fetch me the gaiters."

When the gaiters came—they were not the

comprehend them.

" Why—why—wh

her piteous and incess

they? they *would* not

They were in the n

—behind the curtains

the poor half frantic su

came *alone* her frenzy l

He was sorely disap

had not detained Mr. S

have become of him t

he had not met hi

could have become of t

" There is no other w

quired Edwin " is ther

" You may

man's mouth he could have chosen none to suit him better.

"Why—why is Mr. Marks not here," said the invalid weeping bitterly, and breathing heavily, it was evident that her strength was ebbing fast.

"He is coming directly, dear aunt, directly."

The dying woman was in some measure pacified and remained quiet. It was a period of intense suspense. Edwin felt that his own and what was more to him, that Fanny's fortune depended upon the few moments which were slipping from their grasp, he could not but know that it was the injustice and animosity of their aunt which had given rise to this dilemma—and yet with all this knowledge he felt nothing but pity and affection for his dying relative. As for Fanny she would not for all the wills in the world have had her aunt so much distressed could she have helped it. The silence of the room was most impressive—it was unbroken but by the heavy breathing of

the invalid—all else was so still that they coul hear the old lady's gold repeater on the mant piece, chiming out the hour like the deep be of a distant cathedral. It had a most singul and solemn effect at that still hour, speakir with the warning voice of a monitory angel the lapse of time to one who had nearly do with time for ever. The feeble, yet deep a sonorous tone of the tiny bell, for so it seeme had in it an effect almost unearthly, and o who knew not its nature might have imagin some phantom sound warning the living a the dying of the departure of the passi spirit.

While the watching relatives of the dyi woman sat gazing upon her feeble form, ea buried in the painful meditations—the anxio and afflicting thoughts peculiar to the hour— heavy knocking was heard at the front door it had the hollow melancholy sound peculi to a muffled knocker—reverberating in t empty hall, it was loud enough to startle t

young people, and even attracted the attention of the invalid.

"There he is!" exclaimed Edwin involuntarily.

"Who! who!" cried the old lady, "Mr. Marks?"

"Mr. Marks, my dear aunt," said Latimer as he left the room.

There was a step on the stair, but it was *not* that of Mr. Marks. The amiable and intelligent countenance of Mr. Godwin, the doctor, appeared, instead of the mean and pinched up features of old Marks, but it was an unhappy change at that moment, for the lineaments of Mr. Marks would have been as pleasing as those of an angel of light.

Mrs. Latimer was frightfully distressed—there was an air of anguish and poignant misery upon her face which went to the hearts of the beholders.

"This will never do," whispered the doctor to young Latimer, "we must soothe her some

how. she is sinking very fast, her pulse is dreadfully irregular, what is the cause of this excitement?"

Edwin led him silently from the room, and briefly explained the circumstances.

"Good heavens! my dear sir," exclaimed Godwin, "this is terrible—yourself, poor dear Fanny—what on earth shall we do—and that precious fellow Marks out of the way."

"Edwin, my dear boy—we must try to do without the lawyer."

"Let us get pen and paper and take down her will. We may not be very formal, but it's a better chance than being idle—and there's no saying what the law may admit under the circumstances—at any rate it will keep her mind easy, and amuse her till Marks comes, and that's every thing."

This shrewd suggestion was immediately acted upon. Writing materials were procured —a small table was drawn to the bedside—the servants were summoned as witnesses—Mrs

Latimer was perfectly appeased, and though her voice was extremely feeble, she expressed her satisfaction at the proceedings.

"Now, observe all of you," said the doctor, "it is my firm conviction that Mrs. Latimer is perfectly sensible and collected, and able to make a will—so get on, Edwin, my dear boy, and let us draw it up in as business like a way as we can."

Much time was spent over this matter. Edwin and the doctor laying their heads together, as the saying is, upon the subject. A lawyer would probably have smiled at their joint production, though it was the work of some time—but they were interrupted by the doctor's occasionally pausing to feel his patient's pulse, and knit his brows, and shake his head—and by Edwin's pausing to listen for the approach of the lawyer. At length their formulary was complete, and Edwin began to write to the dictation of his aunt. He had proceeded some lines when he was stopped by Mr. Godwin.

"Hold, hold," cried the doctor, "you are to be the benefitted party by this will, are you not?"

"Certainly—I believe so—I and my sister."

"Then confound our stupid heads, my dear boy—eh, I don't know—it will not do for *you* to write it, will it? I know little of the law but I think that."

"I believe I have heard the same thing, doctor," said Edwin.

"Never mind—never mind—we'll try again, never despair as long as there's anything to be done—*I* must be scribe, it seems, and you must support, your aunt—so give me the pen."

Taking Edwin's place at the small table, and transcribing what he had already written, for neither of them knew whether Edwin's having written it, would affect its legality or not—the worthy doctor made his pen fly fast over the paper—it was now the only sound in the room —for supported on one side by Edwin, and on the other by Fanny, who occasionally moistened her lips—the dying woman was now silent and

composed. The servants gazed on in mute and breathless interest. At length Mr. Godwin had re-written all the former part of their amateur instrument, and Mrs. Latimer, though she was almost incoherent, began to dictate—when they were again startled and that so severely as to make the maid servants to utter a low scream—startled by the echo of the muffled knocker again. Mr. Godwin would have scolded the servants for making a noise, but he could not in conscience, because he himself had been so much startled as to drive his pen half across his paper. No time was lost in opening the street door, and the anxious and excited listeners could distinguish the voice of Mr. Marks. The little old man, who now displayed as much alacrity as he had formerly, and when alone with Mr. Silvereel, betrayed the reverse, was soon in the sick chamber.

"Dear me—dear me," he cried rubbing his hands, "this is bad, this is very bad—I had no conception that my poor dear old friend was so

let me see—ah, Fanny very little girl."

"Never mind now, Godwin, "moments long delay—"

"Ah! unlucky, most tention in the world— the best road after all shortest is not always th

"Never mind now," s

"Never mind now," "you can tell us all abo look over this paper, will do."

"Yes, yes, but how is eh? is she so very bad?

I say, Edwin, my dear boy—come here, will you—between ourselves—is she—eh? is she compment? is she fit to make a will—eh? you know it's no use if—"

"I will stake my professional reputation on the fact that she is perfectly collected."

"Well, well, that's enough—no use to worry her you know—if non comp—eh—poor thing—poor thing. Fanny, my love, don't fret—debt of nature, you know—all come to it—what can't be cured must be endured—sad thing."

"Will you just look at this paper—and see if it will do—it may save time—Edwin and I have done it."

"Yes, yes—let me see—humph—where in the world are my glasses—confound it—if I have left my glasses behind—no, no, here they are—here they are—let me see—humph—last will and testament—a being—sound mind—give and bequeath—no, no—not do—not do—clever, but not formal."

"Well, but why will it not do?" said the doctor.

"Humph! not formal—not legal, eh—no time for discussion now, is there, eh? better get to business."

"Oh by all means—make as much haste as you can."

"Well, well, this is of no use," and he was about to tear the document but he was stopped by Godwin.

"Stay, stay!" he said, "don't destroy it—I think it's rather good for me, and as I am not often engaged in legal business I will put it in my pocket."

Godwin did put it in his pocket, and as he thought that he could perceive a slight frown pass across the wrinkled brow of Mr. Marks he was the more pleased that he had done so.

The lawyer, however, could not *easily delay any longer*, and he began to write with all the imposing verbiage of the law—Godwin looked over his shoulder, and urged him to hasten the deed. He even whispered that he thought

Marks might make more haste if he liked—a hint which at another time would have caused a burst of indignation, but—

"Conscience doth make cowards of us all."

And Mr. Marks's cheek grew pallid—and as he continued to write, his hand trembled, it might be with haste, or it might be with some hidden emotion.

It was now time for Mrs. Latimer to express her wishes, her voice was so feeble that Marks could hardly make out what she said. We question if he would have been able to do so at all had not the eye of Mr. Godwin been fixed upon him with a gaze that seemed to search into his very soul. Under these circumstances the document was finished—it was as concise as could be expected from so prosy a person as Mr. Marks. It briefly gave to Edwin and Fanny the whole of the property, which was theirs by right—at least to it they would have been entitled, had Mrs. Latimer died intestate.

Gertrude took up the deed and placed the pen
in Mrs. Latimer's hand she tried to make a
mark but the pen scratched lightly through the
[illegible] both hand and pen falling upon the
paper as Mrs. Latimer sank back a lifeless

ing beneath gems, feathers, and fancy flowers. What a picture of the *world* it is—fussy, showy, heartless, hollow, for there is among mere men of sensibility, and candour, a meaning attached to the word 'world,' apart from its religious signification—and that meaning is insincerity, and selfishness, and heartlessness, and show—so that a mere man of the world is a being distasteful to the man of taste, and contemptible to the man of candour, and insensible to the man of feeling, as he is an object of pity and compassion to the man of religion. What a very silly thing is a large party—a few intimate friends, free, unreserved, hilarious, happy—striving to please, and be pleased, that is quite another thing—yes, a large circle of acquaintance is like a large circle in the water, the wider it grows the fainter it becomes, until it merge into the mere waste of waters. People cannot let well alone—they have been happy with a few friends—they think they will double their en-

joyment by doubling their numbers—they find the spirit of enjoyment evaporated altogether.

The aroma of coffee floated about the front door of the Figginses, until it permeanted the very nostrils of the waiting cabmen. It was indeed overpowered by the smell of lamp oil for a few moments, for the hall lamp took to smoke and smell, as in duty bound. It is a remarkable phenomenon in the philosophy of hall lamps, and quite worthy the attention of the mesmerico-magnetico-clair-voyant school of philosophers, that hall lamps, with a most testy pertinacity, always smoke and smell—sputter and go out on party nights. We think some light might be thrown on the propensities of whale oil, and the physiology of coal gas from this source; no doubt they both exercise a most powerful, if not a mesmeretic influence on the human nostril, while they are unquestionably the most powerful agents in *clair-voyance.*

The Figgins' family gave a grand party c a certain night (which shall be nameless), which our hero was invited. We have hint that the Count was not a very successful suit neither was he a very ardent one; but up the present occasion he determined to advan with spirit to the attack. He painted the a vantages of Miss Figgins' fortune in the m glowing colours before the eye of his imagi tion—he dwelt upon the power of wealth purchase pleasure, distinction, consideratio then he turned to the passive virtues, t neutral beauties, the negative accomplishme of the young lady—she would be the meeke most submissive, most quiet—"Oh but ther that infernal music," thought the Cou Again he had heard that music seldom s vived the wear and tear of wedded life—t music and matrimony were not by any mea consentaneous, and therefore he must ho the best. He could wish indeed that M Figgins had a little more animation in h

face—pretty she was, but so are some of the wax dolls which they sell by dozens in clothes' baskets—and Miss Figgins' bright blue eyes and flaxen hair seemed just as fit as they, to be set staring out of silver paper in a clothes' basket.

The Count could not help even contrasting poor Lucy Atherly—her sparkling, sunny-looking, intelligent face—her bright eyes, and her merry mouth, with the plump, languid, lazy-looking beauty of the heiress.

However the Count, though he was by no means insensible to personal charms, was not going to marry for beauty—"My face is my fortune," was absolute heresy to him, so he made up his mind to urge his suit with the best of his ability. With this intent, he paid unusual attention to his toilet, and repaired at the appointed hour to the abode of his friends. In his eagerness to be early enough, indeed he was rather too early. Everybody knows that the appointed hour of a large

party is a fashionable fiction. People perpetrate the egregious folly of saying one time and meaning another—if they don't want you so soon why don't they say so.

The consequence of this fashionable fiction is, that folks postpone their appearance at the party to a most unconscionable hour, because nobody likes to be first. The Count who was not aware of the absurdity alluded to, went at the appointed hour and found himself behind the scenes. The grand piano was being tuned a special pleasure for a man who cared little for music. The sofas and ottomans were being stripped of their striped everyday clothes, and coming to light in all the splendour of yellow tabaret. Miss Figgins was still in the mystery of curl papers, and the lady of the house was under the hands of the operator, who with might and main was trying to make the hooks and eyes of her peony-colored silk meet on her brawny back.

The Count kicked his heels for some time in

the drawing-room alone, and was only relieved at length by the entrance of old Figgins, who was sent to gossip with Bundledoff, to be out of harm's way. The gossip of old Figgins was at all times of the most ordinary description, but to-night it seemed more common place and uninteresting than ever, he talked about the "Harts" with a pertinacity which was quite distressing. At length the ladies made their appearance, Mrs. Figgins glowing in all the grandeur of peony silk, turban and plume of paradise, and Juliana freezing in all the insipidity of white satin and pearls. Juliana generally ranged somewhere about the freezing point, to-night she seemed some degrees below zero.

Mrs. Figgins was called away in the middle of her congées to the Count to attend to some domestic duties, and our hero was left to a *tête-à-tête* with the object of his thoughts. Her monosyllables were even more minute than usual, and when the Count in prosecution of

his matrimonial schemes ventured to pay any particular compliments, she only opened her large blue eyes and honored him with a stare. Their *tête-à-tête* was not however of long duration, the noise of wheels, of slamming of coach doors, and banging of street doors was heard, and the company began to arrive. Old gentlemen entered the room rubbing their hands, and young gentlemen forking their hair, old ladies began to congregate in corners and talk scandal, and young ladies to gather into knots and talk trifles. The buzz of tongues began to fill the rooms, and the most exquisite platitudes were bandied about with the most intense gravity. There was no mirth, no hilarity, no enjoyment, no entertainment—there was, what so often stands in the place of all these—music.

We do not wish to say anything against music as an art, but it is seldom cultivated as an art, it is not made a rational, sober, serious source of enjoyment, but a medium of display—the question with musical performers is not, who shall afford most pleasure, but

who shall exhibit most dexterity—and when music is made to usurp the entire attention, to the exclusion of harmless mirth, rational conversation, sociable intercourse, it is a consummate nuisance.

The Figgins family were members of an amateur society, established for the purpose of plaguing Apollo, and putting Polyhymnia into hysterics—and some of these worthies were present. At it, therefore they went incessantly, until the company bored to death with music, took the common and only effectual redress of talking as loudly as they could. The louder the performers played, the louder the people talked, until there was such a hubbub as bees make when they are going to swarm, or boys when they are getting their lessons.

There was a diversion created in the evening's amusements by the arrival of a new face, a face on which the family Figgins had longed to look, whose name had been whispered about

previous to his coming with a degree of empressment which showed that he was somebody —and somebody indeed he was. He was a German—a real German—and moreover a live professor of music. Professors of music are indeed as thick as hops, and Germans as common as blackberries, but when these two things met in one individual, it was a combination to make the Figginses delirious. Honorable indeed in their eyes was the friend who had volunteered to introduce Herr Von Perriwinkle to their party.

Juliana opened her eyes a little wider at every opening of the door, in expectation of the professor. Julian was so divided between his part and the expected foreigner, that he played a solo of some bars on the wrong string. The bird of Paradise trembled with excitement on Mrs. Figgins' turban, while even old Figgins was heard to exclaim—

"I wonder when Herr will be here."

At length Herr came, and there was no little excitement produced.

The foreigner was a little dapper fellow, with hair hanging over his coat collar, and a pair of natty black mustachios. He was extremely well dressed—that is in the band-box sense of that word—he was "perfumed like a milliner," indeed he ought to have been a good judge of dress, for he was born and bred to the honourable calling of what is sometimes called in England a real German schneider—a kleider maker—a tailleur—in horrid English a—tailor.

Herr Von Perriwinkle had however a soul above buttons, and knowing a little of the German flute, and still less of the Spanish guitar, and being informed in all truth that the English put all faith in the German language as synonymous with *singing*, he cut his tapes, cast by his shears, and came out in London as a music *maestro*—he was of course eminently successful. If you only hiccup in

a foreign language, the English believe it mo melodious—if you speak a foreign tongu they think it recitative.

All hail to the holy land of music—th native land of Beethoven, Mozart, and Sph —we do you no discredit—pretension wi follow in the wake of genius, as naturally a the tail followeth the comet. The poet wi be aped by the poetaster—the painter by th cariacaturist—the musician by the mounteban Indeed it's no wonder we are a little dazzled b the brightness of genius, so as for a mome to take glitter for gold. When one has be gazing at the sun, one is sure to get a litt green in the eye—but to return to the maestr The reception of Herr Von Perriwinkle w of the most flattering description, and as eve one was dying to hear his performance, would have been cruel not to put them o of their misery at once. The professor w accordingly marshalled up to the piano—h guitar brought in by the footman—the heire

herself seated by his side—her eyes opened to their fullest orbits, while Mrs. Figgins took upon herself to cry hush! to the company; but there was no occasion to cry hush!—the idea of a foreigner going to play has something so imposing in it, that every one was hushed at once.

The performance commenced—a mingled crash clash, twingle and jingle served to display the powers of the instrument and the professor's diamond ring—and then he went off into a common-place and most uninteresting movement, which had it been played in profane English, might have accompanied the old English chorus—

"Twang dillo---twang dillo---twang dee."

Coming from the fair fingers of the illustrious foreigner however, it was irresistible, and when he joined his coarse, harsh voice, whose as-

perities were all lost to English ears in charms of a foreign tongue, his triumph complete.

At the conclusion of his performance, delight of the audience was expressed in audible plaudits, while old Figgins sho 'ankore,' until he was frowned down by wife and daughter.

Miss Juliana was evidently so delighted our friends reign might be said to be ove German Count—though he was rather a f lion was not quite so fierce a lion as a Ge musician—one who could sing like an a and play the Spanish guitar like a seraph.

The old people were however still atta to our friend the Count, and desired Julia introduce him to the musician.

Two live Germans in one room! what a of glory for the family Figgins.

It is curious now to see what antipa and aversions men take to one another,

that without the slightest reason for such feelings —'tis a great pity and well worth while to struggle with such emotions, but a man is introduced to one whom one seems disposed to dislike at first sight—one knows nothing about him, but there is something in him—something in the cut of his coat—the cock of his hat—the tie of his cravat—it cannot be that either because we profess to care nothing about such things—howbeit we do not like him—fortunately there are others, and their number is myriad, whom we *do* like at first sight, of whom we should like to know more, of whom we could make friends, so we must put our amiable against our unamiable propensities, and hope to find a balance in our favor.

The Count and the tailor took a mutual antipathy at first sight, not that it was altogether inexplicable, the artiste might fear that he would be discovered as a schneider—the

nobleman that he might *not* be recognised as "furrin Count."

Perhaps there might be some intuitive persuasion that they would become rivals for the fair hand of Juliana Figgins; no matter, they took a mortal aversion to one another, and their introduction was as cordial as the meeting of the lion and the ape. Certainly the lion (meaning our friend Bundledoff) looked somewhat contemptuous, at the same time that an air of uneasiness sat on his royal brow. While the ape, (meaning the maestro,) wore an air of perturbation as an ape might be supposed to do when presented to the king of beasts, who though at present bland and benignant, might be supposed to be revolving in his mind the heroic words of Fee fa fum, about grinding bones and making bread.

The worst of this introduction too was, that it excited general attention. Mrs. Figgins, proud of her foreign guests, had spoken osten-

tatiously aloud, and the eyes of all were directed towards the parties—there was an odious notoriety about the thing that made the Count uneasy. Why was he uneasy? truly he feared that he should *want words to express* his sense of the honour conferred upon him. He was obliged however to put a fair face on the matter, and accept the proffered hand of the illustrious Herr Von Perriwinkle, and make the best of a bad business. The tailor said—

* " Ich freue mich sehr die Ehre zu haben die Bekanntschaft eines so achtbaren Edelmannes wie des Grafen Von Bundeldorf zu machen. Ich versichere Sie Graf Thr Name ist mir nicht unbekannt und Könnte auch nicht

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* " I am very glad to have the honour to make the acquaintance of so respectable a nobleman as the Count Von Bundledoff," said the professor. " I assure you, sir, your name is not unknown to me, nor can it be so, since it is so well esteemed from one end of Germany to the other."

sein, da derselbe von einem bis zum andern Ende Deutschlands so hochgeschätzt wird"

The Count was somewhat taken aback, but quickly recovering himself, he replied in his native tongue—

* " Ni wn i ddim pa beth a wyt ti yn ei ddweyd, ac ni waeth geny fchwaith dos i'r Diaoul o'm rhan i."

The professor started, and stared at the Count with all his might.

† " In der That Graf," he cried, " sie sprechen sich auf eine Art aus, die ich nicht verstehen kann Bitte aus welchem Thiel von Deutschland kommen sie ?"

‡ " Fe chwengchwn i weled pob eppa swnllyd

---

* " I don't know what you say, and I don't care, but I wish you were at the devil with all my heart."

† " Really, Count," he cried, " you speak in a way that I cannot understand—pray what part of Germany do you come from ?"

‡ " I wish all such chattering apes as you were at the bottom of the sea, and then they would not trouble people with a language that no christian can make out."

fath di yn ngwaelod y mor, ac wedyn ni
ɜnid dynion ac iaith na all un Cristion ei
l," quoth the Count.

" Dies ist sehr sonderbar," exclaimed the
stro. " Sie sprechen unmöglich deutsch,
t würde ich Thre Meinung entziffern."

" Pe buaswn i yn dy gael di yn fy ngwlad
ıun fy inachgen, buaswn yn dy drochi ag
Llaw ag yn dy sycha ar Llall," cried
dledoff.

he professor gazed in mute astonishment
ıe Count, but the latter retained an air
ıe most imperturbable gravity.

ıe company were, as in duty bound, highly
d by this extraordinary display of foreign
age, but as the reader may not have so

This is most extraordinary," exclaimed the Maestro
re surely not speaking German, or I should make out
eaning."

If I had you in my native country, my fine fellow, I
have you ducked with one hand, and dried with the
quoth the Count.

deep a veneration for 'the tongues,' we have made notes of the dialogue in the vulgar tongue, which means vernacular English.

"I cannot undershtand von vord vot you shay," said the foreigner in English, so to speak.

"Well thin it's a deuced hard thing for me to find words for meself, and understandin for you," said the Count.

"Vell dere ish two sorts of Cherman," quoth the professor—"de low language and de high language—whitch do you speak?"

The low language be hanged—I spake the language of all the dacent people, and lave low language for the likes of such low-lived spalpeens as yourself."

§ "Aus welchem Thiel Deutschland kommen sie, denn Graf?" said Herr. "Ich sollte

§ "From what part of Germany do you come, Count ought to know my native language, and yet I cannot understand a word that you say."

doch wohl meine Muttersprache kennen! und dennoch kann ich nicht ein Wort von dem verstehen, was Sie da sagen!"

"Dymanwn dy ddeall ond gan nad allaf rhaid i mi fod yn foddlon."

"No, I cannot undershtand you," quoth the professor, resuming his English, "I am afraid you are putting de tricksh upon me—can you undershtand me?"

"Every word as plain as the nose on my face," quoth the undaunted Count.

"Ah bah! den vy not shpeak de same language," said the maestro suspiciously, "vell, Mishter Count, vot did I say?"

"Why thin you said that the people in England knew no more of music than a Jarmin jackass, and that Miss Figgins played the harp like a cat on a gridiron."

It was worth while to see the paroxysm of

"I wish I could make out your meaning, but as I cannot I must rest contented."

emotion which this announcement created. The family Figgins displayed all the different phases of extreme indignation. Mrs. Figgins turned purple, and Julian turned pale—Juliana opened her mouth as well as her eyes, while Mr. Figgins took snuff with an air of intense disdain. The company too were affected according to their various temperaments, the most amiable of them looking daggers at the audacious stranger.

As for that hapless individual he was speechless, nay breathless with astonishment and dismay, he gazed for some time at the Count with an air of profound hate, then overwhelmed by ungovernable fury he made an attack on Bundledoff with his head down like a school-boy, and his fingers extended like a Frenchman.

It was unnecessary for the Count to do more than to seize him by the collar, and hold him at arms' length like a refractory dog—and this he did while the professor continued to struggle

and storm, and kick, and vociferate—but it was a scene so utterly beneath the dignity of the Figgins' drawing-room that they were scandalized beyond measure.

To add to their uneasiness the laughter of the company, (especially of the young men) began to peal above the tumult of the conflict, and one youthful ornament of the British bar proposed to make a ring. The company now interfered, and the still struggling professor was rescued from the clutches of the Count.

That individual indeed found that he had gone too far, what he meant for a jest and an ingenious scheme to extricate himself had turned out a subject of serious annoyance to another, and the Count though he was not a little wanting in prudence and foresight, and too apt to act upon the impulse of the moment, had too much good feeling to allow him to injure even an opponent by a paltry subterfuge —accordingly he walked up to the still irritated professor, and offering his hand, said—

"Misther Jarmin, I'm sorry I offindid a hurt your falings by an idle jest, and I'm n ashamed to say I beg your pardon."

But the foreigner was not so easily appeas he sullenly declined the proffered hand.

"Well," said the Count, "if you are sull and like to bear malice I can't help it—all say is, there's my hand and my apology, ta 'em or lave 'em," but still the German w silent. "Well thin, it remains but to tell t company, and especially Misther Figgin family, that I was indulging in a little bit blarney, and that you said nothing at all of t kind, leastways as far as I know."

This announcement relieved the embarras ment of the foreigner, but it placed the Cou himself in a somewhat awkward predicamen because if the professor was not the author the libel on Miss Figgins' abilities, wh was?

Evidently the Count; and though the thin was indeed merely a jest, it is dangerous t

play with edge tools. The Count could not have chosen a more unfortunate topic for a jest than Miss Figgins's musical talents, it was really jesting on a sacred subject, and so in proportion as the professor was elevated, the Count was depressed. He found his attentions to the heiress received with most supercilious scorn, and when he made advances to any degree of intimacy with the company there was a drawing together of the parties, and a sort of shunning of him which he could not overlook. Indeed he more than once overheard the word "brogue," muttered in connection with his name in a most unaccountable manner.

We cannot deny that Count Bundledoff deserved all this, his jest was a most unwarrantable one, it was at once imprudent and mendacious, and he now suffered for its sake, still his handsome apology, his candid confession ought to plead something in his favor, and if we cannot but blame we must be allowed to pity him.

He was indeed in pitiable case. From t heiress he could not even extract a monosyl ble, while from the rest of the family he g nothing but black looks and short answers.

The Count feeling himself uncomfortab left the house before supper, and when called next morning there was nobody home.

CHAPTER III.

THE DEATH.

Ay but to die
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot,
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod.

SHAKSPEARE.

Few minds can fail to feel with the poet whose words we have chosen for a motto. Few can resist the feeling of awe and hushed solemnity which the consequences entailed upon man by the first malediction exhibit to the spectator. Death in its most ordinary form, and in the

mere exhibition of its outward physical phenomena seldom fails to create a powerful, though too often a very transient impression. If indeed the outward phenomena be all that affect the mind—and no reflections of a moral and spiritual nature are excited, the more transient the impression the better. If the sight of death is to be a mere bugbear to the imagination, reading no lessons of eternal importance, let us close our eyes upon it as quickly as possible, but even as it regards these mere physical phenomena it is not easy to do so, especially if there be any circumstances of an extraordinary nature to heighten those impressions.

The death of Mrs. Latimer forming as it did so singular a climax to the suspense which had for some time occupied the bosoms of the bystanders created an unusual amount of awe and astonishment. A mute and breathless silence pervaded the apartment as its inmates gazed in horror and astonishment at one an-

other, and at the corpse, a silence so profound that it seemed as if they feared the lightest footfal, nay the slightest respiration would disturb the dead.

For the first few moments every other sensation was lost in awe and astonishment, then came crowding back those mingled feelings which so differently agitated the hearts of the spectators.

Old Marks, whose cold, obdurate breast was callous to the emotions of friendship and affection, could not entirely suppress a sense of personal fear, he knew that he had accomplished his end, that he had made himself too late, but while a sense of triumph stole upon him, it was a sense of triumphant iniquity which can give no solid satisfaction.

Godwin, the doctor, experienced nothing but unmingled disappointment. His honest and affectionate nature had exulted in the justice which he supposed Mrs. Latimer was about to

do to her amiable relatives, and his chagrin at disappointment were proportionate.

In the breasts of the young Latimers every feeling of a private or personal nature was absorbed in genuine sorrow for their deceased relation.

Touching Mr. Marks on the arm, Mr. Godwin now led him into an adjoining chamber that the young people might have an opportunity to indulge their grief out of the presence of strangers.

"This is a bad business," said the doctor. "The old lady has certainly made some disposition of her property which went sorely against her conscience—it haunted her like a nightmare. If she has done wrong to this lovely girl, as I too firmly believe, I shall hate the very memory of her."

"Yes, yes, oh dear me! dear me! its a bad world, a very bad world—alack, alack! and poor Edwin too."

a frank, honest, manly fellow, he is
pitied too, but he is a *man*, he has
ergies, opportunities to push his
world, it is the poor girl that I

be sure, Mr. Godwin, to be sure,
et girl, and it's a pity that our poor

vere her legal adviser, Mr. Marks, I
u know all about this matter?"
ha—a—really, Mr. Godwin, I do
yself called upon at present to ex-
dear deceased friend may have made
r settlement unknown to me, and
e one that I drew up for her."
is very unlikely—you might have

"You would have executed her desires much better had you made greater haste to-night, Mr. Marka."

"Ah dear me! dear me! to think that I should not have been able to find my way across the fields, it's so much nearer than the road."

"But how came you to know of Mrs. Latimer's wish to see you?"

"Oh Silvereel fetched me—Silvereel's a good lad, a very good lad—he came across the fields to fetch me."

"How very unlucky that Silvereel should find his way to *fetch* you, and not find his way to *bring* you."

"Dark, my dear sir—dark as pitch—rain drizzling—no shelter—wandered about one field half an hour—up one hedge, down another—no light—couldn't find the style—most unlucky!"

Edwin now entered the room.

"I have persuaded Fanny to retire to rest,"

she is quite knocked up with ex-
nd excitement, and any immediate
nat must be transacted, we will now
, but pray whatever is possible, let
oned till to-morrow."

Marks seems to say there *is* a will,"
win.

ut, Mr. Godwin," said Edwin, "un-
very peculiar circumstances of the
ould beg that it may not be opened
uneral is over."

—a—humph," exclaimed Godwin,
ll the truth, though he was a highly
nd honourable man, was at present
from a mortal attack of curiosity—
ere may be some wishes expressed
to place of burial, eh—what do you
. Marks?"

eh—bless me! I—I think we may
Master Edwin."

may we not get into trouble with

the executors? are we all in order and form Mr. Marks?"

"Why—dear me!—I—I will say so much as this, that in the deed that I drew up for the signature of my late respected friend, there was no mention relating to the funeral; and I—I think the executors will not be hard upon us, if we are not very extravagant, in short, I will venture to take the responsibility on myself."

"Too confident by half," thought Godwin.

"I will—let me see, I will send the undertaker up to Mr. Edwin, and let him give the orders for the funeral himself."

"Too authoritative by half," thought Godwin.

"Well well—good bye, gentlemen, said Marks—"ah! it's a sad thing, but we must all die—we must all die!—you don't walk my way, Mr. Godwin?"

"L—d forbid," muttered the honest doctor.

Mr. Marks took great pains to button up his great coat, wrap a comforter round his neck, and otherwise protect himself from the weather. He was very much afraid of the rain, in general, not always.

Edwin was actuated by the purest and best of motives in the proposal to postpone the examination of his aunt's testamentary papers. He had every reason to believe that some act of injustice had been committed, of which his sister and himself were the objects, and it was in a spirit of the purest delicacy that he wished to remain in ignorance of that injustice as long as possible. Harsh and unfeeling as her conduct had been to him and Fanny, he felt nothing but sorrow for the decease of so near a relative, especially as her last hours had displayed so fervent a desire to make acknowledgment, and as far as possible reparation for her misconduct, and he would not risk the indignation which might possibly be

excited by the opening of the will to intrude upon his grief. By so doing however Edwin had given himself inevitably a long period of very painful suspence. It was out of human nature not to feel anxious and excited about the matter, however he might struggle to maintain his equanimity. Besides the precarious nature of his prospects in life—the situation of Fanny—all considerations of a merely pecuniary nature, were mingled with the bitterness of disappointed natural affection, when he thought *why* should his aunt have been so bitterly opposed to him and his sister, as to outrage all the common order of family succession, merely to display her dislike. She had hinted indeed that their mother was the object of her hatred, but he had had very little communication with his aunt, and Fanny had treated her with unwearied kindness and attention. Then were his thoughts drawn irresistibly to the nature of his aunt's settlement. Sometimes he thought, was it

really the case that she had acted as she had hinted, or merely an hallucination of a delirious invalid. Again, his aunt had specially alluded to her injustice towards *Fanny*—was it possible that the will had been made in *his* favour to the exclusion of his sister. In this case the injustice would be readily remedied, for there should be impartial division between them.

Fanny's feelings were altogether of another order. Accustomed to the constant company of her aunt, a feeling of bereavement was the most prominent of her emotions. Her aunt's unamiable traits of temper were now forgotten, and whatever could be remembered of extenuation was brought prominently forth; she really grieved, sincerely, deeply grieved for one who had treated her with little else than unkindness and neglect. She seldom thought at all of the peculiar circumstances in which they were placed, until those circum-

stances were forced upon her attention by the course of events.

Mr. Godwin parted from his young friends that night with the utmost cordiality and warmth of feeling. He wrung Edwin's hand with an energy that made his fingers ache, and kissed Fanny's beautiful brow with a fervour that brought the colour into it; but then mind you he was well nigh old enough to be Fanny's father, and had a wife and half a dozen sons and daughters—little curly-pated, bright-eyed youngsters at home.

Doctor Godwin was a man rather more than middle age—a stout, well-formed, active, cleanly man, with extremely good features, a florid, clear complexion, and a bright blue eye, that made you glad to look at it. He had been an army surgeon, and grafted the frankness of the military character, and the firmness of the military step upon his medical profession. He was an upright, conscientious, and decided character, always active and ener-

was engaged in acts of kindness and
nce towards his fellow creatures.
Godwin had a perfect antipathy of
leceit, and tergiversation---or what he
ed nearly synonymous---a genuine con-
r Messrs. Marks and Silvereel.
in withal was not a suspicious man,
he could not shake off a very formida-
ing of distrust respecting the late con-
the lawyer Marks. He felt persuaded
l Marks had made a will for the de-
Miss Latimer, and he was almost as
onvinced that the shrewd lawyer had
y anxious *not* to make another. Marks
e knew had been the confidential friend
al adviser, not only of the late Miss

willed it away from her amiable but injured relatives.

As Mr. Godwin lay that night in bed revolving these topics in his agitated mind—the perspiration burst from every pore of his body. He could not sleep—he was out of bed at the water bottle every hour in the night. If he slept for a time, some oppressive incubus in the shape of Mr. Marks sitting upon his chest, aroused him with a start. He could not divest himself of the idea that Mr. Marks had played the rogue with them. It was quite easy to imagine a motive for the old lawyer's desire to avoid the necessity of making another will. He might be deeply interested in the first. He could not but suspect that Mr. Marks had purposely delayed his coming—a few minutes sooner he had been in time, and he was more than an hour away.

There had been an evident perturbation in his manner, an apparent design to put away the time which could not elude the clear-

sighted doctor. Where had he been that hour and more—coming across the fields! such was his hurried, agitated excuse—Silvereel had fetched him—Silvereel was as great a scoundrel as his senior partner in the estimation of honest Godwin. They had lost their way coming across the fields, such was the paltry excuse.

In vain did Godwin try to go to sleep, counting a hundred half a dozen times, shutting his eyes with the most indomitable perseverance, it was all useless, and when he did at length drop off to sleep it was only to dream that he was the Lord Chancellor striking Messrs Larks and Silvereel off the rolls.

Godwin was not the man to sit down quietly under the influence of suspicion. The next morning he commenced an active, but discreet investigation of the matter. He first examined but with the utmost caution, the servants who had seen Mr. Silvereel at the front door of Mrs. Latimer's abode, and extracted from them the particulars of his departure to fetch Mr.

Marks. He gathered from them that l
Silvereel, for so quiet a man was unusually
cited—however that might be from the m
emergence of the moment, nor was it at all
probable under the circumstances of the
that he should run the shortest way to s
mon his partner Mr. Marks. Indeed Silver
conduct on the occasion appeared rather pra
worthy than otherwise, until Godwin thou
of the possibility of his going to apprise
partner of the emergence, and thus to stop
rather than to bring him.

Godwin's sagacity thus hit upon the tr
but though it was deeply impressed upon
mind of the doctor it was a mere suspi
after all, and he had no means to bring it h
to the parties.

The next thing Godwin did was to m
minute enquiries of young Latimer as to
absence of the lawyer from his office whe
arrived there. At first Edwin was indiffe
to the subject—nay, his pre-occupied m

would not entertain it, and he was rather vexed and irritated by what he thought the doctor's irrelevant remarks—but when he began to participate in Godwin's suspicions, the subject was one in which he was too deeply interested for him to feel or to affect indifference.

By a strong effort of that faculty which philosophers call conception, he brought the scene at Mr. Marks's house vividly before his mind, with all the minutiæ of that visit which he had forgotten as unworthy of remembrance. He thought of the candle, still red and smoking, and every body knows that the wick of a candle will not smoke for many moments. Hence it was plain that the old lawyer had left the office almost in the same instant that Edwin entered it. For a man to blow out a candle and leave it red and smoking, (especially a careful, cautious man like Mr. Marks,) denoted violent haste if not extreme perturbation—violent haste! and he was upwards of an hour coming less than a mile. True he had lost his

way in the fields. But if he left his offi
almost in the same instant that Edwin entere
it, how was it that he did not encounter your
Latimer. Mr. Godwin knew enough of Mark
house to feel assured that there was no do
out of the office into the garden. There was
side door certainly to the house, so that Mark
to reach the fields, would not be obliged
leave by the front—yet the side door was
the extremity of a long passage, and Mar
must at least have heard Edwin's knock befo
he took his departure. Had he been *honest*
his haste, why did he avoid the nephew of h
client?

As these critical investigators of circu
stantial evidence proceeded in their examin
tion a fact came to the mind of Edwin, whi
in the overpowering interest of subseque
events he had entirely overlooked. This w
the surprise of the old servant at the discove
of Mr. Marks's hat, hanging on its accustom
peg, and her consequent exclamation that

master *must* be in the house. Then he related to Mr. Godwin how they had sought the old lawyer in his parlor and his study, his bedroom and his drawing-room, and shouted out his name from the back of the house.

"As sure as I'm alive," exclaimed the worthy doctor, "the old scoundrel was hiding somewhere about the house."

Mr. Godwin was quite wrong, so he might have spared his solemn adjuration. It now struck him that something might be gleaned from the old woman, Marks's servant, if they could obtain unsuspected access to her, and for this purpose Mr. Godwin determined to employ a gossipping acquaintance of the good dame.

With this purpose he bade adieu for the present to his young friend, bidding him keep up his spirits, and if they could not remedy the evil of the disastrous delay, they would at least punish Mr. Marks for the perpetration of it. Godwin never allowed a scheme to fail for want of decision and activity—he set his emis-

sary to work, and by dint of gossipping with Mr. Marks's servant, the trusty spy discovered the singular fact that Mr. Marks came home after long absence in the fields, splashed to the knees, saturated with the rain, and *bare-headed*. This gave a new complexion to the affair. It proved at least that Mr. Marks had *not* been concealed in the house, that he had indeed ventured across the fields, but it showed such an extraordinary interest of some kind on the part of the old lawyer, as to be altogether inexplicable. That a man so sober, staid, methodical as Mr. Marks should rush bare-headed through the rain, and by a near but intricate pathway to serve his patroness. Nay, that he should hardly wait to extinguish his candle. Either he was a little insane or must have some deep and overwhelming spring of action, into which they could not enter.

Am I wronging Mr. Marks all this time? was he really urged by an extravagant zeal to serve his dying client? Did he truly attempt to find the nearer way and lose himself in the

fields? Such were the questions which arose in the honest doctor's mind, and for a moment gave him such a pang of self-reproach as an ingenuous and upright man will always feel, when he has even unwittingly injured another. This feeling was not however of long continuance. Mr. Marks's reluctance to expedite the business of the will was too obvious to be mistaken, and there must be some hidden motive for the old lawyer's conduct into which it was impossible for the present to penetrate.

Mr. Godwin next reflected that he had in his possession what he thought might be made a test of Marks's sincerity. This was the document which he and Edwin had drawn up previously to the arrival of the lawyer at the bedside of the old lady, and which Marks had at once pronounced informal and useless. The active-minded, energetic doctor mounted his horse and rode over to a country town some miles off, to take the opinion of an eminent and honorable solicitor upon the subject.

This gentleman having deliberately inspected the paper was decidedly of opinion that the law would, under the circumstances of the case, have admitted the validity of such an instrument—and Godwin felt more deeply assured of Marks's treachery, but still as the solicitor observed—a very precise and punctilious stickler for legal forms *might* entertain a doubt upon the subject, and it was therefore better to draw up a formal document.

As Mr. Godwin rode back to Ashburnham he felt more deeply perplexed than ever. At every fresh point of evidence Mr. Marks's conduct seemed to become more mysterious and inexplicable—there was so much of contradiction in the different statements.

One thing alone remained for Mr. Godwin to do, and Mr. Godwin never left one thing undone when it was his duty or his interest to do it. These two things, one's duty and one's interest, are in the long run ever coincident, and so Mr. Godwin was a wise and a happy man for his pains.

The one thing left for Mr. Godwin to do upon the present occasion was rather a singular one too, and would not have entered every body's head, for Mr. Godwin had a way of his own in doing things.

It is related of Sir Walter Scott, that he galloped over the ground to ascertain the probability of his hero's riding from Stirling to Loch Katrine in a day. In a similar spirit Mr. Godwin determined to take the short cut that night, to ascertain the probability of Mr. Marks having lost his way in the first field.

We have before given utterance to the exclamation, how fortunate sometimes is knavery —— Mr. Godwin found not only that it was possible for Mr. Marks to lose his way, but he (Godwin) actually did it. Before he had traversed three fields, he was as effectually confused and confounded, as if he had been in an African forest.

Gentle reader, if you think this improbable,

go and try. Set out on some dark night to cross a field, when you cannot see the footway, and the hedge is nothing but a black mass against the dark sky, and there is no rail, no anything to guide your hand; and when you have quitted that same black mass for a dozen yards, you will feel as perfectly bewildered and know as much of your way as the swine did, who were persuaded they were going to Cork, when they were going to Fermoy. Mr. Godwin however was absolutely at a loss, and but for our friend Ursa Major, would not even have known to what point of the compass he was steering. As to finding the little style from which he set out it was perfectly impossible, and after circumambulating the field for half an hour, he was obliged to burst through the hedge into the high road, to the serious detriment and severe excoriation of several parts of his person.

The doubt and suspicion which still hung over the character of Mr. Marks, made Edwin

and his active coadjutor still more anxious for the reading of the will, but as a long week must elapse before that ceremony could take place, we propose to return to our friends in London, to amuse ourselves in the meanwhile.

CHAPTER IV.

AN ASSIGNATION.

On the Rialto, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll meet thee.

OTWAY.

THE Count had gone again to see if his cousin's family was returned to town, but there was no one in the house but the old man and the old woman, the letter still remaining stuck in *statu quo* in the picture frame. Disappointed and disgusted, he returned to his hotel, and

found Spofforth, who had called to ask him to 'take a stole in the pa'ak,' busied with a newspaper. The Count seized all the disengaged Gazettes with his usual avidity, and when he had skimmed them, Spofforth, with a languid air of indifference, pushed across to him the paper with which he had been occupied. The Count seized it with his usual eagerness, and his attention was soon rivetted to a particular advertisement. He read it again and again—then deliberately folded the newspaper, and put it into his pocket.

"'I'm not for a stroll this morning," he said—"I've a dale of business on my hands, and if I lave it to the last, it won't be done at all."

"Oh, but you had bettah come—eveybody is out in the pa'ak to-day."

"Well thin, it can the betther spare me, and if you'll excuse me, Misther Spofforth, I'd rather devote meself to-day to me domestic concarns."

"Vey well—vey well—if you must, y must, but it's a emakable fine day- -bye bye."

As soon as the Count had got rid of h exquisite companion, he retired to his ow room, and drawing the paper from his pock perused and reperused the following :—

"MATRIMONY. The advertiser wishes meet with a gentleman of pleasing manne amiable temper, and unexceptionable pers with whom she would be disposed to en into the sacred bond of wedlock, in the c fident hope of fulfilling all those domes duties which ever ensure the happiness of marriage state. She is unexceptionable in p son, age, manners, and disposition, and p sessed of an ample independence, with s brighter prospects. The strictest secrecy w be required and maintained. Address Y. Post Office, Stratford-le-Bow, to be left called for."

The Count was in an ecstasy of exciteme How he did examine every letter of the

vertisement, and wonder what the lady's name was, and try to fit a name to those funny initials Y. Z.—what in the world could Y. Z. stand for— for it never entered his wise head that the initials were fictitious. Then with what sedulous devotion did he address himself to the task of answering the letter, ringing for pen and ink, and tucking up his cuffs, and squaring his elbows, and ordering the waiter strictly to deny him, and then locking his chamber door to secure himself from intrusion. Having destroyed several sheets of paper, and consumed about as many hours—having shaped every letter with extreme care, and gone over his epistle once to cross the T's, and a second time to dot the I's, and a third to make loops to the L's, he was satisfied with his production, and being unwilling to trust so important a missive to another, he took his letter to the Post Office himself, and paid it with his own hand. He was in a state of great

restlessness and impatience all that day, though he knew that he could not possibly receive a reply so soon; he watched the postman's approach with great anxiety, and when towards evening that important literary functionary approached the tavern, the Count, who had seen him from the window, rushed out, and enquired if he had got a letter for C. B. Of course he was disappointed, and he went to bed in an ill-humour, never blaming himself for being so precipitate, which was the true cause of his disappointment. When he found the next morning pass over without bringing the expected epistle, he was in deep dudgeon, and half minded to go over to Stratford-le-Bow, and see if his letter had been called for, but fearing that he might put some impediment, which is commonly called putting your foot, in his own way, he bore his suspense with all possible equanimity, and was rewarded on the third morning, by receiving an answer to his communication.

his letter which was written in a small but
er cramped feminine hand, and smelt vio-
ly of musk, both which particulars the
nt carefully noted—this letter expressed
y timid doubts, and fears, and surmises,
would have blushed had it been alive, or
writer used red ink. It made many apolo-
and explanations—but the apologies were
lless, and the explanations unintelligible,
most important part however was that the
er proposed to meet our hero that same
noon, in the broad path beside the ring,
Hyde Park, about four. Bundledoff, as
now, was not a dandy, but under the cir-
stances it was very natural that he should
particular attention to his toilet, he there-
donned his best attire, put on his Sunday
n and brushed his beaver with peculiar
—not forgetting to procure a sprig of
nionette, which was to signalize him by
ing a signal to the lady. He was to smell

the mignionette to ensure his identity, lady would drop a moss rose—he was keep his eye on her and follow to the tered shore of the Serpentine, when the be able to have an interview and an exp —the strictest confidence to be repos deepest secrecy to be maintained on bo The Count had never felt so nervou life as he did during that walk up Oxfor towards the park—he fancied that h have a tell-tale air about him, and that sengers would read his secret in his f kept the sprig of mignionette conceale hollow of his hand for he could hardly but that it would betray him. He co but fancy that the innocent piece of flo a guilty look, and that people must al so. He tried to loiter and look unconc but his easy loiter was a sort of sha shuffle, and his air of unconcern, a lo might have suited a man just convi

petty larceny. At length he reached Cumberland gate, and was turning into the park when he was encountered by Spofforth, who was turning out of it. The Count wished him deep down in the bogs of Killarney.

"Why, Bundledoff, my boy, how vey um it is—that—a—I should meet you—I was just going to that—a—pecious place—at which you hang out—fau I am dying fau youah company —now do hook on to my a'am and let us have a stoll."

"Not now, Mister Spofforth, I am afther my own concarns, and I can't possibly go with you."

"Na—now that's what you always say, you ah getting as unsociable as the ouang-a-tang at the zoological gaadens."

The Count who thought that Spofforth drawled much more than usual, just because he was more impatient than usual, was half in despair, and not knowing how to get rid of

his troublesome companion, he resolved to tell him the truth. Fait now, Misther Spofforth," he said, "you'll be afther laving me to my miditations I know, and just saying nothing to nobody whin I tell you that I am going to mate a young lady in the park."

"Oh paw—paw—what a um staat—hi, hi, hi! well if that's the case I wont keep you—bye, bye, what a sly fellah yóu ah," and with sundry nods and becks, and wreathed smiles, this man-monkey stepped aside, and turning on his heel he dawdled out of the park.

Bundledoff in a fever of vexation and impatience at this ill-timed hindrance made his way into the ring, the broad walk beside the ring was rather a wide direction—the lady might be all the way off at Grosvenor Gate, or some where.

It was a pleasant sight to see the Count peering under the bonnets of all the single ladies, that is, the young ladies who were walk

ing singly, and smelling away at his sprig of mignionette with all his might, and then how sharply did he look out for a moss rose, but no moss rose was forthcoming. The Count was deeply disappointed, he had traversed the whole distance between Oxford Street and Piccadilly, and he turned to retrace his steps. The lady might not perhaps be alone, so he took a sniff at every lady that he met, whether alone or in company, provided they had no gentlemen with them, but still without success. One lady had got a moss rose, and the Count's heart beat thick, but then she had got a tall footman, and a little dandy-lion of a French poodle, besides she was old and ugly, and much as her two attendants spoke of wealth and luxury, he would not have seen the moss rose thrown down for the world.

As time drew on, and daylight was fading, the Count felt dejected and distrest, he continued, however, to pace the pathway until it

was quite dark, when he returned to his in[illegible], exquisitely fatigued in body, and wearied i[illegible]n spirit, to ruminate upon the failure of the after noon. It was impossible to say that he ha[illegible]d been intentionally deceived, for a thousan[illegible]d chances might have occurred to prevent th[illegible]e fair lady from keeping her appointment—stil[illegible] he was the subject of suspicion and suspens[illegible], and they are two of the direst evils to whic[illegible] humanity is susceptible. It was all tha[illegible]t brandy punch could do to keep up his spir[illegible]t until he went to bed.

On the following morning a little bit of a triar[illegible]gular ham-sandwich-like billet was brought hi[illegible] by the first post. It was from the unknown lad[illegible]y his mysterious correspondent who regrett[illegible]e exceedingly that she had been obliged to d[illegible]e appoint him—she had been in the park, h[illegible] seen him, witnessed his abortive sniffings at t[illegible] mignionette, but being unable to get rid [illegible] some company who had encountered her in [illegible]

park she could neither make the proposed signal, nor of course meet her expectant swain. The knowledge that she had been at the place —that she had *seen* him—knew what sort of man he was—was so far from consolatory that it made him more nervous and agitated than ever. It was, however, consoling to think that the present letter implied an approval at least of his person. Perhaps, it was by no means unlikely, that the lady had taken this method to obtain a sight of him—herself unseen—at least unknown.

The approval was conveyed in an appointment to meet him on the following morning at a particular place in Kensington gardens.

Such another day of suspense and nervous irritability as he spent! he seemed to have a perpetual blister between his shoulders, an endless itching in his nose, he was sensitive as a man sitting up all night. He paced the coffee-room like a superannuated centinel. He was up

with the lark the next morning, and the lark took less trouble to prune his feathers before his flight than Bundledoff took to adonize for his excursion.

The day was fair—his type the lark soaring above the tall trees of Kensington Gardens, till he seemed to melt into the bright blue sky, for there were no clouds to conceal him. The Count would not be too early—it seemed to him that it was as bad to be too early as too late—he kept therefore in a different part of the grounds until *the* time, and then repaired to his appointment.

There were few persons abroad at that early hour—two or three nursemaids with children, little merry andrews with long hair hanging down their backs, and funny fancy dresses—there there were two young men lolling on a seat clad in rough pea jackets, and smoking cigars but no one like the expected lady. The Count now bethought himself of a most unfortuna

oversight that he had committed—he had neglected to provide himself with a sprig of mignionette. True, the lady had not mentioned it in her second letter, but she might have presumed that he would provide himself with the previously concerted signal. On the other hand, the lady now knew him personally, and would require no such signal; still if anything had happened so that she was prevented from meeting him herself, she might employ some emissary, whose only means of recognition was the mignionette. What a shower of blessings, so to speak, did he pour upon his own devoted head—a bright thought struck him—he would have *something* to smell at any how, so he plucked a piece of holly; there happened to be no other shrub at hand, and the elms had no lower branches. With a little scarification of the nasal organ, and a great expenditure of patience, the Count paced the pathway. The nurserymaids disappeared—the

two young smokers were chattering and laughing in a most agreeable manner—the Count wished them at Heaven's antipodes, and they soon after disappeared, but whether according to his wishes, has not been ascertained. Few people passed, and these were not such as he was prepared to expect. Whenever any one in female attire approached, the Count smelt away at his holly most devoutly, but no one noticed him, at least not more so than the sight of a man so strangely employed, could not fail to attract them. Hour after hour passed on, and the disappointed Count at length threw away his holly in disgust, and made his way home, utterly chagrined, irritated, and annoyed.

We must now leave him for a few moments, to trace the course of events as they affected another of our friends.

Lucy Atherly seeing nothing of the dandy in her solitary walks, became tolerably re-

assured—those walks of hers were not so much the source of agitation and alarm. She was sitting at her humble home one afternoon, plying her never ending needle, when she was somewhat startled by a loud knocking at the door. This was soon followed by a man's foot upon her creaking stair, and her worst fears were realized by the drawling tone which gave utterance to the words—

"What a div'lish da'ak staah this is."

Lucy rushed to the door with the intention of bolting it, but she was prevented by the entrance of the dandy, who having no words of his own so elegant, addressed her in those of his favorite song—

"A fog he would a wooing go,
Whetha his motha would let him au no,—
Hey oh, says Oly."

"May I ask what business you have here?" said Lucy.

"Business! La bless you, I'm not in any business—I—a—abominate business—I was bed a gentleman."

Lucy, who with all her simplicity, had some shrewdness too, saw that to incense the dandy, was the best way to get rid of him; she replied—

"Oh, I thought you were the young man from Martin and Montague's, about the sarsenet ribbon."

"The what!" cried Spofforth, half choked with indignation.

Lucy, though really afraid of the anger which she had excited, saw that she had but one course to pursue—it was better utterly to incense him, than for a moment to admit of his insidious advances.

"The sarsenet ribbon," she repeated, "I thought you were the linen-drapers' young man."

"The Divil's young man!" he cried in

stacy of anger. "You know me bettah—
u—you saw me at Mistah Figginses, you
ow you did."

"Well, but you only came about Miss
iana's dresses did you?" said Lucy.

Spofforth turned pale with passion. Either
cy possessed the power of bitter sarcasm, or
was mistaken in his estimate of himself, or
was most miraculously stupid—howbeit,
was thoroughly foiled. Whatever was his
ect in coming hither, his whole object now
to get away again.

Spofforth was one of those, who while they
despised and ridiculed by all the fair sex,
ept such a portion of it as is utterly un-
thy of a man's ambition, think themselves
irely irresistible. Swathed in the inter-
able folds of self-conceit, these big babies
quite unconscious of the laughter which
one who can laugh quietly enough may

conceal from them. His vanity was now so effectually hurt that he hated Lucy with perfect hatred. He said,

"You ah not the person that I took you fau," he durst not trust himself to speak again, lest, like friend Hamlet, he should

Fall to cursing like a drab.

He gave no utterance to his execration, but he thought the more—utterly irritated that a poor simple country girl should get the advantage of him, and keep it, he was bursting with indignation—he endeavoured to resume his haughty demeanour, and difficult enough he found it. There was more of spite than dignity in his sharp bang of the door, and Lucy's straight, dark, narrow stair was anything but adapted to a dignified stride, accordingly no sooner did Spofforth try it on than his heels slipped off the first step, and came clattering down on every one—while a heavy lump on each su

cessive stair, but of a softer and more serious character than that created by his heels, accompanied the clatter. His cane had preceded his precipitous descent—his hat came rolling after, and as the stair was opposite the open street door—it did not stop till it had rolled into a compound of that greenish, blackish mud which is indigenous to that neighbourhood, though its owner was safely deposited in a sitting posture on the mat at the stair foot, an awkward position for his spotless white ducks. Lucy was too much alarmed to laugh even when she heard the precipitous descent of the dandy, but the noise and tumult in that quiet "no thoroughfare" brought many an untidy head and unclean cap to door and window, and when the hapless Spofforth followed not only his nose, but his hat also, into the street, and carefully wiping both with his French cambric pocket handkerchief, placed the latter jauntily upon his head, a general titter broke forth

which accompanied his "stroll" down the street. Burning with shame and indignation, he paced the streets towards his house, vowing eternal enmity, and desperate vengeance upon the hapless Lucy.

These angry thoughts at length resolved themselves into the following words.

"I'm dall'd if I don't set Smith and Stubbs upon her," and with this doughty resolution, instead of walking home, he bent his steps towards Lambeth.

Spofforth had left the precints of Lucy's habitation far behind him. The odious laugh of the neighbours had died away in distance, and yet the people whom he met stared hard and smiled at him—while more than once he heard an exclamation behind, half surprise, half pleasure, such as—

"Oh, my eye! look there—there's a go."

It was evident that he had a guilty look about him, people must see that he had bee

engaged in some absurd discreditable adventure. He looked more haughty and indignant than ever, and with his ordinary swagger, his cane in his right hand, his left stuck as usual in his hind coat pocket, he swaggered on looking as though he thought the ground not good enough to tread upon.

Somewhere in Lambeth lodged his two friends, Smith and Stubbs, one was an ex-medical student—the other nothing in particular. They were toadies of the dandy, humble partners in his pleasures, assistants in the spending of his money, and the drinking of his wine. They were very promising young men, with the organ of indolence very finely develloped, when we say *promising* young men, we merely mean that they frequently used that word upon paper with the preamble of—two or three or even four months after date affixed to it. They very honorably bestowed these documents on tailors, bootmakers, and others,

and having thus most punctually discharged their social duties, were of course at liberty to banish such transactions from their memory, so that at the end of two or three or four months they had completely forgotten such transactions. They were very nice young men, smelling eternally of stale tobacco, and exhibiting a most constant predilection for London porter, mild Havanhas, minor theatres, and life.

When Spofforth made his appearance before these worthies, he was not received with the deference due to his gentility, and which was generally accorded to him. Smith was clean— ing an old rusty fowling piece, and Stubbs brewing purl on the fire, stirring it with the stem of an old tobacco pipe—but these inter— esting pursuits were both manumitted, and at the sight of Spofforth they burst into a hearty guffaw.

"Oh crike, there's a lark," shouted Smith, while Stubbs echoed—

"My iddies! what a go!"

The dandy looked indignant, but Smith pointing to an old cracked looking glass. Spofforth stalked haughtily across the room and found that his face exhibited most unequivocal marks of Millbank mud.

Spofforth indeed in his agitation had wiped his hat first, and his nose afterwards, instead of the converse. It was the greater pity because the wiping of his nose was unnecessary, but most men for whatever purpose they pull out their pocket handkerchief, generally put it to its legitimate use before they put it up again.

When the dandy turned to look in the glass, the mirth of the young men was redoubled, and Spofforth had the mortification to find that by strutting along with his hand in his left coat pocket—he had been exhibiting a hemisphere of mud gleaned, from the *mat*, to public view.

We do not intend to give an account of the conversation which ensued, as it will be explained by its results, and actions are more

expressive than words—suffice it to say, t
most malignant and execrable plot was en
into against the peace of Lucy Atherl
which Spofforth was the inventor—Smith
Stubbs the executors.

CHAPTER V.

THE FUNERAL.

She lived beloved and died lamented,
Here she lies.

The wearisome week was over, and the body of poor Mrs. Latimer was consigned to the silent grave to moulder into its original elements. To say that there was any very deep or general display of emotion at the solemnity would be absurd. Fanny, who was

left at home to shed a few tears in silence w
the only person who felt or pretended to f
much sorrow for the deceased, and even s
could not but experience a sensation as if so
oppressive burden had been taken off her mi
She might grieve for the loss of a near relati
and according to the Scottish proverb, 'blo
is thicker than water,' yet consanguinity aft
all is a light matter compared with the ties
affection which mutual good offices, recipro
kindnesses, unwearied obligations produce. A
finity of mind is a closer tie than consanguini
of body or as another Scottish proverb (a
we love old Scottish proverbs because t
dialect gives them such a pungency) anoth
Scottish proverb says—"Better kind frer
than fremit kin." If consanguinity and kir
ness go hand-in-hand indeed that is t
strongest bond of attachment, but such was n
the case in the present instance.

If Fanny Latimer shed a tear for her au

it was as her *aunt*, and not as Mrs. Latimer to whom no associations could cling, but such as were connected with constant ill-usage—kindness paid with asperity—attention received with disdain.

Fanny Latimer had often thought of quitting her aunt altogether, and throwing herself upon the wide waste of the world in the character of that constant resource for young ladies of good education and decayed fortune—a governess—but she had been prevented rather by consideration for her brother Edwin than herself. Edwin, a high-spirited and generous minded young man, had felt himself less able to endure the caprices of his unamiable relative than the meek and placid, but cheerful and contented Fanny, and left the habitation of his aunt at an early age, to do the best he could, which generally means something very indifferent. Fanny knew that Edwin's income was extremely limited and that he might in the

course of his liberality come to require the assistance of his aunt. It was Edwin's proud determination not to do so, and he had never done so—but the exquisitely amiable and affectionate girl went on in a long course of endurance in the prospect of being at some time the medium of communication between her brother and his aunt. Is this uncommon? Let the reader look around on woman—quiet, enduring devoted woman—and reply—

To such a person as Fanny Latimer—situated, so impelled, what must have been the bitterness of spirit with which she contemplated the supposed circumstance of the will. That her aunt should from some unaccountable caprice, some undeserved spite, have excluded Edwin (for she thought not of herself) from his inheritance, was gall and bitterness indeed.

Edwin perhaps was at the bottom, fonder of his aunt than Fanny was—perhaps he

separation from her might be the cause of this. He had not been exposed to the indurating effect of a long course of caustic severity—he had not felt the chill which such a process at length gives to natural affection—he had parted from his aunt in anger, and perhaps a little self reproach made him paint her in brighter colours than she deserved. He knew indeed that Fanny was the object of her ill-treatment, and that was enough to qualify much of his regard; but he did not by any means know the extent of that ill-usage, for his sister carefully concealed it from him. Still he did know that Fanny had much to endure, and he only acquiesced in her position, in the hope of Fanny's ultimate independence. What then was his feeling with regard to the supposed will—more open, more irritated, though not less fervid than that of Fanny. If this unamiable aunt, in return for unwearied assiduity, unconquerable cheerful-

ness and amiability, had grossly wronged th excellent girl (for he thought not of himse but of his sister), how should he be led almo to execrate her memory.

The funeral procession passed through Ash burnham, exciting little emotion, but that of admiration of the feathers. People came to their doors and windows indeed, noticed the four fine horses by which the hearse was drawn, but they hardly gave a thought to the memory of Mrs. Latimer, though she was universally known, and therefore not all lamented by th neighbourhood.

A single mourning coach contained Ed Latimer, the two lawyers, and Mr. Go They seemed all absolutely absorbed in separate reflections and not a word was s Edwin indeed felt quite as much sorro assumed. It has been recorded that played much emotion at the death be deceased; and now that the last s

he mortal tragedy was to be enacted, his feel-
gs were sincere and deep, still there was a
gular mixture of grief and anxiety on his
ntenance.

Old Marks seemed uncommonly nervous and
cited, a thing the more remarkable from his
ual cold composure; there was an occa-
nal quiver of the eye-lid, a tremulous vi-
tion of the muscles of the mouth, an
table gnawing of the nether lip, which be-
ed some hidden emotion; but then it was
gh to make a man nervous to be stared at
was by Doctor Godwin.

nest Godwin's whole employment seemed
l to watch the demeanour of Mr. Marks.
eel was the fourth person of the party,
s pale, cadaverous countenance, as he
n gazing from the coach window, wore
semblance of sorrow, which was quite

ultuous crowd burst into the church-

yard as the solemn procession turned in unde[illegible] the old yew trees; they did not see a funer[illegible] every day at Ashburnham. It happened to b[illegible] a half holiday too, and the school boys we[illegible] in ecstasies; they ran rioting about the church-yard in a most unseemly manner, a feat which brought them occasionally into unfortunate proximity with the beadle's cane. The service was performed, and the coffin was deposited in its long resting place, but not till Edwin had dropped a tear of genuine and sincere sorrow upon the blacken'd oak—oak now turned black as ebony— which contained the dust of his long buried grandfather and upon which the coffin of Miss Latimer was placed.

No sooner had the principal parties retired than there was a general rush forward to the grave, and a general gaze upon the coffin plate. This common interest did not, indeed, denote any very deep sympathy for the deceased; but every body wanted to know *how old* Miss La-

timer was. There is a remarkable contrast between the manner in which a procession goes to a funeral and comes away from it, and when there has been deep sorrow excited, when the deceased has been a large sharer in the affections of the mourners a sensitive mind cannot fail to feel a painful shock in this abrupt transition from the solemnity of the funereal rites into the hurry and tumult of common things. Instead of the slow pace and serious demeanour of the advancing procession, away they go as if the functionaries were glad to get it over, and so of course they are. But, spite of common sense, one can hardly help believing that those case hardened functionaries do feel some sympathy with the mourners, and when one's deepest, holiest affections are lingering around that new-made grave it is harsh and painful to perceive that we are surrounded by those who are glad to get it over.

Under the peculiar circumstances of the case

it will be readily conceived that anxiety soo supplanted sorrow. The return of the parti to Rose Mount was a signal for the develo ment of the mystery. It was now that Mi Latimer's extraordinary agitation was to l explained—it was now that Mr. Marks's pe fidious conduct, (if indeed he were guilty) w to be accounted for. We say *if* he were guil because though the reader knows he was guil the parties present did not. Strong suspicio indeed existed in the mind of Edwin Latim and stronger still in that of Mr. Godwin, b of the present party, Silvereel his atrocio accessary, could alone feel confident of guilt.

The sacred repositories of Mrs. Latime economy were now explored, and many a n of hidden treasure brought to light. We not enter minutely into such a scene, beca it would be presumptuous so to do. Presum tuous because the mighty Wizard of the No

—not Michael Scott, but a greater Scott, and a more powerful magician than Michael, has cast the spell of his fine genius over precisely such a scene. We would therefore avoid description, and content ourself with the reflection that a man heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them. The pride of a man's eyes—the son of his tenderest love—the daughter of his holiest affection—the one object of his anxious and incessant solicitude is snatched away before him, and then in those sublimely simple expressions, "Whose shall those things be." We know not under heaven a more touching sight than a man who has accumulated wealth and knows not what to do with it. How he has toiled and travailed, how he has scraped and stinted. How the furrows of care have come upon his bald brow, and the wrinkles of anxiety deepened in his careful countenance—how he has thrown away his time, his talents, his health, his happiness, his body, his soul—for nought.

If real riches are sometimes an encumbranc
in what a remarkable position is placed th
infinity of indescribables which a man, (not t
mention a woman) hoards up, that multiplicit
of trifles, which are of no earthly value to an
body but the owner, and no possible utility
him. It is true that affection will hallow th
veriest trifles of the departed, yet affection
such a case must feel itself rather encumber
with *l'embarrassement de richesses.*

It is a singular propensity this hoarding
of "unconsidered trifles," and that abominab
proverb about saving a thing for seven yea
makes one ten times worse. Yes, truly,
there is a time when a man has need of mo
courage, and firmness of purpose more th
any other time, it is when he is clearing h
cupboards.

Poor Mrs. Latimer had been a precise, m
thodical personage, and it was not long the
fore before they found among the manif

pigeon holes of her bureau a fold of paper tied with red tape, and all *secundem artem*, which purported to be her last will and testament.

Under the circumstances of the case it is not surprising that the parties present should have given up the investigation of all other things, and turned their attention at once upon the will.

Again we must premise that we are not going to give an elaborate description of the reading of the will—because those very words the reading of the will must conjure up to every man's mind the shades of those two kindred spirits, Walter Scott and Wilkie, but we must just describe the effect of the finding of the will upon the parties present. Mr. Marks immediately seated himself at the head of a green-baize-covered table, while the other members of the group gathered about him. Though he alone was in the secret, he seemed as anxious and as agitated as any of the party,

his cold grey eye betrayed some hidden and extraordinary emotion. Near him sat Silvereel, for Edwin and his sister did not sit at all, and though Mr. Godwin at first assumed a seat he soon got up again. His anxiety indeed was more openly displayed than that of any of them—he supported himself with both hands upon the table as he leaned forward, and with open mouth and fixed eye devoured as it seemed the lawyer's words. His fine florid countenance too was a striking contrast to the faces of the rest, for though there was a hectic flush on Edwin's brow his face was pale—and Fanny was unusually so, her beautiful features being contrasted with her mourning habit, while Silvereel was not only pale but colourless as marble, but then it must have been old yellowish time-stained marble such as one sees in ancient monuments in a cathedral. Edwin and Fanny were too much excited to sit down, they stood beside the fire-place, Edwin's arm

nd his sister's waist, and her fair face sup-
ɔd by his shoulder. The eyes of all were
ɔd upon Mr. Marks, as on a common
ɔe, and whether it was the circumstance of
ʃ thus placed in the focus of so many
al instruments that made him nervous, or
her there was any other cause we do not
ıre to say. It is certain that he was
ɔus, for his voice was tremulous and hollow,
he paper which he held in his hand rustled
ıch as to create the only sound which was
heard in the apartment.

ery eye we say was fixed point blank on
Marks, and that with an intensity as if
ızers sought to discover his meaning, the
· from his looks than his lips. Mr.
ɜ was some time before he began to read
minutely referred to the date, looked at
ʒnature, and began.

the hoarse articulation of the old lawyer
ıe more clear, as Mr. Marks it seemed

got accustomed to the sound of his voice, the auditors increased in attention to penetrate into the meaning of the words through the mist of legal diction. The will however was a short one, but as it would be anything but interesting to give it in all the astounding verbiage of the law, we shall content ourselves with an abstract.

After a paltry legacy of fifty pounds each to her nephew Edwin, and her niece Fanny Latimer, and sundry gifts and muniments to an old and favoured servant, some such 'old harridan,' (we quote Doctor Godwin,) as her Mistress, the whole of the worthy lady's property, personal, funded, and of every other description whatsoever, was left in trust to her confidential friend and legal adviser, Jeremiah Marks, Esquire, of Ashburnham, attorney at law, as whole and sole executor for her kind, valuable, and affectionate friend, Antonio Augustus Spofforth, Esquire, of so and so, et cetera!

Mr. Godwin let fall an exclamation which would legally have exposed him to a fine of five shillings, and striking the table with his fist with alarming energy, he added—"If that doesn't beat all!"

CHAPTER VI.

PERSECUTION.

No followers allowed.

WISE REGULATIONS.

THE consequences of that conspiracy, which was hinted at in a former chapter, were to poor Lucy extremely annoying and embarrassing. The proximity of her abode to the neighbourhood, which was honoured by the

nce of Smith and Stubbs, gave them advantage in the prosecution of their r, honourable plans. They had nothing but to traverse the dirty and obscure s which skirt the southern shore of the and to cross the bridge, when they were immediate vicinity of Lucy's lodgings. rdingly, the very next night to that day which the conspiracy was formed, Lucy ntered two coarse-looking, swaggering men, with cigars in their mouths, as she oming towards home along the Vauxhall . These two worthies having honoured ith a broad stare turned after her, and made her way homewards, followed her ed, agitated footsteps, even until she ed the door of her abode. Lucy was dingly alarmed, though she knew that ning like personal violence was not to be hended, yet even in such a place as Lon- and especially in that remote and obscure

neighbourhood, a poor, lonely, unprotected female, might be the subject of intolerable insult and annoyance, if her persecutors were pertinaciously disposed to follow up their scheme of annoyance, and sufficiently ingenious to avoid such conduct as should render them obnoxious to the interference of the police. She could not fail to connect the appearance of these young men with that of Spofforth, and this gave an appearance of design to the affair, that made it much more formidable. She spent a sleepless night, revolving these harassing thoughts in her anxious mind; perhaps her simple and retired habits made the matter seem more formidable than it really was. Howbeit, in the morning when she arose, it was with the bitter feeling that the humble security and seclusion of her remote abode was completely destroyed. She left her lodging with a heavy heart, and when she returned to it in the

ning, it was with a startled look and hasty
p, and a breast that throbbed more quickly
the approaching tread of every chance pas-
ger. She had hardly reached home, when
: street door was assailed by Smith and
bbs. Lucy immediately fastened her cham-
r door, and it was well that she did so, for
ith came straight up stairs, and while he
d a parley at the door, Stubbs amused him-
f by throwing pellets of clay against the
dow, a proceeding which brought the heads
: of the adjoining houses again, and gave
intolerable notoriety to the whole affair.
cy's indignation had for the present over-
ne her fears, and it was with becoming
rit that she answered her persecutor at the
or; but the voice of wrangling and dispute
ll further excited the attention of the neigh-
rhood, and when at length the two half
nken swaggerers withdrew, her spirit, no
ger sustained by immediate opposition, sank

under the influence of vexation, and she burst into a bitter flood of tears. The doors and windows of the contiguous houses were closed one after another—the voices of the gossippers dying away, for in that still spot the event had excited much gossip and argumentation—the male part of the population expressing great ideas of sallying forth, and "whopping" certain parties, while the female part generally hummed, and ha'd, and thought that Lucy must be as much to blame as the young men.

Unfortunately female influence was paramount in the house wherein Lucy resided, and her landlady coming to discuss the matter with the young woman gave out that though she would do anything to oblige Mr. Latimer, she could not have such goings on at her house, she hinted indeed that neither these young men nor the dandy who had been there before could have proceeded to such lengths without some encouragement on the part of Lucy, and with a

t that upon the repetition of such a scene
cy must "pervide" herself with another
ging, she banged the door and descended.
e good lady indeed had partaken in some
ree of an evil feeling against Lucy, which
ung up among the gossips of the neighbour-
d wholely and solely because Lucy would
gossip with them, but "kept herself *to*
self," which is considered a great crime
inst society; by the species of society with
ich Lucy was surrounded. Alas! when
re is the wish to think evil, and to speak
, calumny can generally find or form occa-
is for its own indulgence, and it must be
fessed that in the position of poor Lucy
re was quite enough for ill-natured hearts
found upon. The entire absence of all
ciates of her own sex: recommended to the
of his laundress by young Latimer—
ted in the first instance by none but him
the Count, and now the occasion of so

CHAPTER VII.

THE DENOUEMENT.

The lion's part is nothing but roaring.
SHAKSPEARE.

THE Count's successive appointments had be nothing but *dis*appointments—and great w his wrath, manifold the muttered imprecatio which fell from his lips upon the occasio We are not sure that he did not devote t

le "famale sect" to utter extermination,
is, in the deep recesses of his own mind,
his tongue was too habitually gallant to
r such a profane imagination. Howbeit he
deeply incensed and was only prevented
ı uttering—

"Varium et mutabile semper feminæ,"

he simple circumstance that he had never
ı the line and did not understand the
ogue" in which it was couched. The Count
ed had learned Latin when he was a
ssoon," as he familiarly called himself, not
night be expected at Leyden or Utrecht,
of a "Misther Pathrick O'Shaugnessy,
parish school dhriver," who spoke it with
ire milesian accent, and once in a convivial
r distinguished himself by translating the
uiskeen lawn" into that learned language.
he meaning of the poet however was men-
r plagiarized by the Count, he would wil-
ly have subscribed to the sentiment that

woman is a changeable and mutable *animal*, for so the grammarians say it ought to be rendered. When however he came to cool upon the matter, he reflected that there might still be some sufficient cause for the non appearance of the "fair ladye," and hoped that he might still receive some explanation of the affair. Two or three days elapsed indeed, and he began to despair.

It is curious how his heart was set upon this adventure. Had he been baffled in the pursuit of some fair, rich and young damsel, upon whom his affections were all placed, he could hardly have felt more disappointed. The mystery, the uncertainty of pursuit perhaps excited his interest in a peculiar degree. This newspaper introduction, strange as it may seem to one who has not got some whimsy in his head like that of the Count, was just what he seems to have expected and desired when he left his native country. Some days we say elapsed and the Count was still restless and

dissatisfied, when that angel of hope, that minister of man's destiny in a blue coat and red collar called a twopenny postman, he whose appearance creates more general interest than that of any public functionary whatever—brought him a letter.

Great was the excitement of the Count, when he saw the well-known 'famale' hand—deep was his condolence with the lady's anxiety and distress as in the most piteous strain she poured forth her eloquent plaints (upon paper) at the untoward circumstances which had precluded the possibility of her meeting the man whose image since she first saw him in the park, had haunted her sleeping and her waking hours. At this the Count began to screw up his mouth, and scratch his ear, and mutter something about 'blarney,' which we presume to be a term made use of by the students in Germany. However, when he came to read on, he was rather pleased with the florid style of the writer, and as to the above-mentioned

'blarney,' its amazing how soon a man gets reconciled to praise, however extravagantly expressed. The lady again was profuse in her apologies, minute in her explanations; but as before the Count could not make out exactly what she meant—however one thing was certain, she proposed once more to attempt a meeting, and that on the following morning at about the same hour as before, but in a different place in Kensington Gardens. Much as the Count had longed for such a letter as this, he hesitated about giving her the meeting—the possibility of being duped came strongly upon his mind—however he had gone too far to retract with anything like repose of mind. He knew that if he did *not* go, he should ever after reflect upon himself for having lost at least the possibility of success; so he did the wisest thing under the circumstances that he *could* do. He made up his mind to go to the appointment. It was with a very different demeanour however from the alacrity with

hich he had set out upon his former missions that
e Count started for his present appointment
the chilling influence of doubt and suspicion
d come upon him, and he carried his sprig
mignionette, for he would not be without
e *this* time with a very dolorous and dejected
r. Unfortunately too the day was unfavor-
le, it came on to drizzle with a little misty,
ggy rain, and making love in the rain is
ite outrè.

It happened however that the spot appointed
r the rendezvous was close beside one of those
ite wooden alcoves which are common in
ensington gardens, and in this same the
unt ensconced himself. He was true to the
e of meeting, but the hour passed off as
fore, without bringing the lady. Bundledoff
came fidgetty and irritable. He sat still
wever, something might have delayed the
iable Y. Z., and she would come yet. The
in might have prevented her—ay, he should

have an apology to-morrow—stating that it was too wet for her to venture out.

One comfort was, that if the weather kep the fair one, expected, at home, it detained other also. There was no one passing for him to try his mignionette upon and suffer disappointment. The Count sat for a long time musing upon these matters. He took the several letters from the unknown lady out of his pocket and perused them all. What if he should be the object of some abominable hoax after all! The very idea made his ears tingle and his fingers itch.

It was curious enough that at that moment he should fancy that he heard a sort of whisper and a stifled laugh behind him. The Count sat still and listened—all was silent—and he persuaded himself that his excited imagination had deceived him. No! there was the same buzzing of voices in earnest whispers. The Count stole cautiously round to the back of the alcove, and there were two young men in

rough pea jackets crouching down behind it. Upon seeing Bundledoff they started up and took to their heels, but he was too quick for them, and though one got clear off, he seized the other, and getting the collar of his coat in both hands, fixed him with the force of a Hercules against the outside of the alcove.

"What the divil are you afther?" cried the Count, but recognizing in the pale and terror stricken face of the youngster, one of the two who had occupied the garden seat at the period of his last appointment, it was evident that they were in some way connected with his several abortive meetings.

What a fury of rage, shame, and disappointment arose in the breast of Count Bundledoff as he felt that he had been duped, and that his persecutors had had the singular audacity to come and be witnesses of his vexatio .

"*Who* are you, and *what* do you mane by it," said the Count, bumping the back of the

youngster's head with every word against the alcove.

"I'm Smith—*that* was Stubbs—it wasn't me—*he* did it," gasped the worthy youth.

"You big blackguard," cried the Count, "would you lay all the blame on your companion, be St. Pathrick I'll tache you how to trifle with the falings of a jintleman.

"I'm sure, sir, we—we—we didn't mean to take advantage of your failings—we didn't."

"Hould your tongue, you big blackguard."

"Certainly, sir."

"You're a pretty contimptible bit of humanity to be afther playing your pranks, and hoaxing and quizzing and bamboozling your betters. I've a great mind to break every bone in the mother's son of you, you vile, abominable varmint."

"Oh please not to, sir, please not to—I'll never do so any more. It was Stubbs put it in the paper, sir, a' purpose for you to see—it was indeed, sir."

At the mention of this preconcerted scheme of insult and annoyance, the Count's anger became ungovernable, with his left hand he seized the cravat of the trembling youngster, while with the right he grasped his prominent, and for such a purpose somewhat *inviting* nose, and wrung it with a force, that if it had been a street door knocker must have wrenched it off. Smith roared like a moon calf—the people in the Bayswater road behind the wall must have thought that murder at least was in the act of commission. Releasing at length the bellowing youngster, the Count contrived to grasp the back of his collar with both hands, and still exasperated to the utmost, commenced a series of most energetic and unerring kicks—under which severe infliction the young man yelled and shrieked, and writhed with agony, but in the powerful hands of the Count his struggles were in vain, until, just as one of the keepers made his appearance at a distance, Bundledoff releasing his victim gave him one

farewell kick which sent him headlong for some paces, and as he fell against a post whereby his eye was blackened, and himself somewhat stunned, he sank down on the greensward half insensible and wholly exhausted.

The keeper came up very fast, and the Count walked away very slowly, so that the latter might have been overtaken easily enough but when the keeper came to have a full view of the Count's figure, he suddenly thought that it was better *first* to attend to the injured man. Smith soon recovered his self-possession, and sat upon the greensward a most rueful figure. Besides the black eye which he had received from the post, his hat had been crushed in the struggle, and one skirt of his coat hung in triumphant tatters. He gathered himself up however as well he could. his hands and knees plastered with mud. To the keeper's kind enquiries he replied that he was not much hurt, and as for the man who had injured him, he was a big bully of an

Irishman. Yes! he was so scurrilous as to call him an Irishman, and there was no use in meddling with him. Truth to say, Smith knew very well that by bringing a charge of assault or such like against the Count, he would only get laughed at, and he thought it but prudent to put up with his present miseries, rather than to hazard "others which he knew not of." He therefore bade adieu to the keeper, and turning out of the path, made his way among the trees of Kensington Gardens, towards the neighbourhood in which it was his fortune to abide. It would have been his nearest way to cross the water by Vauxhall Bridge, and it would have been the most obscure way too, which in his present condition was a decided *desideratum*, for he did not like to parade his shattered tail, and shivered hat, and blackened eye through the parks, but he could not make up his mind to traverse the Vauxhall Road, so he went home by Westminster Bridge.

Just as he reached his lodgings Spofforth was knocking at the door. The dandy was delighted at his *friend's* appearance, and before he had done laughing, they were joined by Stubbs, who had been obliged to make a considerable *détour*, having in his trepidation run the wrong way.

Smith expressed his indignation in no measured terms at his friend's desertion of him when he was in the clutches of the Count, and it was not until he had received the lion's share of a jorum of egg hot (a valuable potation compounded of eggs, ale and gin, and much affected by gentlemen of the grade of Smith and Stubbs) that he became pacified.

It is hardly necessary, after all that has been said, to inform the ingenious reader that the chief plotter against the peace of Count Bundledoff was no other than the dandy Spofforth ; he it was who caused the insertion of the matrimonial advertisement—he it was who placed the newspaper under the eye

the Count—but being of course unable himself to watch the demeanour of his victim, he had employed his two estimable coadjutors to do it for him. Spofforth was exceeding anxious to ascertain that *he* had not been detected by the Count, for sundry visions of loading of pistols—pacing of distance—dropping of handkerchiefs—seconds and surgeons began to float before his uneasy imagination, nor was it until he had been again and again assured that his name had never been mentioned, that he became quite composed.

Spofforth's first object in tantalizing and deceiving the Count, was indeed merely the indulgence of his propensity for a practical joke—he was as mischievous as a monkey, and more ill-natured. His jest however had carried him rather farther than he intended, a very common thing for such affairs to do. Smith's animosity against the Count was bitter in the extreme, but as he could not safely prosecute his vengeance upon that formidable

individual, the whole bent of his high-mir revenge was turned against Lucy. There indeed a salutary fear of Bundledoff in their minds; they dreaded lest Lucy sh appeal to him for protection, and they dreaded lest his investigations should disc who the perpetrators of the matrimonial l really were.

It often happens when a man begins a t that he does not picture to himself the *en* it, and so he gets more deeply involved he had ever anticipated. The end of a t is indeed often invisible from the beginnin it, for there is no saying how many twist and tortuous windings affairs may take, a man is led on step after step. Julius C had no more idea, at the outset of his ca of enslaving his country, than Cromwell of becoming protector of England, or Nap Emperor of France; and so to compare things with great, Spofforth and his a ates, when they began to tease Lucy, hoax the Count, could by no means have

templated the dilemma into which they seemed likely to fall—still we say whenever you begin a thing, look well out for the end of it, and act accordingly.

At length Spofforth hit upon a bright idea—bright ideas were somewhat scarce in that quarter certainly, for his head was dull and thick, but as the hardest substances strike, so fire the steel of necessity struck a spark from the flint of his perecranium. This bright idea was that he would get Bundledoff out of town until his anger and Lucy's fear were somewhat abated, and he had an opportunity awaiting him, of which he was as yet unconscious.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE POLICEMAN.

Know you not that the voice of an alguazil is as dangerous as that of a demiculverin.

CENTLIVER.

It happened auspiciously enough that Bundledoff should go to tell his troubles on the morning of his misadventure, to the dandy. It is rather remarkable indeed that he never entertained the slightest suspicion of Spofforth's perfidy. Had he though indeed of the dandy's

handing him the paper when he first saw the matrimonial advertisement, and his meeting the said Spofforth when he visited the park upon his first appointment he might have begun to suspect his real persecutor, but the Count was the most single-minded, simple-hearted of men, and never dreamt of such a thing. He went off indeed upon a false scent, and rather felt disposed to suspect the Figgins family, against whom he had come to entertain a violent animosity. He fancied the Figgins family had employed those two respectable emisaries Smith and Stubbs. Fortunately for Spofforth, the Count was quite unacquainted with their connection with the dandy—still more fortunate that Lucy Atherly avoided laying her distress before her first benefactor. Of course had she done so, the connection between the youngsters and the dandy would have been discovered.

How unfortunate it is that fortune thus so

often favors the undeserving. Thus then the Count in the simplicity of his mind, and the singleness of his heart went to lay his vexations before the author of them. This was showing "sport," which would have done an angler or a practical hoaxer's heart good, but when the Count arrived at Spofforth's lodgings he was not at home. He had not yet indeed returned from his recorded interview with Smith and Stubbs.

It happened when the Count reached his friend's lodging that the dandy's maid-servant had just stepped out on an errand—which 'just stepping out on an errand' in the vocabulary of a maid-servant, means going round to all her gossips in the neighbourhood—and the maid who has 'just stepped out an an errand' may be seen gossipping with the milk-woman, giggling with the butcher's boy, and chattering with the washerwoman for half an hour at a time.

It must not be supposed, however that

Spofforth's servant left the house to take care of itself, on the contrary she gave the strictest charge to her sister, a young damsel from the country, whose presence allowed the afore mentioned functionary just to step out on an errand and whose countrified mind being thoroughly imbued with the terrors of the metropolis, she was not likely to slumber on her post. Above all things was it impressed on the country maiden's mind by her sapient sister, not to let any one into the house. Such tricks did she detail of people pretending to write letters—to look at lodgings—to bring parcels, and by such means to throw a sop to Cerberus—that is to beguile the watchful wardens of the street-door and then strip the house, that the rustic damsel quite trembled at the Count's rat tat. She came to the door and partially opening it so as to peep out, looked aghast, to use poor Colman's words—

> The damsel eyed him fearfully askaunt,
> And saw he was a strapper stout and tall,
> Then put the question, pray sir, what d'ye want.

Bundledoff appeared in the eyes of the wench the very impersonation of a terrific swindler. To his enquiry if Spofforth was at home she replied in the negative, and hoping it would induce the Count, like the rain, to 'go away and come again' not 'another day,' but in a little time when her sister was at home, she said that Mr. Spofforth would soon return if the gentleman would call again.

This cunning piece of diplomacy was not however successful.

"Soon come home," said the Count, "well [illegible] thin I'll come in and wait for him."

This was a proposal quite unexpected by the [illegible] poor girl, and it seemed so full of atrocity, so [illegible] completely what she had been led to guard [illegible] against by her discreet sister that she abso[illegible] lutely stood agape with astonishment.

The Count was however too much taken up [illegible] by his own reflections to observe the strange [illegible] impression that he had made on the girl, and [illegible] without further parley he pushed open the [illegible]

door, not even noticing her feeble handed opposition and marched straight up stairs.

"'But sir, sir," said the girl.

"'I'll just wait till your masther comes home," said the Count, and up he went.

The girl stood stupified with horror and amazement, her fears were realized—her apprehensions all verified. What could she do! She durst not leave the door to seek her sister, she durst not enter the house to keep guard over the supposed swindler—in one case he might run away with the valuables—in the other there was no saying what he might do to her. She stood staring from the door mute and motionless, her eyes swimming with tears. At this conjuncture she was exceedingly releived by the appearance of a policeman, who was sauntering down the street on the other side of the way. To this functionary she beckoned, and he very readily came across, apparently pleased to find employment—tired enough indeed of doing nothing.

The girl's story was soon told.

"A man—a strange man—a tall man—a man with black whiskers had come in—she could'nt keep him out—he would come and wait for Mr. Spofforth—he was up stairs—he might be robbing the house—she didn't know what to do."

"Oh, I'll soon settle him," said the police man, and up he marched.

The Count who was in no agreeable humour eyed the policeman with an air of haughty inquisitiveness, while the policeman gazed upon our friend with a doubtful and suspicious air.

"What's the matther, young man, and what the deuce do you want with me," quoth the fireful Count, "is it me or the masther you're wanting?"

"Why, sir," said the man a little awed by the Count's capacious mould. "The servant don't know any thing of you."

"And what then, Misther Police, I didn't come here to see the servant."

"No, I dare say you didn't, leastways she don't know what you came here for at all."

"What's your maning, young man, spake out, and say no more about it—what the divil are you dhriving afther?"

"Why in course you know—it isn't common to come into people's houses without having any business, or not being known to nobody, leastways it looks rather suspicious you see—and the young woman was quite right to call me in—and if she chooses to give you in charge—"

"Give me in charge!" cried the Count, "be the powers of St. Patrick, if you don't take yourself off—and no more about it—I'll toss you out of the windy in less than no time."

"Oh, come I say, you know, none of that, because you see you know better than to molest me in the discharge of my duty."

"Discharge of your duty, you sallow faced

son of a sky-rocket, do you mane to say tha t you are discharging your duty by spaking im- partinence to a gintleman. In my country have seen an obstreperous officer of justice ducked in a ditch, or buried in a bog for inter fering with the affairs of a gintleman i distress."

"Yes, but that aint no go here, and it won do—I am called in by the young ooman to se that all's right, and I don't stir without seein the end of it, that's flat."

"Why, you don't mane to say that you tak upon yourself to suspect the honor of a Jarmin gintleman."

"A what, sir?"

"A Jarmin jintleman—isn't meself a furri Count, Bundledoff by name, and—"

"Oh, come I say, that's a proper go—you a German! well that *is* a good one."

"What the divil is the fellow dhriving at sure and you will be afther pretinding to kno my whole birth, parentage, and education

better than meself soon. I tell you fellow, if you don't take yourself off."

"I'm not going to take myself off—because I must do my duty—it seems you are not known by the servant here."

"But I am known by the masther here, my friend, Misther Spofforth.

"Ah well, that may or may not be, all that I know is that I was called in—and in I shall stay."

"Well then, stay and be hanged to you. I wanted to see my frind Spofforth, but as he's not at home, you may stay and tell him that Count Bundledoff couldn't wait on him any longer."

So saying, the Count was upon the point of quitting the room, but the policeman stepped before him.

"Oh, but that won't do," said he, "I can't stand this sort of thing—if you are a friend of the gentleman of the house you'll not mind

stopping to see him, and then he can answer for the truth of the story, but I can't think of letting you escape."

"Escape!" cried the count, "why you don't mane to say that I am to be kept a prisoner in my frind Spofforth's house!"

"Ah well, I am up to the tricks of you gentry, and glad enough you would be to get off, I dare say, but Lord love you, it won't do my young'un—as to your being a German Count, why a fellow may tell with half an ear that you came not far from the coast of Patagonia. I've met with German gentlemen afore in my time, lots of 'em, and some that have been sent off for a Western trip at the expense of the Government."

"Do you call me a swindler, you great, big blackguard," cried the Count, seizing the man by the collar. "I've half a mind to shake the saucy tongue out un ye."

"Come you—leave me—alone—or else I

will—have you up—for an assault," cried the man, his sentence broken into fragments, partly by his natural perturbation, and partly by the shaking which he received at the hands of the Count.

The constable however, though somewhat shaken by the stalwart Count was firm in the discharge of his duty, he was a muscular fellow too, and having contrived to elude the grasp of the indignant Bundledoff, he drew his truncheon from his coat pocket, and swore that our friend should attempt to pass at his peril. The Count rushed to the fire-place and seized the poker.

"If you don't stand out of the way, and lave me to my own coorse I'll mash your head like a praty in less than no time."

The Count advanced upon the enemy, who stood indeed upon the defensive, but it was with a somewhat dubious and irresolute air, and an ominous glance at the Count's formida-

ble weapon which augured badly for the man's success—still he did stand on the defensive, and though Bundledoff would in all probability have come off victorious, he must have purchased his victory at the expense of some hard knocks, if not some bloodshed, and the climax would probably have been an action for assault —but it was not to be.

At the very moment that the combatants were on the point of an attack, the head and eye glass of the dandy were protruded into the room.

"Hi, hi, hi!" laughed Spofforth, "here's a pitty go—the battle of the Count and the constable—what in the univaase are you about?"

"Misther Spofforth," cried the Count, "if you would jist come and tell this jintleman that I'm not a blackguard, instead of laughing there like a spotted hyæna, I'd thank you now."

"Why what the deuce does he take you

fan, Count," said the dandy bringing his body into the room, "he doesn't doubt youah foeign extaction, does he?"

"Misther Spofforth!"

"Nay, my deah Count, I don't mean to offend, but hi—hi—hi! it is so vey um to see you fighting with a pokah and a policeman."

"Will you be afther telling this blue bottle of a man what harm you know of me, Spofforth."

"I know no haam of you, my deah Count, but that you have got a deuced waam tempah, and a confounded 'furrin accint.'"

"Then I suppose this jintleman is at liberty to go, and I to stay—I have been kept prisoner in your apartment, Spofforth."

"Kept pisoner, hi—hi—hi! that's deuced good," and the dandy threw himself into a chair in a paroxysm of laughter.

The Count awaited the end of this convulsion with a very apparent air of impatience

while the policeman stood twirling his hat with a very decided look of confusion.

As soon as Spofforth regained his equanimity an explanation ensued, which was somewhat confused, from the Count's impetuosity, and the policeman's perturbation, nor was it rendered more lucid by the occasional interruptions of the dandy's hi! hi! hi! The state of the case being however at length understood, the policeman's apology was tendered and accepted; and he very generously accepted half a crown in return, and left the house.

It was now the Count's time to relate his grievances to which Spofforth listened with no little interest—he was indeed sorely tempted to laugh aloud as Bundledoff described his several disappointments, but as the Count proceeded, he threw out so many threats, so many direful execrations and hints of annihilation against his persecutors that the dandy felt himself exceedingly uncomfortable, and thoroughly regretted

him ever having entered into such a dangerous conspiracy.

Spofforth indeed became considerably dejected and embarrassed, and to a man of keener observation than the Count his manner might have been a subject of suspicion, but our friend saw nothing in the dandy's demeanour but an unexpected sympathy in his misfortunes. Spofforth ventured to suggest that the Count should leave London for a trip with him, but he was rather at a loss where to go, or how to set about it, when as before hinted he found the very means ready to his hand. As the Count and the dandy sat gazing upon one another, the Count trying to digest his chagrin, and the dandy to overcome his embarrassment—the eye of the latter fell upon an object which at first only changed his embarrassment into more decided vexation.

This was a somewhat large, and business-like letter which in the excitement of the foregoing passage he had overlooked, but which

was stuck up behind the chimney glass—for Spofforth with bachelor-like untidiness had no card-racks. It certainly was an unpromising letter as ever was seen—it was no billet-doux—no invitation—no "at home," it was too large, and business-like, and *blue*. Moreover the dandy recognised the well known hand of Mr. Silvereel, the corresponding partner for Marks and self.

"Dem!" muttered the dandy with an earnestness which quite surprised the Count. The dandy muttered something about "infernal interest—discount the bill—miserable old Marks," as he crossed the room and took the letter.

Bundledoff thought he could pretty well guess the contents (he was egregiously mistaken) for he knew the sort of transactions which took place between Spofforth, Esq. on the one part, and Marks and Silvereel, solicitors on the other—but he was by no means prepared for the extraordinary display of emotion which

the dandy exhibited on the perusal of the letter. He first turned deadly pale– then the blood came flushing his face again—away it went and left him pallid as before.

He re-perused the letter, and exclaimed, "Dem! if that don't beat all!" then threw himself into a chair half exhausted with emotion.

The compassionate Count went across to his assistance, much marvelling that a man should betray so many symptoms of weakness, and wondering with all his might what could be the cause of it. He thought indeed that the dandy was going to faint, but just as Bundle-loff expected to see nature "suffer a syncope nd solemn pause," the dandy darted up and olding out the tails of his coat in the most aceful manner began pousetting round the ble, singing—

Toora loora la
Toora loora laddy,
Toora loora la,
Right fol loora laddy.

he Count thinking his friend was going

frantic rushed to his old ally, the poker, but finding the fit was ludicrous and harmless, and being a most sympathetic individual, he twirled the poker shilelah-wise around his head to the imminent peril of his friend's furniture —commenced a most emphatic German lilt— and joined chorus with the elegant burden—

> Whack doodley bob, sing pip, sing pip,
> Whack doodley bob sing pip.

Such a bumping and thumping was made by these two interesting individuals, that the servant who had just returned from her errand, rushed up in the deepest alarm, accompanied by her country sister. They stood aghast and horrified, when they saw those two jackasses moving gracefully to one another on either side of the table, but when the dandy rushed to the arms of the Count, and they commenced to waltz around the room which brought them close to the door, the affrighted damsels with a loud shriek dashed down stairs. This brought the dandy somewhat to himself, he burst into a

oxysm of laughter, signed to the Count to
l the letter, and while our hero did so—
aw himself into a chair and laughed until
well nigh wept again. There was indeed
ething hysterical in the dandy's laughter—
it was some time before he could press
n the astonished Count the plan which he
posed for Bundledoff to accompany him to
burnham—to which at length the Count
sented.

CHAPTER IX.

ARRANGEMENTS.

Come live with me,
And be my love.
OLD SONNET.

AFTER a period of unusual excitement, the spirit of man ever suffers a reaction. After a night of hilarity and mirth generally comes a morning of languor and lassitude, and that even without the physical excitement of in-

ich of course leaves a man nerveless
less, and bodily debilitated. The
the reading of the will was such
f reaction and moral debility. The
the parties concerned had been ex-
e utmost, and now that interest was
evaporated—a kind of moral tension
induced, which was now propor-
elaxed.

e seen that the executors announced
th his good fortune—a piece of good
i surprised him quite as much as any
ty. It was true that he had always
at favourite of the old lady's, and
t; but such an important, such an
or, and unwarrantable display of par-
had never dreamt of. He had paid
uous court to the old lady, but his
t was to obtain the small advances
which she occasionally made to him.
he dandy's heartlessness and vice, he

was not base enough to entertain so vile a scheme as that of trying to supplant his friend Edwin Latimer, even had the bare possibility of such a thing ever presented itself to his mind. Fanny indeed, and her expected fortune had seemed a tempting bait to him, and he had entertained some vague views of what he called committing the sacrifice of matrimony, but he had found the young lady utterly insensible to his addresses, that he gave up the pursuit in despair. He now discovered the reason why old Marks (commonly so cautious) had made considerable advances of money to him, and discounted bills, at exorbitant interest it is true, but still discounted bills. He was aware that Marks held heavy liabilities upon him, and he now saw that the old lawyer, who alone was in the secret of Miss Latimer's will, had better reason to depend upon him, than he could have supposed. Mr. Marks indeed had been a val-

l (so to speak) to the dandy, for he
ly advocated his cause with Mrs.
excused his follies, magnified his
, and indeed exerted all his influence
of the dandy.

ader will hardly give Mr. Marks
dit for disinterested friendship; he
f those who do nothing for nothing.
no doubt have induced Mrs. Lati-
ke her will in his own favour if he
e done so, but he found this out of
tion. The old lady loved to look
omely young man, and Mr. Marks'
and meagre form, was by no means
to her. He had discretion enough
e that it was useless to attempt to
own fortune in the point alluded to,
fore, as aforesaid, he gave the whole
uence in favour of Spofforth. It was
he had any enmity against Edwin
ster, but he had good reason to wish

that some such shallow personage as Spofforth should be the inheritor of Miss Latimer's property. This reason we shall discover to the reader in due time, but at present it is sufficient to say that Mr. Marks was delighted to have a hold upon the dandy in the fortune into which he had so singularly fallen.

Spofforth and our friend Bundledoff soon arrived at Ashburnham. The dandy displayed more delicacy of feeling than some of his friends would have given him credit for; he was anxious not to hurry the Latimers—he was desirous to serve them, even money might be useful to them—but Edwin's high spirit shrank from receiving the slightest favour at his hands, and even Fanny, with much natural dignity, declined his proffered assistance. They did not suspect Spofforth of having used any underhand influence with their aunt—they quite believed that he was as much surprised at the tenor of the will as they, still they

could not regard him but with painful and embarrassed feelings, and they avoided both his friendship and assistance.

The evident design of Spofforth to spare the feelings, and contribute to the comfort of the Latimers, exalted him considerably in the eyes of our friend, the Count. Bundledoff indeed had become a good deal disgusted with the general conduct of the dandy, and but for the habit of familiarity into which he had fallen, would probably have declined his acquaintance. But this display of good feeling restored him considerably in the Count's esteem. It is hard indeed if one cannot find some redeeming points in the worst of our fellow creatures, if we would but take the trouble to look after them; but the worst of it is, that we have keener eyes for their faults, than for their redeeming points.

The young Latimers were anxious to leave Rose Mount as soon as possible; it was now a

scene of painful association, of unmitigated bitterness to them. Edwin could return to London—he was no worse off than he had been before, but what was to become of Fanny. It has been hinted that she sometimes turned her thoughts towards tuition. The situation of a governess in a private family was the only course of life that she was fitted to pursue, but this was not to be obtained in a day, and she was quite at a loss, when Doctor Godwin stepped in, and making out that it would be doing him a great favour, begged her to accept the superintendence of his children.

The worthy doctor was indeed in want of some one in whom he could confide to undertake this responsible and respectable post—a post which none but the vulgar-minded and little-souled will look down upon—a post which it is as much the interest as the duty of the heads of families to respect and counte-

Fanny accordingly became an inmate
e Doctor's house, and thus had one of
opportunities which occur so often in
whirligig world—the opportunity to ob-
how much better things turned out than
ld reason to expect.

e goes on anxious and careful, meeting
d with disappointment, vexation, and sor-
but finding withal that events of a dis-
able and disastrous nature, do continually
out better than one has reason to expect;
yet how seldom does one allow this pleas-
experience to neutralize the cankerous
t of care and anxiety. How seldom does
reflect in the prospect of vexation and
w, that things continually turn out so
better than one has reason to expect.

say that Fanny Latimer did not feel
y the reverse of fortune, when she left
home and relinquished her prospects of
pendence, would be absurd; to say that she

had no apprehensions, no sense of a disadvantageous step, when she set foot as it were in the world would be ridiculous; but we must say that in some respects her present condition was an improvement upon the past. She had exchanged the bickering, and nattering, and spleen, and irritability of her unamiable aunt, for the cheerful society, the delicate attentions, the discreet kindnesses of the excellent doctor and his family.

Spofforth finding himself rather out of his element as a country gentleman, that is, sadly in want of amusement, afflicted with a mortal fit of dulness, and experiencing in his heart a "aching void," from the absence of London life and fashionable follies—begged with an earnestness of importunity as sincere as it was vehement that the Count would remain at Rose Mount to keep him company.

The dandy indeed was perfectly candid in the anxious wish which he expressed for the

Count's society. Nevertheless it must be admitted that his apprehensions for the discovery of his unhappy hoax upon poor Bundledoff gave additional earnestness to his solicitations. He had a perfect dread of Bundledoff's meeting with Lucy Atherly, and from the way in which our hero sometimes spoke of her, Spofforth was certain that she was by no means forgotten by her former benefactor. Bundledoff indeed refrained from seeing her, for he had been the cause of so much mischief by interfering with her affairs in the case of Mrs. Latimer, that he was afraid of getting her into some unaccountable and inextricable scrape again.

Pressed then by Spofforth to remain at Ashburnham, at least, on a long visit, having no earthly business in London since the failure of his addresses to Miss Figgins—unacquainted with the movements of his cousins the Jenkinsons, a stray waif on the surface of society, Bundledoff thought he could not do better than

agree to the proposal of the dandy, in as far as remaining at Ashburnham was concerned, though he steadily refused to become an inmate of Rose Mount. He had no desire to lay himself under any particular obligation to such a man as Spofforth, and he therefore took a lodging with an old lady in the village, a small sitting room, with a smart Kidderminster carpet on the floor, and a couple of china shepherdesses on the mantel-piece—and a still smaller bed chamber, with white bed and window curtains almost uncomfortably clean.

Besides his utter want of employment—his amusement in the company of the dandy, and his hope, that that worthy would be a medium of introduction to some more important connections, Count Bundledoff saw enough of the society of Ashburnham to think that there were some people with whom he would like to become better acquainted among whom were Doctor Godwin and Fanny Latimer.

Now don't you go and run away with the

ea that the Count is going to fall in love with anny Latimer, because one can never mention young lady's name in connection with a single ntleman of uncertain age, but away people off with a genuine piece of gossip, and tell ll over the town, that such a one, and so so, were this, that, and the other.

You must remember that the Count has not en in love with Lucy Atherly, though he placed in such an extraordinary position n regard to her. Nor has he been at all tten with Miss Figgins, though he thought paying his addresses to her.

The Count indeed was quite heart-whole d unfettered in his affections, and if he re-rded Fanny Latimer with increasing interest, was as a most amiable and accomplished girl, ffering the consequences of a most flagrant iece of injustice—indeed he soon found that anny was not an "eligible famale," in a dif-erent sense from want of money, and it is erhaps well that he did so, for the frequent

opportunities that he possessed of being Fanny's company might have made him forget the fact of her empty purse. This discovery however, which took place some months after the events recorded, is important enough to occupy another chapter.

CHAPTER X.

THE PROPOSAL.

Give me your hand
And my heart too.
SHAKESPEARE.

FANNY LATIMER had become perfectly settled in her new situation when she was destined to endure one of those trials of fortitude and resolution the endurance of which with patience and equanimity is the grand lesson of human life. She had taken up the duties of her arduous and

responsible position with meek and gentle firmness, and a determination to do her best. She was naturally fond of children (all amiable people are,) and she soon found the way to gain their affection and esteem.

Fanny possessed in no small degree the happy medium of the '*suaviter in modo*,' and the '*fortiter in re*'—her very personal appearance was in her favour. Has personal appearance any thing to do in such a situation? Yes, yes we think so. Not that one should be looking out for beauties in such a case, for beauties are a troublesome set of people, and too often think more of themselves than others, but when beauty, and intelligence, and amiability combine we say it is a most fortunate combination and children who judge all by the eye have no small advantage in a beautiful instructress—but then mind you, we do not confine beauty to a straight nose, and a bright eye, and a full lip, and a *chiselled* chin—but rather refer it to that nameless and indescribable grace that

attracts all eyes, if it do not win all hearts, and by which children especially, are especially charmed.

Fanny was sitting in her little school-room, striving, but not very successfully, amid the hum and racket which arose from the little blue-eyed curly pates, striving to read a poem of Scott's in the interval of the hours of study, when she saw a figure pass the window which caused her face to flush, and her heart to throb more thickly, and the Lady of the Lake to fall unheeded from her reckless hand.

It is true a young lady's face is easily flushed and we presume from circumstances her heart not very obdurate, but for a person of exquisite taste to let fall the Lady of the Lake without heeding it, implies a degree of emotion uncommon in so quiet a character as Fanny Latimer. It was explained by the entrance of the servant who placed a neat looking little card beneath her eye, whereon was engraven Mr. Allan Netherby.

A moment's pause to regain her compost another to pick up the Lady of the Lake, a a third, (must we confess it,) to peep in t looking-glass, and Fanny repaired to the litt parlour.

" Fanny, dear Fanny," said young Nether advancing and pressing her hand in both his—what must you have thought of my lo absence ?"

" Thought it would be explained," s Fanny, with that exquisite simplicity and c dour which so well became her.

" Thanks, my dear Fanny a thousand than you have relieved my mind from a burden anxiety and doubt, and yet why should I ha been so anxious, when I knew that you we to be my judge, and therefore I should be su to be judged correctly."

" At least," said the young lady, " it wou have been unjust to condemn you unheard, a though you are somewhat late in pleadin

ur cause, I was bound to suspend judgment your case."

" I am delighted, my dear Fanny, to see so cheerful."

" I do not see what end would be answered my being otherwise."

" No, that is very true, but this conviction the propriety of a thing does not always ble us to put it in practice, but you are ite a philosopher, Fanny."

" No I am not, Allan, I only exercise a little ommon sense."

" Which is often uncommon wisdom, Fanny, however I am delighted to see you so cheerful.

" But you have not yet told me, Mister Allan, why you are so late in coming to see me?"

" Why I have been in Scotland upon some business connected with a property in that country, possessed by Mr. Jenkinson, and I only returned two days ago—I was indeed

informed by letter of the death of Mrs. Latimer, but not of the particulars of the case, and I returned to find that the Jenkinsons had forsooth sent you cards of condolence—I never felt so much annoyed with them in my life."

"It was certainly unlike the warmth of feeling and kindness of heart which they have ever expressed towards us, but I dare say it will be explained."

"And so that aunt of yours—" Allan commenced, but he was stopped by Fanny.

"Not a word upon that subject, I beseech you," she said. "I would not think—I will not speak of her. Whatever wrongs we have suffered cannot now be righted, and I would have her conduct buried in oblivion. Rather tell me how are the Jenkinsons, or rather what is now the matter with them."

"Why they are pretty well; that is *for* the Jenkinsons, which means that they are at extraordinary trouble just now to find annoy-

ea. The misery market seems very poorly pplied, and they are at great pains to obtain pply."

' And did they send any message to me."

' They did not know of my coming, Fanny."

' Not know! Allan, but will they not then offended?"

" I cannot help it, Fanny. My duty to the nkinsons is now dissolved by my duty to you. ou have permitted me to hope that—a—in ort, Fanny, I am come here expressly to pro- se to you, that I should be invested with the arest title to your confidence and trust. I ve loved you long, Fanny, and you have per- itted me to say so. Do not by any unneces- ry scruples, by any feelings of false delicacy out the concurrence of our friends induce you reject an alliance which will render one of eminently happy, and I have no reason to ubt will secure the permanent comfort of th."

During this speech the face of Fanny played the variety of emotions which were contending for supremacy in her bosom, but when it was ended she had resumed the expression of quiet composure which was most natural to it.

"Do not suppose, Allan," she replied, "that I feel, or that I would affect to feel indifference on this point, nor would I for a moment trifle with your feelings, but I do not see that our position is at all changed since we last conversed upon this subject—or if indeed it is changed it is not certainly improved. I was then, at least possessor of some property, in expectation and what your friends would call a better match—I am now in a condition much inferior in the way of fortune. At that time you felt yourself bound by all the ties of gratitude to consult the inclinations of the Jenkinsons, to surrender yourself with more than filial devotion to their will, nor do I see any reason for change in that same resolution."

"The reason consists, Fanny, in that very change of circumstances to which you have been subjected. When I expressed my determination to abide by the pleasure of the Jenkinsons, you were—you—at least, you had a home—as you observe you had prospects of independence, you were not thrown upon the world as you are now, to live by the labour of your hands, or what is worse perhaps, your intellect, without a natural protector—"

"Oh, this same living by the labour of your hands, Allan, is not so bad a way of life as some suppose. If one has no engagements to fulfil, one cannot feel the pure gratification of having fulfilled them, but suppose my situation ever so disagreeable, I do not see how that should alter your relation to the Jenkinsons."

"Not to the Jenkinsons, Fanny, but it materially alters my relation to you. While you were in possession of a home and a protector, such as she was, while you had the

prospect of independence, if not of af my duty to the Jenkinsons was paramot now I feel that you are really the chie of my solicitude, and I would make an fices for your comfort."

"I thank you, Allan, thank you he verily believe that you are perfectly sir this matter, and that my happiness is yo object, though it is a treacherous topi added smiling, "for when our wishes a duty seem to lie the same way, it is a how dutiful we become. But," she said, ing her hand to him, "I believe you ar sincere, and that my happiness is you object—however it matters not, it must you placed your conduct upon a high p of gratitude and obligation before, cannot see how circumstances can alter ple of action. We should maintain ou tude of motive in spite of all extern dents."

No doubt Fanny was quite right, women generally see these things better than men, because they are actuated by greater simplicity of motive. They do not generally take so comprehensive, but a more direct and single view of subjects, hence they often display an uncompromising rectitude of purpose which shames the other sex. True, when discretion is wanting, this too often degenerates into mere pertinacity of opinion and obstinacy of conduct, but when, (as in the character which we are attempting to delineate,) it is conducted by good feeling and good sense the consequence is admirable.

"I see that I have distressed you," said Fanny after a pause, which we have occupied with the foregoing reflection, "I see that I have distressed you, and I am sorry for it, but though I have distressed, I hope I have not displeased you."

"*Displeased* me, Fanny, how is that possi-

ble," he said pressing her hand to his li[illegible]. "It is impossible for me to feel anything b[illegible]ut the deepest admiration for all you say and d[illegible]. I thought I had analysed my emotions with a[illegible]ll severity, and that I was acting under the ci[illegible] cumstances with the most perfect uprightness."

"I give you all credit for doing so, Alla[illegible], you were resolved to make a sacrifice for th[illegible] poor, homeless, friendless, penniless Fanny[illegible], which not even her happiness, or your ow[illegible] could induce you to do for the expected heire[illegible]s of the Latimer estate."

"I would not boast, Fanny, but you describe exactly my feelings."

"And I, Allan, have but taken another and more simple view of the case, which is, that you had laid down a rule of conduct towards the Jenkinsons which the mere accident of Fanny Latimer's misfortunes should not be allowed to break."

"But Jenkinson's objections are so utter[illegible]y unreasonable, Fanny."

"I do not know that the point of his being unreasonable or otherwise, entered at all into your sense of obligation towards him—and indeed if his objections were unreasonable once they cannot be said to be so now. However, suppose there were no other objection to the union you propose, may I ask what means of support you could command. I am sorry, Allan, to come down from the high region of romance to such a subject, but it is one which by none but the utterly reckless and imprudent can be overlooked."

"You are quite right, Fanny, but I have little apprehension on that score, my energies and abilities should all be directed to so admirable an end, while in the mean time the allowance which I have always received from Jenkinson would—"

"Be suspended I presume, Allan, for your want of compliance with his wishes."

"No, Fanny, I am convinced that Jenkin-

son with all his foibles is far too generous to act in such a manner, though I should run counter to his inclinations."

"And therefore are you bound in honor to obey them. No, Allan, this must not be; let us patiently pursue the way of honor and uprightness, and doubt not that fortune will prove favorable at last."

Allan was on the point of making a reply and to what length the conversation might have been protracted it is impossible to say for lovers' dialogues are lengthy things, but they were interrupted by the appearance of our hero, who was quietly coming up the pathway of the little garden. Fanny withdrew her hand hastily from Allan, who by some sleight of hand, which we do not profess to understand had regained possession of it, perhaps she was not sorry to break off a conversation, which to her at least had become somewhat embarrassing. Howbeit she took the opportunity

the Count's appearance to regain her self-possession which in this instance, means possession of her own hand.

"Who is this?" said Allan casting a glance at the Count expressive of impatience, and wishing him, if the truth must be told, at a certain place in Palestine, which if wishes were omnipotent, would be peopled by all the bores of one's acquaintance.

"Who is this, Fanny?"

"It is an eccentric, but rather favorite friend of ours," said the young lady, "Count Bundledoff."

"Count what?"

"Count Bundledoff."

"Dear me what an extraordinary name—and yet it seems quite familiar to me—what countryman is he, Fanny?"

"Why," said the young lady with a singular smile, "he is a German, that is, he speaks of Germany as his native country, but what part

of Germany he comes from nobody knows however, you will see him and judge for yourself."

"Is he a great favorite of yours, Fanny?"

"Ha! ha! ha! Allan you are not surely going to be jealous, however you know me well enough to allow me to say, that he *is* a great favorite of mine. The first time I ever saw him, he was engaged in an act of disinterested kindness, and generous benevolence, which quite won my esteem, and made me overlook his eccentricity. He had taken up the cause of a young person, Lucy Atherly, to whom a certain unhappy relative of mine did not behave so kindly as she might have done."

"Lucy Atherly!—Count Bundledoff!—oh, I remember it all now. The Count called afterwards at the Jenkinsons, and I believe he was sent to them by you."

"Not by me, Allan, I never mentioned the Jenkinsons to him, my brother Edwin might

have done so, but I do not think he did, indeed I am almost certain that he did *not*, or the Count would have mentioned them to us. Both Edwin and I contributed a trifle to the support of Lucy Atherly."

"And I was the bearer of your portion to Edwin, was I not, Fanny?"

"Yes, you were, on that Monday morning after you had spent a few days at Rose Mount."

"I begin to understand the case now, Fanny. Yet the connection of your friend Bundledoff with the Jenkinsons is still a mystery."

"Do you think he was introduced to them y Spofforth," said the young lady.

"No certainly, Fanny, or I must have heard it. Is he then intimate with Spofforth?"

"Quite so, it was by Spofforth that he was duced to visit this part of the country, and deed to settle for a time at Ashburnham."

"And how came he to be so intimate with offorth?"

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fortune is an abso-
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y, mean-spirited fellow,"

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ch requires explanation,
him cautiously, for he

" Oh, that is easily explained—Edwin duced him to Spofforth for the purpose ha! ha! excuse my laughing, Allan, fc purpose of getting him a wife."

" Getting him a wife, Fanny, you are joking."

" No I am perfectly serious. It seem Count is determined to have a wife t home with him."

" And what does he do here then,' Allan suspiciously.

" Ha, ha, ha, you are going to be jea see," and the young lady indulged in a peal of laughter, in which Allan joine the best grace that he could muster. " ever, Mister Allan, I think you ought to me better than to indulge in such an unar passion, and as for the Count there is a superable bar between us, I mean my pocket."

" Indeed," exclaimed the youngster,

must be a cold-hearted fellow if he can think of such a thing in your company."

"Very gallant and pretty indeed, Allan, I thank you for the compliment, but as to the Count, I must tell you *fortune* is an absolute indispensable in his matrimonial speculations."

"What a mercenary, mean-spirited fellow," said Allan.

"Not a bit of it," quoth the lady, "he is a most generous, high-spirited man, that is the best of it, he has persuaded himself, or been persuaded by others that he *ought* to marry for money, and just made up his mind to do so, but he is any thing but a mere fortune hunter. There is a mystery about him which I think you will soon penetrate, for it is something like the man who hid his eyes that nobody might see him. His connection with the Jenkinsons is a point which requires explanation, yet you must question him cautiously, for he

has some of the irrascibility, with mucl generous simplicity of his countrymen."

"I thought the Germans were con rather a shrewd, and long-headed, but what serious, and even phlegmatic peopl

"Yes, so I have heard, Allan."

"And yet you say—"

"Ha, ha, yes never mind what I s judge for yourself; or rather, Allan, I v you what I think, and am sure you wi sently agree with me—this Count Bun is—"

CHAPTER XI.

A WATER PARTY.

The salad dressing is all spilt into the apple pie.
PETER PIC NIC.

"THE top uv the morning to you, Fanny Latimer, my love," cied the Count as he entered the room, "here's the purtiest sport that

ever was heard of, and we could not lave out the likes uv you, so get on your dudeens and we'll be off in no time."

"Where are you going to, Count Bundledoff?" said she.

"We're going down by the Midway somewheres."

"The Midway, Count?"

"Yes, so I belave, that's by the river, you know."

"Oh, the river—the Medway—Oh, yes."

"Well thin lose no time at all—it's the purtiest pic nic wather party, or whatever you calls it, jaunting cars, and shantry-dans, copies, and porter."

"But I cannot leave the children you know"

"Oh, what's to hurt the gossoons for the matther of a day, besides if we take them wid us, there's no need for anybody else to stay but the servants, you know

They were here joined by Dr. Godwin, who came upon a similar errand to that of the Count, namely to engage the company of Fanny Latimer upon a water excursion which they had just made up.

The doctor was surprised to see Allan Netherby, to whom however he advanced with open hand, and welcomed him with his accustomed cordiality. He had seen him at Rose Mount upon some of his visits to that place, and his shrewd eye had soon penetrated the position in which he stood with regard to Fanny Latimer. Godwin was not indeed acquainted with the Jenkinsons, of course he was ignorant of their objection to Allan's attachment to Fanny. Objection to Fanny Latimer was a piece of heresy of which he never could have entertained a conjecture. All that he knew was that the young man came from some rich and respected friends of Mrs. Latimer, that he

was admitted freely by her aunt to the society of Miss Latimer, and that he was on terms of unequivocal intimacy with Fanny herself. The hearty doctor was therefore as much pleased to see young Netherby, and to press him into the water party, as though he had been intimate with him all his life long—the more so that he guessed that the presence of Allan would add materially to the happiness of his favorite Fanny.

"This is Mr. Netherby—Mr. Allan Netherby, Count," he said, "an intimate acquaintance of your friend Fanny Latimer—ha, ha, ha—lucky dog, lucky dog, eh, Count—ha, ha—never mind, Fanny, never mind, look up, my love, the Count and I keep secrets, ha, ha, ha!

"Here, Fanny my dear!" cried Mrs. Godwin entering, "run away and get yourself ready, we shall all be waiting for you."

[illegible]itted the room, and Mrs. Godw

"You are always teazing that poor girl, Godwin."

"And so he was, but there was so much kindliness, and joyousness, and glee in Dr. Godwin's merry eye and laughing lip, that it was quite a treat to be teased by him. All the young ladies about Ashburnham called him a pest and a plague, and all the old ladies cried "drat that Dr. Godwin," and all the children ran rioting about whenever they saw him, but for all that, young ladies and old ladies, boys and girls, men and maids, all loved Dr. Godwin in their very heart of hearts Horatio.

"This is Mr. Netherby, my love," said the doctor to his wife, "Mr. Allan Netherby, an old friend of Fanny's, and all the family—I am so glad he's come, *so* glad—he'll make one of the water party, I warrant you, ha, ha, ha!"

"You are very kind, Dr. Godwin," said Allan, "but really I am afraid."

"Afraid! pho, pho! nonsense! faint heart never won fair lady—he's afraid, ha, ha, ha, no use being afraid, is it Count? ha, ha, ha!"

"No, no, my dear sir," said Allan smiling, for the doctor's good humour was irresistibly catching. "I am only afraid that I shall encroach upon your party, and as my time is short—"

"Why you should make the best of it, eh! ha, ha! and as to encroaching, I never ask any body to my company whom I am not heartily glad to see, so come along."

"Misther Netherby," said the Count advancing and squeezing Allan's hand with the force of a vice. "If you're a frind of that swate faced young cratur, Fanny Latimer, I give you joy, and I honor you, for sure I am that *she* doesn't make frinds of they, that are not worth making frinds of. But come along, the people are all ready, and the horses willing."

What a glorious thing is a good water party, when the day is fine and the company agreeable. One has too often to quote Seged Emperor of Ethiopia it is true, but Seged himself could have found no fault with the day in question. It had not indeed an Ethiopian sky, but it had a very charming English one, which is perhaps a better thing. We do not like blue and all blue half so well as blue and white. Then there was a determination to please, and be pleased in Mr. Godwin's party which Seged's seems to have wanted, and if people knew the value of that determination what pleasant lives we should lead.

The party was well assorted to. Two or three middle aged men, hearty, frank, laughter loving fellows, with comely comfortable wives, two or three young men and maidens, smirkers and smilers, and a few merry hearted children, whose enjoyment was so intense as to be reflected in the faces of all who chose to gaze

upon them. Then there was Godwin himse
a host in himself, and his wife—and the char
ing Fanny Latimer, and Allan, with wh
frank, manly, and gentlemanly demeano
Godwin was delighted. There might be sou
thing a little exclusive in Netherby's attenti
to Fanny, yet he had the tact to make hims
exceedingly agreeable to all the party—a v
difficult thing for a young fellow to do wh
his whole soul is centred in one object, h
Allan managed some how, though he was e
ever at the side of Fanny Latimer, to make
appear that his position was always the effect
accident.

The party was enlarged by an old maid
lady, one of the simplest and merriest of h
sex, and her nephew, a loutish lad, at home f
a holiday. Then there was our friend Bund
doff, to such a party an important acquisiti
The Count indeed quizzed, and was quizze
and joked, and flirted with Miss Phœbe Sing
ton to his heart's content. Her good humo

was so sparkling that it lighted up her ordinary face with an extraordinary glow of satisfaction. Indeed had she been a little younger, and a trifle richer she might have been esteemed an "eligible famale," but the Count had made up his mind to marry no one above a certain age, and as for money it was the indispensable.

As those two boats floated upon the surface of the broad and placid river what light peals of laughter echoed and re-echoed from one to the other, how the light jest, and the merry repartee was bandied between the two parties until both were hushed as the sweet voice of some sweet singer trembled upon the still water. The party had heard better singing, but none they had liked so well.

Then there was the dinner *al fresco*—the table cloth laid upon the grass and fastened down with forks—the little misadventures which made them all so merry.

After dinner—when the wine had gone round

they used the river for a wine cooler, sticking the bottles up to their necks in the refreshing stream—but after dinner we say the pleasure of the party got of that dreamy, drowsy, languid, lazy, kind, which in its way is as good as more boisterous mirth, and then, among cool airs, laughing eyes, wine, and fruit, and flowers—Dr. Godwin pulling a manuscript from his pocket volunteered a ghost story. If anything could have been acceptable it was a ghost story—so the proposal was unanimously accepted not to say carried by acclamation. The manuscript was in the hand writing of an old man, and an old friend of Godwin's, though he was not of the present party for he had long lost the use of his limbs, and when we mention the name of Gideon Sternwhacker, the schoolmaster of Ashburnham, we shall at once give a guarantee for the truth of the tale. The M.S. was delivered to Fanny Latimer, whose sweet voice made the most inharmonious sentences

musical, to say nothing of rosy lips and ivory teeth, which are toys not worth our attention. Allan Netherby volunteered to hold half the pages, lest the breeze should blow them about; there was no breeze blowing, but he held them with great perseverance notwithstanding.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE,

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

THERE is no such thing now-a-days as gett
well frightened with a ghost. We have
come such a mere matter of fact, money
ting generation, that the imagination is
bound and case hardened, and thought run
not only with railway rapidity, but rail
precision also. Matter-of-fact is indeed a

valuable commodity, and money-getting a most pleasing employment, yet there was some fun in the flights of one's imagination too, just as there was more amusement in turning abrupt corners, and odd windings in the old, circuitous up and down roads than there is in going direct to your journey's end.

It is all right—yes we *know* it is. It *is* all right that the infantine mind should never come into contact with those absurdities, yet a man is sometimes disposed to look coldly on what is right, when he has been trained to relish what is wrong.

It was wrong, very wrong for my excellent old grandmother to tell me a dismal story in a dismal tone of voice too, all about ladies skin and bone, and worms creeping in and out, and then when I gazed with open mouth in her eyes, to look over my shoulder and give a shriek that made my ear ring, and my heart bound.

Yes we do know better now, and that very

circumstance gives one ground of vantage to look back with some pleasure on the past.

Why I am not seventy, and yet when I was a boy, ghosts were as common as blackberries, nay all the blackberries in the world would not have induced me to linger by an old hedge after sundown. Then there was hardly a hamlet but had its haunted house, known by its broken windows, which furnished eterna field-practice for the boys—nor a churchyar but had its familiar spectre. Who ever dream of such a thing as encountering a ghost i Kensal Green cemetery. No, no, the thing gone by. Some great supernatural Fath Mathew has gone abroad into the invisib world, exorcised all our ghosts, and put us out of spirits.

It is then with some satisfaction that we c tell a true story of a ghost—a story of mode date, not pertaining to the past days of whi we have been speaking, but extending dow well nigh into the present.

Jacob Wright, a man of the present generation, had received much of the spiritual education of the past. As a child he had attained to a reasonable share of ghostly knowledge, was well versed in the generic difference of fays and fairies, knew the precise intellectual standard of giants and dwarfs, indeed he might be said to have had a fair visiting acquaintance with the invisible world.

He was taken when very young to see some terrific melodrame, some castle spectrish spectacle, and it is not too much to say that the hour's amusement cost him years of uneasiness.

Ah! we are certainly wiser now. That spectacle was such a mass of sliding pannels, moving pictures, bloody noses, and black eyes, that it kept his head under the clothes for many a night. Nay it was not until he became a man that he quite recovered himself.

The worst of it was that it gave him an unhealthy appetite for such things, for nothing

es the cravings of a morbid imagination
a little food.
uch as Jacob dreaded the night he took
r opportunity in the day to procure odd
nes of the pernicious class of literature to
h he was attached.
ıe Ratcliffe school, at that time as common
ıe Ratcliff Highway, fostered his super-
ral longings. The Romance of the Fore
work *very near indeed* to the sublime
ıtened the effect.
ıe Castle of Otranto made him fancy eve
ng tree a nodding plume, but the acme
as Raymond and Agnes. In that dele-
production the bleeding nun comes up
with heavy steps, (rather unusual for a
and a spectre too) at one o'clock she
s, and stops till two, and Jacob actually
nto the habit of lying awake from one to
when he quietly went to sleep again.*

* Fact.

But it were vain to endeavour to describe all Jacob Wright's sources of uneasiness. Among the rest was Grasville Abbey, wherein he trembled over a light in the west tower—that light in the west tower made him long for a rush-light in his bedroom

Such was Jacob Wright, a very prey to visionary terrors when he was sent to a big boy's school. The school-house, unfortunately for him, adjoined a church, and the big boys used to tell him to look out into the churchyard when it was dark, and see whose eyes were looking at him. Under all this series of mental exacerbation it is not to be wondered that Jacob became extremely nervous and sensitive as it regarded ghosts and goblins. He had a natural antipathy to lonely lanes and solitary places—held an old grave yard in profound respect, and was known to have gone more than a mile about rather than pass after night-fall the corner of four cross-roads, where

some unhappy suicide had been buried with all the barbarity of the past age, coffinless and shroudless, a mangled, deformed, digusting spectacle.

As Jacob Wright came to years of discretion, the keen edge of his superstitious fancies began to wear off. He did not indeed altogether lose them but they were sobered down.

As a man gets deeper into the dry realities—the sober business—the wear and tear of the world, youthful day dreams fly off like a clou of ephemeræ when the sun goes in. In such case as that of Jacob Wright indeed, it is we that they do so—but to proceed, for we wou only offer a sketch of our hero.

Jacob then grew up, and as he was educat for the scholastic profession, into that high honorable line of life he accordingly entere Moreover when he came to years of discretio to prove that fact he took him a wife.

These events completely sobered him. Nothing can be conceived more antipodeal than romance and school keeping—matrimony and the imagination.—Jacob's partner too a stout, straight-forward, comely, sensible woman without a spark of the romantic in her disposition was the very person for him, that is to manage his school and make him forget his fancies.

But we must devote a few lines to the personal appearance of Jacob. He was then a tall, lathy, lanky man—one of those men of acute angles, who soon wear a black suit whitish at the knees and elbows, whose garments indeed retain their form at those angles when the man is out of them.

It was so with Jacob Wright, though he could straighten his arm and leg he could never straighten his coat and trowsers. There was always the same baggy, shiny appearance at the elbows and knees. Of course he wore no straps, but black gaiters and shoes. Jacob was

a loose hung man, his joints seemed all double, and yet out of joint—you felt as if you could wish to take a bed winch and screw him tighter. When you shook hands with him you seemed to bend his wrist, and his elbow, and his shoulder joint all at once.

His face was somewhat angular too, his nose and chin being painted and peaked, his whiskers wiry and thin, and his whole physiognomy pinched and meagre. His ordinary attire, (and he was seldom extraordinarily attired), was a suit of rusty or *cidevant* black, very brown everywhere but under the arms, where he was in the habit of wiping his pens which acted rather as a black reviver.

We have said that Jacob's infantine relish for the supernatural had been subdued and sobered down by circumstances—still there lurked in every dark nook and cranny of his mind, if such an expression may be pardoned in reference to the mind, still there lurked

many a phantom of his past fancies, the very shadow of a shade. He was too sensible now to lie awake listening for bleeding nuns, he had too much to do with his school and his wife to be poring over idle tales, but the cells of his memory were haunted by the spectres of his former fantasies.

It was not now that he had any belief or any fear in reference to supernatural beings, but he could not get them altogether out of his head.

He did love a good ghost story still, and we confess the same amiable weakness.

Now it chanced upon a certain holiday that Jacob Wright and his wife were invited to spend an evening with an old friend, who lived at a little distance from the country town at which Jacob's academy held out to the younger inhabitants the advantages of polite education.

Jacob having hired a creaking, squeaking conveyance designated "a shay," whose iron bones were everywhere peeping out of their

leathern skin, whose head was crazy, and whose body ricketty, deposited his stout wife therein and squeezed himself in beside her. Mar'm Wright indeed was her husband's better half, and so the springs of the old shay proved, being sadly depressed towards the near wheel.

Mar'm Wright however was well pleased with her position, and glanced with some satisfaction at the *shadow* of their set out—the long legged horse, the spindle shaped wheels, her own bonnet, and her husband's coat tails flutterin out in the wind, for they were all elongated the setting sun, and looked to Jacob's eye u commonly gaunt and spectral.

The day which had been fair and cheerf was getting sour and gloomy, a heavy bank clouds was gathering about the setting s whose languid smile was watery and faint, li the last smile of a man taking a sorrowful d parture, and trying to look cheerful and hap under his affliction.

There was a sorrowful tone in the sigh of the evening wind as it crept through the tops of the trees, and then came down to twist the straws, and dust, and leaves into little whirls on the road.

Jacob was silent, the melancholy mood of nature made him melancholy too—he was thinking over some of his old day dreams.

His wife was silent too. She was thinking what could have become of Master Beazley's small tooth comb.

The sun got lower, the day darker, the shadows longer. The gaunt horse and shay stretched across the common and then vanished for ever—that is, the sun was set.

It was a bleak, bare, dismal looking common, miserably monotonous, nothing to cheer, nothing to exhilarate. Jacob thought of the places of a similar description that had so often formed the scenery for the darker dramas of his imagination. He looked back upon the

reeking dagger and the poisoned bowl. Mar'm Wright looked forward upon the tea and toast in store for them.

It was now that he remembered that his friend's house, was many years ago reported to be haunted!

Haunted! Well, what was that to a married man and a school-master. Psha! he was not going to be such a fool as to give way to such things at his age. Yes, that is all very well, but when a man gets under the powerful spell of old associations, and trains of thought, his will has very little to do with the matter.

Jacob struggled with his rebellious imagination and struggled manfully, but we question much whether he would have come off victorious had it not been for his wife.

He did not indeed tell her of the fancies into which he was falling, he would have submitted to any punishment rather than have laid bare the secrets of his breast for very shame—but

his wife broke in upon his meditations with some topic so utterly common-place and uncongenial to his unworldly musings that it put to flight the phantoms of his imagination as the clapping your hands does a covey of crows.

At length the school-master and his wife, or if you please, the wife and her school-master reached their destination, and as they did so, the storm which seemed to have respected the travellers broke in all its fury. There was a hoarse surliness about the wind which seemed to the vivid imagination of our friend, as though it was out of humour at being delayed so long, and was determined now that it had come to have its blow out. The rain too was of that heavy, spiteful, impetuous character that comes in wild gusts and vicious fits and appears to glory in eluding the defence of its old enemy —an umbrella.

The house of Wright's friend was old and dark and solitary, but there was such a rich

ruddy glow from the crimson-curtained parlor [illegible] that it looked full of light—yes, full to over- [illegible] flowing—you might fancy as you gazed upo [illegible] the dark front, that it was nothing but a hu [illegible] dark lantern, and knock out a brick anywhe [illegible] you would have a stream of light come pouri [illegible] out. So cozey and comfortable did the old place look in the surrounding darkness and the howling storm.

The reception of the Wrights was as warm as any one could wish. You would have thought that Jacob's friend (a burly, big-boned man) would have dislocated every joint in Jacob's body feeling if he was not wet through —and the lady of the house ran off with Mrs. Wright, and brought her down again as dry and warm as could be, her bonnet and cloak exchanged for a cap and handkerchief, the former so full of sunny-looking flowers that they were in a constant tremble at Mrs. Wright's merry tongue and bright laugh.

The coffee was capital—the tea cakes just brown enough, and not too brown—the bu [illegible]ter

ad the slightest tinge of salt to make it relish —and the cream the smallest feeling of butter to make it rich.

In short all the creature comforts were in keeping with the hospitable intent and hearty welcome of the owners.

Meanwhile the storm raved and roared without.

"You can't go home to-night, that's flat," said Wright's friend.

Jabob's heart fell.

"You must stop till to-morrow morning, that's capital."

Jacob would have protested, but he caught his wife's eye fixed upon him with that sort of meaning that husband's alone can read. What a telegraph is a woman's eye when a man (a married man) has become accustomed to the signals. Jacob was by no means a henpecked husband, and yet there was something in Mar'm Wright's eye, that nipped his protest in the bud. He did indeed come out with a refusal,

but it was such a one as only calls for further pressing.

You know as well as possible when a man says "no," that you may urge him to say yes.

Indeed there was something so very comfortable in the circumstances of the present that Jacob felt half inclined to overlook the fact of the house being haunted. Besides it must be admitted that a man full of whimsies like Jacob Wright feels a species of pleasure in the indulgence of his fears. Such we have shown was Jacob's practice as a boy, and though he was now a man, he had some boyish feelings about him. The superstitious enjoy themselves much in the manner described by the poet in reference to a different source of delight.

> "Still as they run, they look behind,
> They hear a voice in every wind,
> And snatch a fearful joy."

Jacob surrendered himself to the happiness of the hour; the circumstance of a supernatural neighbourhood lent a little interest to the place, if the house was haunted he could not help it.

Being just four in company they sat down to a snug rubber. Not a silent, scientific game when a man must not laugh or speak, and the players hate their partners if they play ill, and their adversaries if they play well. No, we mean a good, jocose, sociable rubber—not good play and bad feeling, but bad play and good feeling. Then came supper—just an extempore supper—cold meat and pickles, (capital pickles), mashed potatoes, brownd and so on—what people make up when you drop in unawares, which is the best of all—and then—yes, then.

We feel obliged to enter into these minutiæ as a faithful biographer, for though they be unworthy the dignity of the regular historian they are essential to the sketch of men and manners. Men and manners being things of which your regular historian is often profoundly ignorant. Again there are things which your artist could not venture in an historical piece but which are quite defensible in a Dutch

painting, such are our pickles and potatoes—this is a digression.

Well *then* after supper Wright's friend sisted upon brewing some rum-punch, jus jug, not a bowl you know, but a jug—t under the influence of the rum-punch party were more snug than ever. The la drew chair to chair, and talked of seams skirts, of gussets and gores, and the gentlen drew knee to knee, and talked of tithes taxes, new roads, and old enclosures; and t drawing apart of the parties was unfortuna for it gave Jacob an opportunity to introdu the subject of haunted houses, and thence b natural transition to the present abode.

Jacob's heart thrilled with deep interest he waited for a reply to a searching quest that he had put to his friend, and to which t worthy pursing out his lips merely said—

"Why—I—don't—know—"

"But of your own experience, my g

friend," pursued Jacob, "did you ever find any reason."

"Well, I don't know—I certainly have heard the noise."

"The noise—dear me—what noise?"

"Why you must know that night after night, in the lane behind our palings, for so it seems, there is the noise of—another glass of punch, Jacob?"

"Thank you—yes—but—this noise."

"Why some will have it that its in the house, but I say 'tis in the lane."

"But what sort of noise is it?"

"Why, you know so many men, so many minds, but to my mind 'tis like the noise of a wheelbarrow."

"Bless me! I never heard of such a thing in the whole course of my reading."

"Why no, 'tis something out of the way, but I have heard the sound a hundred times; of course there's some natural cause for it if one could but find it out."

"Yes, of course," said Jacob feeb

"My Misses says it's the rats, an the rats do make strange noises some

"But the most eccentric rats wheel-barrows," said I.

"No, Jacob, they become cat's seldom sell it."

The worthy man said this wit chuckle, but it was not taken up by master, he thought the thing beyond

"But have you any reason to said gravely, "that—that—any deed —any thing mysterious or horribl been done."

"Why a good-natured friend o tell me that a man hanged himself in many years before I took it."

"Ah! bless me that accounts for at once."

"The deuce it does, Jacob. connexion is there between a man

himself, and the noise of a wheel-barrow, or any other noise?"

"No, no," said Jacob blushing, "I mean that accounts for the report of the house being haunted."

"Why yes, our ancestors were mighty fond of such fal lal fancies, Jacob, and had a strange knack of referring the unaccountable to the supernatural, they had their ghosts and goblins in every empty house, their spectres and phantoms in every old churchyard, but we know better now, and the spirits of yore seldom venture into the daylight of modern days. Common sense has laid more ghosts than gallons of holy water."

"Yes," said Jacob abstractedly. "Pray was the man who hanged himself a gardener?"

"Why so, Jacob?"

"Because you know—the wheelbarrow—"

"Ha, ha, very well, Jacob, *very* well."

"He, he, he," sniggered Wright affecting

to join his friend's mirth, but nothing was farther from his mind than a joke. "And so you have often heard the noises?"

"Yes, yes, I've often heard the noise—crea—creak—roll—rumble—it's just like a wheel-barrow, but I know it cannot be one, and so know it isn't one. You see, the lane run between high palings, and so has a hollow ech—and then the wind makes queer noises, an the rats make strange noises—I'm sure ther was a rat used to haunt an old farm hous where I lived, which made such a racket yo might have sworn it was somebody walking u stairs."

"What like the bleeding nun?"

"The bleeding fiddlestick—what d'ye mea, Jacob?"

"Why 'twas an old story that I used to read—not true you know—not true."

"I should think not indeed. Well, sir, my opinion of the mysterious noise is that it pro-

ds from the branch of some tree scraping ainst the top of the palings as it is moved out by the wind."

"Is *that* all," said Jacob, at once relieved d disappointed. Relieved from the incipient prehensions which were beginning to creep to his breast—disappointed in the evapora- n of that interest which was beginning to ach itself to an actually haunted house.

"But this conjecture of yours may not be ne," said he.

"Certainly not, yet it is not a bad conjec- re either, something of the kind it must be— ne cause it must have—whether we can find ut or not."

"But we are not going to be afraid, eh?"

"Afraid, Jacob, I should think not indeed. e school-master has been abroad to little pose, if men are afraid of their own shadows r-a-days."

"School-masters are but men after all," hed Jacob.

The conversation now took a different tur— and though Jacob's mind sometimes reverted the subject, no more was said upon the top— indeed the rum-punch became so effective t— Jacob would have defied a host of ghosts damp his spirits.

The pleasantest hours however pass awa— and punch drinking will not last for ever, bec— time will creep upon the most agreeable even- ing, and inexorable sleep demand its victims.

The open mouthed hints of Mar'm Wright had been for some time thrown away upon her insensible husband, and even when the bed- room candle was lighted, Jacob allowed it to acquire a large, seedy excrescence on the wick as big as a nasturtium, truth to say he was a little nervous about going to bed in a haunted house, but he could defer no longer and with a host of warm wishes for their good repose on the part of their friends, the school-master and his wife went to bed.

Jacob could not but think that the profu—

wishes of the worthy host almost implied a doubt—so easy is it to see suspicious things when we are looking out for them, and—

> Trifles light as air
> Are to the TIMID confirmations strong,
> As proofs of holy writ.

The bed-chamber to which our friends were shown was an old, gloomy, gousty-looking place as any one need to sleep in. The wainscots were worm eaten, the window curtains were dingy and dark, there was timber enough in the bed to build a small sloop. We have slept in such a haunted room, yea, and been kept awake half the night, and have longed to lay the night-walkers with some good red mercurial ointment.

Jacob however had now braced his spirits to the task, he was determined to shake off the influence of idle apprehension, he was in bed long before his wife had half disrobed, and under the power of rum-punch was soon in a

delicious dose. He was a little disturbed by his wife's coming to bed—but having buried his head in a fresh place in the pillow he went off into a dreamy, drowsy, half conscious state again. He was on the debateable land between the borders of sleeping and waking, and might have quietly gone into the former, and thereby escaped all the horrors that awaited him but for his wife.

We do not for a moment impeach the soundness of Ma'rm Wright's good sense, we do not for a moment charge her with anything like a wandering of the imagination, we rather charge the mutton, the mashed potatoes, the toast, the tea cakes. If Mar'm Wright's fancy was in fault it was indigestion, dyspepsia, repletion, any thing but superstition. It cannot however be denied that no sooner was Ma'rm Wright asleep than she became a prey to all sorts of wild vagaries.

She was a tortoise—a tortoise shell cat—a

:—a mountain—a mountain without the cat. e was an extinguisher, a boot-jack, any, and at once. Then she was doing all sorts of possible exploits, swimming in the air, ncing on the sea, making an æriel machine. short she was dreaming one of those uncouth, comfortable dreams which always end with e's falling down some frightful precipice. was so with Mar'm Wright, after walking wn stairs, which were no stairs, and had no steps, and sundry feats of similar ingenuity was going straight up the side of a church ple, which she accomplished well enough, no sooner had she put her foot upon the ther-cock, than the vane turned round with and from that giddy height she—

"Ah!" shrieked Mrs. Wright, with a start shook the very bed beneath her.

"What's the matter, my dear?" cried Jacob wide awake as ever he had been in his life heart beating violently, and his voice vering audibly.

"Lud, Jacob, I have had the queerest dream in the world, nothing but tumbling up, and tumbling down, I never heard the like."

Mrs. Wright turned on t'other side and went to sleep again. Not so Jacob, he was now so thoroughly aroused that slumber seemed entirely banished from his eyelids. Startled out of the drowsiness of rum-punch he now felt nothing but its fever. All the sounds of wheelbarrows, rats, creaking trees, and crazy palings in the world could not have kept him awake more effectually than his own excited state of mind. He tossed, he tumbled, shut his eyes as tight as if *that* would have forced him to sleep. He went through the alphabet half a score of times. Counted a hundred till he was tired, but all in vain, repose was out of the question, and he gave himself up to all the uneasiness of his situation. He was in a haunted house, *he* Jacob Wright, the ghost-ridden, the spectre-fancier, the connoiseur in

ts of diabolical knowledge. He who had
rake listening for a bleeding nun. He
hamed to arouse his wife, he could frame
use for doing so, and there he lay, count-
e clock when it struck, and it struck more
nce or twice during the time he was

He had been startled several times by
e like the rustling of his bed-curtains,
ken courage to look out to see if any
(or soul) was sitting in the room. At
from tossing and twisting about he
e so feverish that irritation well nigh
me apprehension, and he resolved, by a
is effort, at once to shake off his fear, and
iis fever. He was actually intrepid
i to get out of bed. A fig for ghosts
blins they were only idle fancies after
Ie applied to the water caraffe, and took
refreshful draught. Nay, so bold was
ome that still more effectually to cool
he went to the window, and putting

the blind a little aside peeped out into the pale moonlight.

By this time the storm had entirely subsided and the moon was wading through a heavy bed of clouds giving a fitful and uncertain light.

At this particular moment Mrs. Wright awoke. She saw a tall, white figure at the window.

"What's that, what's that?" she cried impressively.

Jacob darted across the room and was in bed in a moment, his head securely buried in the bolster.

"Jacob—Jacob—was that you!" said Mrs. Wright.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Jacob.

And from that hour to this Jacob never has known.

At the conclusion of the tale every body

vowed they were wide awake, though Miss Phœbe Singleton enquired if the school-master had ever got married after all—but the languor of the summer afternoon, the dinner and the wine was now over, and the gents were in case to pull the party home again, and laugh and chaff and be as merry as crickets to the end of the day.

AN OLD MAID'S PARTY.

It was a pity so pleasant a party should be so soon dispersed, and Miss Phœbe Singleton insisted upon their all spending the following evening at her house, a proposition which did more credit to the good lady's hospitality than her discretion, seeing that her little parlour were hardly large enough for the purpose, but it is thought that the good doctor's good wine had made some little innovations on her brain

and her heart was always large enough, quite large enough to have carried double had fortune so favored it.

Allan Netherby was persuaded to stay over the said party night at the village of Ashburnham, taking up his quarters with the Count, for whom notwithstanding all his eccentrcities he had conceived no slight regard.

Allan studiously avoided any communication with his old associate Spofforth, whose inheritance of the Latimer property was a sore subject on all hands. Instead therefore of calling at Rose Mount, Allan strolled out with Bundledoff on the morning of his sojourn in the village. During the course of their conversation, Allan incidentally mentioned the name of his friend and foster father, if we may so term him, Mr. Jenkinson of Euston Square.

Bundledoff started at the name, and hastily admitted that the gentleman in question was his cousin—his cousin!

Allan saw that his new friend was confused, and endeavoured at once to change the subject, he was shrewd enough to perceive that to press him on the point would be unpleasant, and he therefore forebore—but he knew that Mr. Jenkinson had no cousin of the name of Bundledoff, that he had indeed no "foreign relations" at all.

He knew moreover the mysterious matter of Mr. Jenkinson's cousin Terry O'Sullivin, and by comparing circumstances he came to the conclusion that Terry O'Sullivin and Count Bundledoff were one and the same person, and as Allan's shrewdness and penetration has discovered a fact, which of course the reader never could have conjectured, we will even admit the fact, and let the reader make the most of it.

Allan amused Miss Latimer in the afternoon with an account of his discovery, and they employed themselves in manifold speculations

upon the Count's purpose in assuming such a singular disguise.

It is a very remarkable thing that the family in Euston Square should never have been mentioned by the Count or his companions and friends. The dandy indeed had carefully avoided the mention of them, because he was in the habit of borrowing money of Mr. Jenkinson, and he would not introduce the Count to so convenient an acquaintance lest he might attempt the same feat. Something of a similar feeling actuated Bundledoff, not indeed that he had ever borrowed, or hoped to borrow money of his cousins, but as he was not very proud of the dandy's acquaintance, and as he did not know what sort of people his cousins might be, he thought it most advisable not to introduce Spofforth to them, even when he should obtain an opportunity to do so, which opportunity seemed as far off as ever, so he resolved not to mention their names. With the other parties to whom the Jenkinsons were known this

silence was accidental. To Dr. Godwin indeed, the family in Euston Square were not well known, he only knew them as friends of the Latimers and Spofforth, and as little allusion was made at any time to so painful a topic as the Latimers and Spofforth, it is the less surprising that the name of the Jenkinsons should not be introduced—lastly to Fanny the name of Allan Netherby was connected with the Jenkinsons, and therefore it was natural enough that she should not allude to them. Thus then have we given some reasons for a seeming improbability which after all is not an uncommon case—for we are acquainted with a man for years, and utterly ignorant that he is intimate with an intimate friend of ours until some accident reveals the fact, and then we mutually exclaim in the expressive words of the poet—

"Who'd have thought it!"

The eventful night arrived big with the fate

of Miss Phœbe's party. The whole neighbourhood was laid under contribution for loans of wine glasses, tea-cups, tumblers, and teaspoons. The sandwiches were cut early in the afternoon, and so curled up at the corners into most formidable dog's ears—the custards were made in all sorts of uncouth glasses, the tarts fitted into all kinds of funny shaped dishes, and there was an evident make-shift in all the arrangement which contrasted strangely with the well appointed soirée of our former friends the Figginses, and yet while the Figginses *soirées* gave universal dissatisfaction, Miss Phœbe's party was sure to please.

Because why. The Figginses *soirées* were hollow, and false-faced, and fashionable, while Miss Phœbe's party had the *heart* in it—and the *heart* makes up for manifold deficiencies.

We have said that Miss Phœbe had been betrayed by a little over excitement into her invitations, but she did not regret now, not she. She felt quite proud of her display, and when

she had lighted up a small chalky looking ruin with colored glass windows on the mantel-piece, she felt prepared to receive all comers.

Dr. Godwin's hilarious laugh was enough to make any party agreeable, and when he and his wife, and Fanny Latimer, and Allan, and the Count made their appearance Miss Phœbe's triumph was complete.

The parties alluded to were the first arrivals for at Miss Phœbe's, people all wished to be *first* not *last* like the Figginses, indeed after the first arrival the company came in a body, and there was so much good humour and good feeling that it would have been worth any man's while to "walk fifty miles a foot" to have seen so many people "pleased they knew not why, and cared not wherefore."

After supper, which was a very agreeable one, for all the dog's eared sandwiches, the song went round, and the jest and the light peal of laughter. Fanny sang so sweetly as to make Allan's ears burn, and his heart bound—and

as Phœbe's nephew in default of a song
unteered "Collin's Ode to the Passions,"
ough the whole of which he went in a
notone of profound gravity and sublime
vness, the company cursing his memory
st devoutly—and then Allan mischievously
le a speech in honor of Ireland—for which
ant Bundledoff arose up and returned
nks.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SHAWL.

This handkerchief
Was by an Egyptian to my mother given.
SHAKESPEARE.

Lucy Atherly had lost that elasticity of spirit and that bounding lightness of step, which is so often symptomatic of the former, by her residence in London. She had become the prey

lisappointment, and vexation, and alarm, a ırn to her native hills would no doubt re- r the roses in her fair cheeks, nor was it sible for the frequent tear to dim the bril- ıce of her bright eyes, still she was not the ıe cheerful looking Lucy Atherly, who had tted gaily, but simply and artlessly with ınt Bundledoff upon the London coach.

Could the Count have seen her indeed, it ght have been with redoubled interest, but ere regret, she looked so much less happy, much more interesting. The annoyance l persecution of the two coarse bullies, bbs and Smith, was not indeed the sole se of this anxiety on the part of Lucy. ese worthies from a sense of personal fear ore to offer Lucy frequent annoyance, they e afraid that she might appeal to the pro- ion of the police, and that they should by means fall into some unpleasant dilemma. heir persecution was confined to meeting

her occasionally in the road, and walking b[illegible] hind her; at a distance indeed, so as to avo[illegible] the charge of absolute annoyance, and to secu[illegible] escape in case of such charge, but sufficientl[illegible] near to make her sensible of their presence, an[illegible] to give her cause of much anxiety and alarm[illegible] This we say was not the sole cause of Lucy[illegible] anxiety, she lost the support and countenanc[illegible] of Mrs. Figgins, and her connexion.

Mrs. Figgins was one of those mean-souled[illegible] little-minded personages who can retaliate upo[illegible] the innocent the wrongs they suffer, or suppo[illegible] themselves to suffer, from the guilty. Luc[illegible] was in some degree connected with the Coun[illegible] by him she had been introduced to Mrs. Figgins— he expressed great interest in her, warm admir[illegible] tion for her, and no sooner had the Figgi[illegible] family been induced to cut the Count than th[illegible] took a violent antipathy against Lucy Ather[illegible] Alas! evil opinion is propagated as easily the plague, and no sooner had Mrs. Fig[illegible]

taken a dislike to Lucy Atherly, than she began to innoculate her friends with whom Lucy was becoming a favorite. Mrs. Figgins indeed had nothing to say against Lucy, she had invariably behaved with uniform propriety, civility and taste, but the grand lady had in store a whole magazine of hints and inuendoes for such occasions, weapons more dangerous than open allegations, because they cannot so easily be met with honest defence.

Mrs. Figgins then was base enough to open this odious system of attack upon the unoffending girl, making even her introduction by the Count a subject of sarcasm and suspicion. The consequence of this unladylike, or what is worse unwomanly persecution, was soon perceived by Lucy in the falling off of her employment, and the consequent diminution of her means of support. She endeavoured indeed to reduce her expenditure, but this was hardly possible, and she was often obliged to

remain in arrears to her landlady, energetic employment of that worthy tongue. The forbearance of the l might indeed have been greater had been the laundress of young Latimer, was not the case.

After the extraordinary disposal of h property, and the failure of his pros that quarter, young Latimer had com resolution to break off his former ha associations as imcompatible with his fortunes. He was not indeed an ext or imprudent young man, but he had the full amount of his small annuity, could not but reflect that it was quit quate to his settling in life, advanc interests, or even aiding his sister sh ever stand in need of his assistance. these views he determined to bend his to some profession, and though it wa what late in life to begin upon such a

yet as he had received a classical education it would not perhaps be too late to turn his attention to the law. Moved by these considerations, he determined to break off his former associations, and though he still resided in the outskirts of London, he quitted the Albany and its vicinity.

As it was of course quite unnecessary to explain these things to his laundress he merely declined his employment of her, and was accordingly lost to her knowledge, and to that of Lucy Atherly. This we say rendered the verbose lady less inclined to favor Lucy than she might have been had the poor sempstress continued a protegée of a valuable customer. Young Latimer did not indeed dismiss his laundress without a kind enquiry after Lucy, but when he heard a good account of her prosperity, (the ungenerous conduct of Mrs. Figgins not having at that time effected its insidious purpose) he did not feel himself called

upon to make any further interference on her behalf.

Perhaps it will be thought that the Count might have taken some notice of his former protegée, and that it was not quite consistent with his warmth of feeling and generosity of nature not to do so, but besides that we have deprecated any charge of the sort upon a man so confessedly inconsistent as the Count, we must rebut the charge by citing another instance of inconsistency on his part. We have indeed admitted and deplored the constitutional (not to say national) imprudence of the Count, yet his behaviour towards Lucy Atherly was as prudent as it was praiseworthy. Indeed the Count if he had not much prudence had a good deal of delicacy of feeling. He had observed the embarrassment of the poor girl in her intercourse with him, and he had felt an inclination to compare her with Miss Figgis and others which he had some difficulty

resisting. The very idea of falling in love with Lucy Atherly was absurd, and in short it was well to keep out of her company, Had the Count indeed known of her distress and anxiety—but he did not, so it's of no use putting the case.

Distressed beyond measure with the situation of her affairs, Lucy endeavoured to discover the address of young Latimer, she even ventured to make some enquiries after the Count, but all to no purpose, and she returned to her humble lodging a prey to the most poignant anxiety. She had hardly done so when her landlady followed her up stairs, and knocked at the door, but waiting for no answer to the summons entered the room.

"Now then, young 'ooman, if *you* please," said the vixenish little person, assuming that air of intense patience which, when evidently assumed, is so provoking, "now if *you* please Miss, I have come for that little matter of rent

as is due to me to make up mine, 'c
see if folks don't pay up their debts
time, how is other folks to make up t

" I am very sorry," began poor Lu

" Yes, and so am I very sorry," in
the dame, " very sorry that I ever
doors darkened by the likes of
sorrow don't salt no herrings, and
going to be done out of my due be
are very sorry—so if you please I'll
what you owe me, and no more
nonsense."

" My good woman," began Lucy s

" Who the deuce do you call good
screamed the landlady, " no more
woman than yourself. Hoity-toity,
and graces forsooth to come into
houses, picked up by young fellows, a
Counts, and give ourself as much flir
as the Queen of England, and end
one's betters ' good woman.'

"Well but indeed I did not mean to offend."

"O, no offence, Miss, none in life, jist you pay me my money and I shan't be offended."

"I will pay you as soon as I possibly can."

"And I am to live as I possibly can I suppose, but that ain't the sort of life that I likes — my money I must have, and if you don't pay me now you must be made, and moreover I gives you warning, here you don't stay no longer."

"But where am I to go—what am I to do. If you turn me out of doors I cannot find a roof to shelter me—I must lie down and die in the streets."

"Oh, that ain't no concern of mine, that's altogether your look out, I didn't promise to pervide you a lodging no longer than you could pay one for one, and supposing you do die in the streets why I shan't be called upon to bury you—what I wants is my own young 'ooman—

my own—and every one has a right to their own. If I was to set myself to think what was to become of every one as hadn't nobody to help 'em I should have enough to do. That ain't the way of the world young 'ooman and so you will find." (The creature was right, the world still replicates the fell words—"Am I my brother's keeper?")

"But if you will only tell me what I can do," said poor Lucy—"if you will only give me your advice and assistance."

"Oh, as to assistance, there ain't no call to do that, because I know what that means—that's lending money, there ain't any other assistance but lending money, and it's no use lending money, because people as have got it don't want it, and people as haven't got it goes to prison."

"But you never mean to say that you will send me to prison. I am sure I should not have acted so by you had we changed situations."

"Oh, as to changing situations, there ain't call to talk about that—if you had taken a od situation at first, may be you mightn't ve been in my debt."

"But do pray, my dear Madam."

"Well as to praying, that ain't much in my e, I think paying is better than praying, *I* and it's 'dear Madam' now forsooth—but I ll you, young 'ooman, sweet words don't 'eeten no pudding, so you jist give me my oney, and keep your sweet words to your- lf."

"But what am I to do," said poor Lucy, "I lly have got no money."

"Well then, I suppose you knows the way your uncle's—don't you—you've been there re I dare say."

"My uncle's! I assure you, Madam, I have no uncle, I have no friends, no relations in world to help me. I am utterly destitute d miserable."

"Well, there ain't no call to cry, because you see that won't pay me my money, and don't you make believe not to understand me, because you see that won't pass—you must go to your uncle's, I tell you—to the pop shop—the pawn-broker's, young 'ooman."

"Oh, I do understand you now, but what should I do there? I have nothing to raise money upon."

"Why, what do you call that there shawl—good enough for any lady of the land I don't know where you got such a shawl, I dont."

"That shawl belonged to my mother, Madam, and I would rather beg my bread than part with it."

"Why then you must beg your bread, and part with your shawl too—here's confounded imperence, your mother didn't ought to let you wear such a thing, when you can't pay for your

lodging, and so I will tell her if ever I come anighst her."

"That you cannot do," said Lucy weeping bitterly, "for she is an angel in heaven."

"Oh, that alters the case—I don't want to have anything to do with angels in heaven, I don't. If she was a respectable person on earth, and would pay your debts, it would suit me better."

"I beg you will speak no more of her," said Lucy. "Had she been alive I should not have been left thus to utter destitution."

"Well, that ain't no business of mine, but about this shawl."

"How can I possibly part with her shawl," said Lucy.

"Oh quite easy—angels in heaven don't wear no shawls, and I am sure old Balls at the corner would stump up upon it."

"Would do what, Madam?"

"Why, lend you the money to pay n due, Miss, if *that's* plain English."

"But that is not the question," quotl Lucy, "how can you suppose me so hea so lost to common feeling and affection as my mother's shawl?"

"Well, if that don't beat all," crie virago, "if she was alive and wanted should say there was some sense in your loath to part with it, but what the deuce dead 'ooman do with a shawl—that's it is?"

"I cannot—I cannot part with it,' Lucy, "my heart would burst before I do so."

"Oh hearts ain't so soon bursted a think for—many a young un like you has about their hearts bursting at first, th alive and merry years arterwards."

"But I cannot make up my mind t with it."

"Why then can't you get some money out of them two young genuses as comes to call sometimes. I see 'em at the top of the street after you come home the other night."

A tear drop was glittering on the eyelash of Lucy Atherly, but at these words she dashed it indignantly away, the color rose to her brow, and she drew herself up as she said—

"Have a little patience, good woman, and you shall receive your rent."

So saying she snatched up the shawl which had been the subject of debate, and prepared to leave the room. There was something in the eye and the port of the farmer's daughter which commanded and enforced respect—yea, which extorted a certain degree of deference from the vulgar-souled and insensible woman with whom she had been conversing. She emed suddenly changed from the meek and ntle country maiden to the high-spirited and ble-minded woman, firm in step, and steady

a carriage, dignified by the integrity of her intentions, ennobled by the determination to act and to endure. The woman made way for her to pass, and she left the room and the house.

It was a cold, dull, autumnal evening, with frequent gusts of wind and rain—the former howling with chilling blasts around the street corners—and the latter plashing with fitful bursts in the puddles which were so common on that broken and uneven pavement. The few oil lamps which blinked and shivered the wind shed but a feeble light upon that po remote neighbourhood for the splendid sour of illumination which was being concocted the immediate vicinity was carried off mighty iron pipes to gladden and enlighten more fortunate neighbourhood.

Living immediately behind a splendid g work, enduring the "darkness visible" of th blinking lamps, was something like the h

fate of the starving peasantry, reaping the overflowing harvest of a luxurious and inexorable lord.

Lucy wended her disconsolate way through several small streets, heedless of the cold, though she had no extra covering upon her shoulders — the shawl was in her hand. At length she stopped before a corner house — a handsome stuccoed structure forming a striking and most unpleasing contrast to the houses all around; standing alone in its magnificence, amid the low squalid-looking, darksome dwellings of the neighbourhood as though it was increased and beautified, had grown fat and flourishing at their expense—and so indeed it had.

This house lacked no illumination — the lower story was a blaze of light, and gleamed with plate and gems and jewellery—at which through a strong iron wire-work, and large panes of glass peeped many a ragged imp

of poverty while the upper floors had each sufficient light in them to display a series of racks and shelves laden with property of various description. The house seemed gorged with goods of one sort or another which had been accumulated from the dire necessity of the neighbourhood. There was but one house as grand as this same corner shop in the whole neighbourhood, and that was a magnificent gin palace, the frequenters of which were also constant customers at the corner shop.

Lucy gazed up at the three golden balls which surmounted the door way, as at an object which she had been accustomed to consider as omen of evil. She paused upon the large, flat step of the door, while her pulse fluttered, and her heart sank within her. The very name of a pawnbroker's was associated in her mind with disgrace and destitution, but her resolution soon returned, she had made up her mind what to do, and she proceeded to do it.

It is this abominable making up your mind upon a painful alternative which is so painful, acting upon your decision is comparatively easy.

The massive doorway swung upon a spring, yielding indeed to a slight push, but closing after you with a force that required some exertion of strength to pull it open from the inside, and Lucy felt when she had entered as though she had been caught in a cage—indeed the contrivance of the door seemed to her not unlike that of a mouse trap, where any of the little victims can get in, but none get out. Nor was Lucy reassured by the series of boxes into which she successively peeped—alas! all full.

This seeming attempt at privacy suggested the idea of shame and added to the poor's girl embarrassment.

At length attended to by one of the pert, supercilious shopmen, who had dismissed his

more clamorous customers, Lucy with trembling hand displayed her property. She was astonished at the paltry sum placed on it by the pawnbroker—that shawl—her *mother's* shawl. How hard it is to separate the amount of one's associations from the intrinsic value of a thing. Lucy did not consider either, that it was the man's business to depreciate and undervalue the articles submitted to his inspection, and she was therefore highly indignant at the price put upon her shawl. She forgot that the sum specified was nominally but a loan—she knew not that he had named an insignificant sum in expectation of a haggle. Her indignation did not however find vent in words, but in tears, she opposed nothing but silence to the man's loquacity—mechanically accepted the money, and would have departed without the ticket if the shopman had not called her back again.

Lucy thought of little else on the way

her lodging, but the indignity done to her ther's shawl, she was however firm of purse, and when she returned she summoned the tle vixenish landlady to her chamber, and d upon the table before her, the full amount the rent which was her due.

" Oh, there warn't no call to go and get the ney to-night, my dear," said that artless and nple minded individual. " I didn't mean to r but what you might have stopped here as ng as you liked, I'm sure I didn't go to be unril to you—least-ways, you see it was more respect of your not getting into debt, which u might find it hard to pay, that I spoke—l people like me didn't ought to let young es run too far into debt, (this here tanner ks rather brummy), and it's no kindness to n to do it. Come cheer up—I've got a bit of ed mutton down stairs, and you shall have ne for your supper."

" I had much rather not, thank you," said cy.

"Well, please yourself," quoth the dame, "I am sure you should ha' been quite welcome to it. Well, good night, my love—don't take on so, but go to bed and forget it."

With that the old woman left the room. "She was struck with Lucy's distress, and sorry for her own unkindness"—says the young, soft-hearted reader. Not a bit of it, my tender juvenile. No—she little thought what a trifling sum Lucy had received upon her shawl, and supposed that she had the amount of several weeks lodging in her pocket.

Save a very few shillings the landlady had received the whole amount of Lucy's loan upon the shawl, and the poor girl stood half stupified with the miserable position of her affairs buried for a time in deep and anxious thought.

At length however her mind was made up, and starting as from a dream, she gathered together the very few articles of dress which she

still retained, made them up into a small bundle, and after committing herself to the care of One who cares for all, she threw herself dressed as she was upon her lowly bed.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FLIGHT.

"I'll gang na mair to yon toon."

It was in the early dawn of an October morning, when the streets were full of mist and the lamp light was struggling with the daylight, that Lucy Atherly awoke and arose from her humble pallet. She had not undressed herself

the preceding night, and therefore she was dy at once to snatch up her little bundle and ly forth. She crept with steady step and eless tread down the narrow stair, for she olutely dreaded to arouse the coarse and gar-minded woman whose lodger she had n. Inexperienced and unaccustomed to the ys of the world, she had some vague notion t the woman would detain her—that she ght found some false or trifling charge which uld prove an obstacle to a scheme which cy had now determined upon, and upon ich, though an arduous and formidable un-taking she was now fully bent. Had Lucy used to consider, she must have known that e woman could have no control over the edom of her actions—it was a mere *feeling* difficulty, but it was so strong, that when e had crept quietly down stairs, and gently ened, and cautiously closed the front door, e felt as powerful a sensation of enfranchise-

ment as though she had escaped from New-gate.

In the same spirit she paced, with no little trepidation, the small street in which she had resided, and it was not until she had traversed a considerable distance of the contiguous road that she began to breathe freely and step firmly and feel an elation of spirits as if she had succeeded in accomplishing some difficult and important escape.

This triumphant emotion accompanied her during the whole of her walk down the Vauxhall road she absolutely gloried in the idea that she was taking a last look of that odious old iron, and it was not until she had turned into the fine esplanade of Grosvenor Place, that she felt her spirit sink in the prospect of fatigue and difficulty that lay before her.

Stung by the sarcasm of her landlady—hopeless, helpless, friendless, penniless, she had resolved to quit London, and to throw herself

upon the mercy of her relatives in Oxfordshire. She did not know the distance—she did not know the way—she had not money enough to pay for any means of conveyance—all she knew was, that she had come in from the West, and her native country lay somewhere out that way. She knew the way to Oxford-street, and the name of Oxford-street suggested to her that it was the way to Oxfordshire, and so she walked steadily along Park-lane, for Hyde Park was not yet open, and when she reached the end of it, seeing trees to the left, she turned that way.

The night fog was now dispersing, and one of those calm, still, sunny days which mark the end of Autumn was opening upon the world. The sun, indeed, had not yet arisen, but it was broad daylight, and the lamp-lighter was running about Oxford-street extinguishing the gas.

Lucy longed for a cup of coffee which an

old woman was serving to a knot of labourers at the corner of the Edgeware road; but she durst not venture to join their party--one obstacle consisting in a singular fear which she entertained that any one should ask her how far she was going.

Large as London is, it is a small place compared with the country, it occupies a trifling portion of the map of England, and yet Lucy felt quite at home in the country as compared with London. London seemed to her an endless wilderness of brick and mortar, but green trees, and stiles, and hedges were old friends, and gave her that same sort of home feeling which is attached to the presence of one's friends rather than to any precise locality.

Lucy was glad when she had left those new rows of palaces behind her, and passed through Bayswater, and gazed for a moment from the brow of Notting Hill upon the expanse of country opened out before her. The foliage

had assumed its fine autumnal tints, and varied from the lightest yellow to the darkest brown or crimson.

The sun was now shedding its sweetest, softest beams; early and fresh they seemed to twinkle in the dew-drops with peculiar cheerfulness, and Lucy as she gazed upon the scene felt absolutely happy. She forgot the darkness and misery of the past, the uncertainty and anxiety of the future, and felt soothed and composed by the quietude of the present.

Lucy, however, had no time to lose in looking at prospects, whether material or intellectual, and she walked steadily on until she arrived at the pretty little village of Acton, where having obtained a small loaf and butter, and meeting with a dairy-maid of whom she procured a draught of milk, she made her breakfast with a relish, we might almost venture to say unequalled at any *dejeunèr a la fourchette* that ever was placed upon a royal

table. It was now near two hours since Luc[illegible] left her humble abode, and two hours and a[illegible] or seven miles is better than the best sauc[illegible] piquant, or imperial zest that ever was i[illegible] vented.

Lucy's pavillion was the huge arms of [illegible] old elm, her carpet the greensward while sh[illegible] wanted not enchanting minstrelsy to enlive[illegible] her meal for there was a lark high up overhea[illegible] who poured down a stream of melody tha[illegible] made the ear tingle and the heart rejoice.

Our heroine, for with that title we may a[illegible] present dignify her. Our heroine having finished her repast proceeded on her way. I[illegible] is not your violent and fitful exertion that ac[illegible] complishes an object in this world, it is your persevering and unwavering energy that does the business. Lucy did not walk fast but steadily, mile after mile did she plod on her way—stone after stone appearing to encourage her, till at last she came to look on them as old

friends—friends standing by the way side to give her a smile of recognition and say, "there, you've past another mile on your weary walk." The mile-stones were the best friends that poor Lucy met with. Indeed she shunned all others, a chance passenger sometimes overtook her, and walked some way by her side, but to none would she confess the distance that she proposed to travel. She felt an extraordinary amount of diffidence on this score, and if she gave any reply at all to the enquiry where she was going she only mentioned the nearest town on the road. Once indeed she was annoyed and alarmed by the company of a tall artilleryman, who almost perforce would carry her bundle, and treat her to a glass of ale—but there was something so gleeful and joyous in his manner that Lucy could not but think if the poor fellow should steal her little bundle how disappointed he would be. He left her, however at the little country town of Beacons-

field, to which place he was going as he said to see his mother, and beyond which he had no idea that she was going to walk.

Lucy had now travelled twenty-three miles from London, it was two o'clock in the day when she arrived at the small market-town alluded to, and a couple of hours at least were necessary to recruit her wearied frame.

Here then she stayed for two hours, and made a hearty, though a homely meal. The hostess of the small road-side inn where she stopped, a garulous, good-humoured woman, contrived to extract from the tired traveller a confession of the truth, as it regarded the journey which she had in view. The good dame lifted up her hands and eyes with astonishment and horror, *she* had never been above five miles from Beaconsfield in her life. Lucy had selected one of the smallest, humblest looking ale houses by the wayside. She was repaid for her sagacity—the good woman

d her to stop there that night, hinting
ıch a bed as she could give should cost
thing, but Lucy was too anxious to be
r on her way, and took her leave of the
y landlady, who refused to receive any
eration for the wayfarer's meal. It is
e find in the quiet bye ways of human
s of genuine kindness and benevolence,
are hidden entirely from the eye of
ıtion. They who have little to give,
that little with a freedom and good-will
would shame your ample contributions
ıstentatious charity.

ı kindness on the part of the landlady
ıed most opportunely, for Lucy was be-
g to feel no little anxiety as to the ex-
ıre of her small stock of money, and the
ng query arose in her mind as to the pos-
of travelling so far on such a store.
hat re-assured however she started again
four o'clock, not a little anxious indeed

about the declining day, but determined to get as far as possible on the first.

It was a glorious evening, as still and calm as it is often found towards the end of autumn. Lucy soon entered the fine fertile valley in which the pretty town of High Wycombe is situated, and among the high hills and dusky woods, and that fine crystal streamlet which meanders so charmingly through that pleasant valley, she felt quite peaceful and happy.

As the shades of evening fell upon the face of nature, Lucy left the town of High Wycombe behind her, and took up her abode for the night in a small inn, two and thirty miles from the great metropolis.

Lucy tarried not to breakfast on the following morning, but though she set out with alacrity, she found that bodily fatigue was not to be entirely overcome by energy of mind. She felt the effects of her yesterday's exertion, and when Stoken Church hill arose before her

she found the influence of despondency creeping upon her mind.

She had found little if any difficulty in her ignorance of the way, for at first when she came to two roads she took the larger one, and latterly the hand posts guided her to the towns, with the names of which she had become familiar.

A slight repast by the way side, a walk of a few miles through woods and commons, and Lucy stood on that side of Stoken Church hill, the summit of which commands the County of Oxfordshire.

She gazed for some time on the wide extended prospect stretched out in its beauty before her; but even as she gazed, the heavy clouds came darkening the face of the skies, and the thick mist creeping over distant plains, and warned by the changing weather, our traveller proceeded at a more rapid pace than she had hitherto attempted.

The descent of the hill too urged on her quickening step, until she came, exhausted and fatigued—more exhausted and fatigued than she had been with the whole of her yesterday's walk to the level country, at the bottom of the hill.

By this time the gathering clouds had obscured the whole of the sky, and before Lucy had walked another mile it began to rain in that steady, sober, serious way, which makes you think that it has made up its mind to pour and will not by any arguments of yours be diverted from its purpose.

Lucy was soon drenched to the skin, her shoes giving out at every step a little jet of water, while the road became heavy and more heavy as she plodded through the mud.

Utterly exhausted, she was compelled to creep into a barn, where upon a truss of straw she fell asleep. Somewhat resuscitated by this repose she started again, but the rain con-

tinued to pour, and she had no alternative but to proceed—she had not money enough to pay for a coach.

The whole day did poor Lucy walk miserably on, but so slowly that she did not accomplish more than two and twenty miles before night-fal, and when she had stolen like a guilty thing through Oxford, dreading and shunning the eye of man, she sought repose and shelter in an obscure inn, utterly exhausted, tired, and miserable.

Careful as Lucy had been of her small stock of money, she had now so little left that she knew it was quite impossible for her to spend another night on the road, indeed she had barely sufficient to procure subsistence for the day, and when she endeavoured to arise racking pains shot through her frame the consequence of the weather she had experienced.

By a severe exertion both of moral and bodily power, however, she arose and addressed

herself to her difficult task. She set out upon her journey, and after walking some way found that the pains in her body and limbs gave way before the restorative process of exercise and heat. Another source of misery however was exchanged for that to which we have alluded. Her shoes having been saturated with moisture on the preceding day, were now dried into the hardness of iron, and her feet were soon severely lacerated—twenty miles had poor Lucy to walk in iron shoes. Not a mile did she accomplish without being obliged to *stop* awhile and sit to rest herself, the endeavour also to save her feet made her walk in such a manner as added intolerably to her fatigue, and long before she had accomplished her task she felt as though she could not drag her heavy limbs another mile.

She had now however got among the Oxfordshire hills, and as the time approached when she should have to throw herself upon the

eaded step-father, the anxiety
eased to such an extent as well
her sense of bodily weakness.
awing in upon the third day
ndon, when she came in sight
n house where she was born
may almost say she had *en-*
ice.

l as she laid her hand upon the
he saw her step-father sitting
oking his pipe. One of his
is in the garden, was however
ucy, a girl of some fourteen or
and clasping her around the
with eyes and tongue her joy
back again.

ever she was rebuked in no
by her father, whose salutation
nsisted in the words—
euce do you want here?"
body, and distressed in mind,

Lucy felt her trembling limbs totter beneath her, and but that she clung to the little gate near which she remained standing for support, she must have fallen. Heart-sick and spirit-broken she lifted an imploring eye to the face of the stern farmer—she might as well have appealed to the tenderness of the nether mill-stone. All that the man thought of was how far he might be compelled to afford subsistence to his step-daughter—perhaps if he had looked upon Lucy merely as a suppliant, and not claimant on his purse, he might have been little mollified, we hope for the honor of human nature that it was so—howbeit the man thought of nothing now but the extent to which he might be liable for the support of poor Lucy, and being determined to do nothing but what he was absolutely forced to do, he pushed his child into the house, and with an unmitigated execration upon poor Lucy slammed the door.

Fortunately a neighbour was just passing, to whom Lucy was not unknown, and with this man, who compassionated her case, and supported her to a green bank hard by, she took counsel for her future conduct.

From him she quickly learned that *John* was married, a circumstance however that excited only indignation, not regret; and Lucy's only resource even for a night's lodging was the affection of an old woman in the village, who had nursed and tended her as an infant, and watched over through a dangerous illness, and so saved her life.

Nurse Trumper was one of those perfect specimens of the old country fashion of red cloak and black bonnet, and blue gingham gown and apron—how she was supported we have not the least remote idea, but she was supported somehow, and so is the sparrow even in a hard winter. She had one of those smallest of English cottages which somehow retain an air

of comfort and seclusion amid perfect poverty. We never could find out the cause, but there is something in English rusticity very different from any other, and the meanest of English huts seldom displays the squalor, and penury, and abject discomfort of those of any other parts of the United Kingdom. The smallest and the poorest of cottages was that of Nurse Trumper, but it was always superlatively clean, and perhaps *that* was the cause of the peculiarity above alluded to.

Conducted to this humble abode by the man who had volunteered his aid to Lucy Atherly—a farm servant, with a stolid face, and a hand as hard as horn, but a heart in the right place—conducted to this humble abode at her request—the poor girl sank exhausted on the threshold, and it was a considerable time before she recovered from a fainting fit into which she had fallen.

When she did so recover it was to receive the kindest of kind welcomes from poor Nurse

Trumper, who told her with tears of joy rolling down her furrowed cheeks, that she should be heartily welcome to all that her cottage afforded —the poor woman forgetting in the fulness of her heart that the said cottage literally afforded nothing. Nurse Trumper was just one of those specimens of the heart of a prince lodged in the bosom of a peasant which makes one wish that fortune were not blind, but fell a little more frequently to the deserving.

The old woman however set out as soon as she could leave her invalid, and, though she made it her boast that she had never begged a morsel for herself, laid the whole neighbourhood under contribution for Lucy Atherly.

The brutality of farmer Muggins was in itself a plea among the kind hearts of the vicinity—and our heroine, so to speak, found occupation and subsistence through the hard months of the following winter from the commiseration of the gentry and the yeomanry of the neighbourhood. Thus was she rather a support

than a burden to honest Nurse Trumper, who reaped an abundant harvest of blessing for her beneficence—while the finger of scorn was pointed in derision and disgust at farmer Muggins and the faithless John.

THE END OF VOL. II.

T. C. Newby, Printer, 72, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square.

THE MYSTERIOUS MAN.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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1844.

THE MYSTERIOUS MAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE CONSULTATION.

Two heads are better than one.

Successful villany is one of the most seductive things in the world, hence it is that great criminals generally get punished in the end, and frequently their ultimate detection arises

from some act of the grossest imprudence some act of impetuosity and infatuation which would have disgraced the understanding of a child.

Successful villany begets in its perpetrators an idea of impunition, which in time makes them careless and confident, and they go on from bad to worse. So that the most fortunate thing perhaps which can befal an offender is to be detected after a first offence.

Old Marks had succeeded so well in obtaining from Spofforth his own, and all that he claimed as his own, that he became rapacious and insatiable; he had the means of extortion in his possession, and he determined to use them.

In a former part of this history it was recorded how Messrs. Marks and Silvereel contrived to delay their appearance at Rose Mount until it was too late to make the old lady's will; and we have seen that a sufficient inducement

to that delay was presented to the minds of the honest attorneys in the sums due by Spofforth to the firm; but there was another motive—there was a document in the possession of Mr. Marks which Silvereel had never seen, which he *would* not see—but which he understood to give great power into the hands of Mr. Marks, and it was about this document they were conversing on a certain evening in autumn, as they stood in their little office at Mr. Marks's, out of the window of which we have seen that gentleman make his escape when Edwin Latimer was at the front door. The two lawyers were neither standing nor sitting—for they were each leaning against his high stool, gazing intensely at one another, Mr. Marks with his hands in his breeches' pocket, playing with the highly amusing commodity which therein abounded, Silvereel biting the end of an ebony ruler.

"So you will have nothing to do with it, eh, Silvereel," said Mr. Marks in continuation of their conversation.

"Nay, my very dear sir," quoth Silvereel, in his most bland and gentle tone, "you misunderstand me."

"No, no, Silvereel, I don't misunderstand you—deep dog—deep dog—you—you wish to share nothing of the trouble or risk, only the profits, deep dog, Silvereel."

"Now my good Mr. Marks, you have such a way with you—you are so facetious—but you misrepresent the case. You see it will be so much better in case of any accident that—that one of us should—should know nothing of the matter—should be able to swear any thing."

"Yes, that's very convenient indeed," said Marks laconically.

"I mean if—if anything should happen—though its very unlikely, but *if* such a thing as

a trial should ever arise and I—just put the case by way of argument—I were subpœnaed as a witness—what an important thing to have me a witness in your favor instead of being against you."

"Witness against me," ejaculated Marks, "Pretty prospect, eh, Silvereel—you—you—eh, sir, you'd never be such an ungrateful dog as to witness against me."

"Not for the world, my very dear friend, not for the world, and the possibility of such a trial is quite chimerical; but just suppose an event of the nature alluded to—you—you are suspected of possessing a document of importance—I—I am called as a witness. With all my desire to serve you—a cross-examination you know is an awkward thing. Well, I—your partner, your most confidential adviser—your best friend, have never seen, never knew of such a thing, eh, my dear sir, don't you see the advantage."

"Yes," said Marks scratching his head, "there's something in that."

Mr. Marks did not allude to his head, but to Silvereel's argument.

Silvereel saw the impression that he had made and went on to improve it.

"All I know at present is, that you were old Latimer's legal adviser before I had the honor of your acquaintance, and that since that time you have been his daughter's confidential friend. Old Latimer died, leaving Miss Serena —don't interrupt me, Mr. Marks—I say every body knows that old Latimer died, leaving Miss Serena his sole heir, and you made Miss Latimer's will; what so natural as that I, so closely connected with you in interest, and allow me, my dear sir, to say, so dearly allied in friendship, what so natural as that I should be informed of any deed in your possession. What so unnatural as that there should be

ds in your possession of which I was un-
rmed."

Mr. Marks's cold grey eye tried very hard to
s through Mr. Silvereel, but as the latter
an opaque body, the attempt was not very
cessful. The face is indeed said to be an
ex of the mind, but Mr. Silvereel's face was
cold and colourless, and immoveable as the
e of a clock, and just as well could a man,
orant of mechanics, judge of the springs,
wheels, and cylinders, and all the hidden
chinery from the face of a clock as he could
ss at the hidden emotions of Mr. Silvereel's
id by looking in his hard, dull, cadaverous
ntenance.

Mr. Silvereel did not indeed (like a clock)
p his hands before his face—he only tapped
lips with the ebony ruler.

Seeing that it was of no use to try to look
ough Mr. Silvereel, Marks allowed his eyes
wander about the room, but while his eyes

thus wandered, his thoughts were deeply concentered upon one subject. At length he said—

"There's a good deal in what you say, Silvereel, and of course I'm much obleeged *for* your considerate conduct—of course I am—very, very—but then, eh! what the deuce am I to do?"

"Just see Spofforth yourself," said Silvereel.

"No, no—no, no—not I. You see if he rides rusty, as we say—if he does not come into my terms, he may catch hold of my words."

"But, there's no chance of his not coming into your terms, Mr. Marks; you say that his whole fortune depends upon you."

"Ah, but I doubt—I doubt, Silvereel, that I should not be able to go through with it. I—I—you see, Silvereel—I have got—very—very—what shall I say, very nervous about it—

ld have to speak out, to explain so much
han another person, and if Spofforth
nly be sounded first, eh—you under-

s, but I really don't see how that is to
."

—tell—you—what," said Marks slowly,
ing an emphasis on every word, as a
es when he has got a new idea, and is
up his mind to tell you all about it.
tell—you—what—"

hat?" said Silvereel.

ere's that Count Bundledoff—eh? what
ink of him?"

ink of him—why, of course—one can
nk of him in one way."

ng it, Silvereel, you are so confounded
s, there's no getting a word out of you
think he's an impostor—a fortune hunter
uch a German as you or I, eh? that's
ou think?"

"Of course it is."

"Well then, Silvereel, *he's* the very man to negociate this matter with Spofforth, he will do anything no doubt for a little money—he will persuade, or advise, or threaten a bit; no doubt he has got the upper hand of Spofforth, and will bully him a bit, if necessary, ha, ha, ha! Then you see, Silvereel, we need not be so explicit with him as with Spofforth, eh—isn't it capital, eh?"

And Mr. Marks chafed and rubbed his withered hands together as if he would have warmed them, but they were not cold, on the contrary, they were warmer than usual, they were damp with the dew of anxiety and perturbation.

"I don't think it is capital," said Silvereel. "I wouldn't, my dear sir—I wouldn't if I were in your case—risk the bringing another person into the business—I would do it all myself."

"D——n it!" said Marks, "forgive me that I should say so—but you—you—you are enough to make a parson swear—you draw your own neck out of the collar, and you would thrust mine into it whether I will or not. I tell you—I—I—cannot carry it through by myself. If Spofforth demands an explanation—I don't mean wants to fight a duel—but insists upon knowing all about it—I—I—can't bully him, I can't frighten him—look at Bundledoff's fist, eh? zounds! what a Goliath it is—a very Samson, with his club and lion's skin—he's the man, Silvereel."

Silvereel shrugged his shoulders—but disputed the opinion of his partner no longer. There was something reasonable in both of their opinions, for while the cautious Silvereel rationally objected to the introduction of a stranger, and that stranger as he supposed, one in whom no confidence could be placed, into a transaction of a very delicate and dangerous

nature—on the other hand it was very desirable to have an agent who might convey the meaning of Mr. Marks to his intended victim without that respectable gentleman being obliged to commit himself too far—an agent who knew nothing more than they might choose to inform him, and who (as they thought) would be the go-between in any piece of villany, for which he was properly paid. But both of the partners were building a very fair structure upon a very false foundation. The great source of error among your philosophers from Davy Hume downwards is not false reasoning, for sensible men seldom do that, but right reasoning upon wrong premises. They assume a falsity for a fact, and argue on an unsound hypothesis. Both Marks and Silvereel founded upon the supposition that Bundledoff was a knave and vagabond, the whole ground of that supposition being his evident assumption of a character to which he had no claim, and

to tell the truth, that circumstance was quite enough to ground suspicion upon; but it shows us how cautious we ought to be in thinking evil of others. Why, who is there among us who would like to be judged by *one* point of character selected perhaps with care by his enemy or taken at random by his friend.

The arguments of Silvereel were not without weight, nor did they fail to make a considerable impression on Mr. Marks. After the departure indeed of the younger lawyer, the old man continued to pace the floor of his office with unsteady and uneven steps, his hands clasped behind his back, and his fingers playing with something like convulsive movement. He gnawed his nether lip too with nervous emotion while his cold eye twinkled and quivered with agitation.

Mr. Marks was labouring under the influence of an unusual fit of indecision. He had for years contemplated a deep laid scheme of

treachery and fraud—he had retained for years the power which he possessed to extort money from the dandy. Under many changes of circumstances he had kept his secret, but now that the time for putting his plans into execution had arrived, he felt the chill of irresolution oppress his spirit.

Anxiety and apprehension were depicted in most vivid characters upon his countenance, as in its moving lines and shifting expression it pictured forth the agitation of his breast.

It was not that the old miser had any compunctious visitings—avarice had so encrusted as it were his moral man, and gained so completely the mastery of him that his better feelings were dead within him. Incompetent to feel, he was however prone to fear, and he would have been too much of a coward to commit any great scheme of villany had not his ruling passion overruled every other. Fear indeed was an emotion, but avarice a passion

with old Marks, a habit of the mind which constituted his essential character.

Thus then he overcame at length his apprehensions, decided on the course he should pursue and sent a civil message to Count Bundledoff.

CHAPTER II.

TAMPERING.

Will you walk into my parlor,
Said the spider to the fly.

THE result of Marks's message to Bundledoff was, that upon the self same evening the Count was closetted with the attorney, when the following colloquy took place.

—I sent for you, Mr.—a—Count, my
ir, to—pray be seated Count, these high
are not convenient, but your legs are
ha, ha! your legs are long—I sent for
› talk a little about our friend Spofforth,
ou are his friend, you can manage him
›unt?"

fanage him! that's what one might say
e's horse rather than one's frind—what's
maning?"

)h, why you see—you're a merry man,
t, a very merry man—what will you
"

Vhy I'll just take my lave, and that's all
ke, if you don't be afther telling me your
:ss, for I've a better ingagement than
g riddles with the likes of you, Misther
."

Vell, well, well, see there now young
re so hasty, so fiery, eh. Well, Count,
now Spofforth—Spofforth's a nice man, a

very nice man, but soft—raythe soft—eh, I don't mean to say anything against Spofforth, but we may say a little soft, eh, Count, shall we say raythe soft."

"Oh, plase yourself, Misther Marks, I say nothing."

"Well, well, I see—I see. Now, Count to speak facetiously. Its easy to make an impression upon soft things, if one knows how to set about it."

"Aisy enough, but what the deuce you are dhriving at passes my comprehension."

"Why you see Count, I want to get you to transact a little business between me and Spofforth, you are his friend, you drink with him—shoot with him—make bets—try horses with him—in short you have got the upper hand of him."

"You spake mystheries, Misther Marks."

"No, no, no, my dear sir, we understand one another."

Sorrow a bit in the world do we—you've all the maning to yourself, and same detard to kape it."

Very good, Count, very good indeed—ha, you're a wag I see—but now to business. r my dear sir, I dare say—you—you—in t between ourselves, it shall go no further 'een ourselves, a little money would not be ceptable to you."

Och be the powers! Mr. Marks that's enough any how, upon my honor you're st sensible ould jintleman, and I thought quite the contrariwise."

Ah, ha! I thought so—I thought so—'s no mode of explanation so clear as an al to the breeches pocket. Well, well, you see I have got something in my ession."

What the divil's that," cried the Count ily.

Eh! how! w—w—what do you mean,"

exclaimed Marks aghast, the Count's question startled him beyond measure, but it had no reference to the topic in debate.

"Why as sure as the daylight I saw a face out of the window, but the moment I looked at it, it vanished like a spectre."

They both went to the window and looked out into the darkness, but there was nothing to be seen.

Whether this little incident helped to shatter the already affected nerves of Mr. Marks, or that his perturbation proceeded from any other source we leave the intellectual reader to discover, not having much penetration in such matters, certain it is, that he was so confused that the Count could hardly make out his meaning. He had some document, or deed, or instrument, which gave him absolute power over the fortune of Spofforth, but he did not wish to negociate personally with that worthy, because he would be obliged perhaps to commit

himself, but if Spofforth would come to terms, would in short come down with a large sum of money, he (Mr. Marks) would place him in absolute security as to the enjoyment of his fortune—he would indeed place it out of his own power ever again to drain the unfortunate dandy, in short upon the receipt of some thousands he would literally, and without any figure of speech, 'burn the writings.' Lastly, if by the Count's connivance, assistance, negociation, even a little wholesome intimidation, (for Marks being a lawyer, used many words,) if by all this, Spofforth should be brought to terms, the Count should receive ample remuneration.

It has been said that Mr. Marks' perturbation made him somewhat incoherent, and it was consequently by slow degrees that all this scheme came to be laid before the Count. Marks became vexed and irritated, he fancied that Bundledoff held back to oblige him to be

more explicit, but it was not so, it was sheer simplicity and innocence on the Count's part. He did not even in the end quite understand Mr. Marks, that gentleman being naturally, as well as intentionally, obscure and only advancing out of the region of hints and inuendoes in compliment to what he believed the Count's perverse dullness, but Bundledoff did come at length to comprehend that Marks wanted to commit some deep laid piece of villany upon Spofforth, and moreover that he wanted him to become an accessary before the fact.

The Count we say was long in apprehending this, but when he did—we will not say anything about eyes flashing fire, because the most flashy spark never did anything of the kind—but it was worth while to see how his pure Milesian blood mantled in his contracted brow, and how his lip curled in ineffable scorn, and how his fine, manly, single-hearted character shone forth above all his whimsies, and

eccentricities, as he seized Mr. Marks with both hands by the coat, and told him if he wasn't an old man what he would do to him—and therewithal gave him a gentle shake which made the honest man shake in his clothes as if they were too large for him, and his chin dive into his white cravat in a most extraordinary manner.

As we despaired of giving Mr. Marks' oration to the Count, because it was so incoherent and unconnected, so do we despair, and therefore decline to give the Count's harangue to Mr. Marks, because it was so discursive and unintelligible. There are many expressions, exclamations, and so forth, which fall from the lips of a man in a passion, and which eked out by gesture and manner are intelligible enough, but which would cut a pretty figure upon paper, and we confess our inability to convey the Count's harangue to the reader—he concluded by placing his hat upon his head, giving it a sort of melodramatic thump on the crown

d stalking out of the house. As the str[redacted]
or banged after him in such a way as [redacted]
ake all the windows in their frames, Mark[redacted]
t his nails and his lips alternately, and [redacted]
thought that Bundledoff must do better by [redacted]
swindling the dandy than betraying him—as to
anything like honesty being an attribute of the
Count's nature—such a thing never entered
Mr. Marks's head.

Leaving Marks to his chagrin and the
bitterness of his reflections Bundledoff strode
hastily away, sniffing the air in his indignation
like a horse, or a highlander, he muttered many
anathemas on the head of the wily old lawyer,
and continued to march forward, stopping how-
ever occasionally to listen to the echo of hi
own steps. It was very odd—he could almo
fancy a footstep was sometimes behind hir
but the night was so dark that he could n
see a dozen yards behind him. The Cour
indignation gradually subsided, and as it

so he became more and more sensible of his indiscretion. This is a common case enough when a man has been in a passion, as his anger evaporates, his folly always becomes more and more apparent.

Now the Count's cause of self-reproach was the following. He could not but suppose that Mr. Marks's power over Spofforth was in some way or other connected with the fortunes of Edwin Latimer and his sister, and he blamed himself most bitterly that he had not suppressed his wrath, and allowed the old man more fully to develop his plans, at least to be more explicit with regard to the source of his power.

Bundledoff conjectured that the document alluded to by Marks must be a thing of very great importance; but its exact tendency he could not conjecture, he determined to proceed at once to his friend Mr. Godwin, and to lay the case before him, confident in his zeal, sagacity, and discretion. While the Count was

making up his mind he did, what people engaged in that arduous occupation generally do, he walked slowly and unsteadily—but when his resolution was formed he strode forward again —again with echoing footsteps, no.

"Holla, who's there," cried the Count, it was a most singular delusion, he strained his eyes again into the darkness—he went back—— pshaw! it was nothing but the stump of a tree behind the mile-stone. At that moment the phantom face at Mr. Marks's window flitted across his imagination, and Bundledoff, who like all unsophisticated characters from whose mind early errors, as well as early amiabilities have not been eradicated, was somewhat superstitious, felt his heart beat thicker than usual, he would not have hesitated to meet any moderate degree of mortal opposition, but the bare idea of preternatural power gave him a thrill of uneasiness.

No doubt the Count will be called all the fools in the world by most men, but superstiti-

ion is a thing much more common than commonly acknowledged, and if the Count is to be condemned we can only say let him who is absolutely free in this matter cast the first stone. We are convinced that none but the really religious, they who are conversant with the serious and sublime in supernatural things ever entirely overcome superstition.

The Count, however, soon subdued his apprehension of immaterial things, and as for material opposition he grasped a thick, knotty stick which he persisted in calling a shillelah, which we suppose is the German for a good cudgel, and not 'knodenstuck' as is erroneously supposed.

Bundledoff bent his steps towards his friend Godwin's, and though he kept his ears open or what is the same thing his attention alert, he heard no more of the pattering footsteps.

CHAPTER III.

AN ENGLISH HOME.

A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which roam through the world can't be met with elsewhere

Warmth, light, and comfort, were sheddi
their joint influence over the parlor at M
Godwin's, and contrasting deliciously with t
darkness and coldness without. We are
creatures of contrast, and all our enjoyme

lependent upon their opposites, there is no but to the weary, no refreshment in food to the hungry, no pleasure in fire but to old and shivering; and this is the reason a man who grasps at too much enjoyment it altogether—a man who shrinks from ndurances of life can have but little of its yments, as he who never traversed a desert vs not the delight of drinking. Thus it is the inordinate lover of ease is generally a restless mortal—the epicure has no tite—and the man who toasts his legs 's chilly and uncomfortable at the fireside. e is deep philosophy, as well as profound ion in the apostle's expression of "using the nt world as not abusing it." But to return d a man been sitting all the afternoon over Godwin's fireside, he could not have felt the gratification that the Count expe- ed when he came into the glow of Mr. win's parlor, contrasting as it did so glori-

ously with the blank darkness, and nippi[redacted] cold, and moaning wind without. The lam[redacted], forming a mellow orb of light over the table[redacted], was shedding its strong, and yet subdue[redacted] radiance upon a scene of comfort that migh[redacted] warm one's heart to look upon. In this mello[redacted] light the picture frames were coming out, an[redacted] the pictures going into the deep crimson paper [redacted], and the gilding of the cornice gleaming like [redacted] line of light over the window curtains, whic[redacted] you may be sure were drawn as close as the[redacted] would come, and the tea things were sparklin[redacted] upon the board, and that same cheery light to which we have alluded was shed upon two or three bright, young heads, pouring over picture books, and the smart, but matronly cap of Mrs. Godwin, and the elegant outline of Fanny Latimer's neck and shoulders, as the two ladies plied their needles in silence.

There is something in lamp-light falling upon the back of a graceful neck and shoulders

and bright and braided hair, which makes an old man wish himself young again.

There was a large pair of slippers placed before an easy chair, which spoke volumes—volumes, about female kindness and consideration, and domestic peace and comfort, but they were the only *speakers* in the room—all else was silent, save the fire when it sent out little jets of gaseous flame from the fresh coals, and emulated the whine of the kettle on the hob; for Mr. Godwin was an old fashioned fellow and hated the heresy of a tea-urn while there was a hob to put a bright copper kettle upon.

The little interruption occasioned by the Count's arrival had subsided, and he was comfortably instated in an arm-chair by the fireside when the sound of wheels announced the approach of Godwin's gig for which they had long been listening.

Then occurred the little excitement atten-

dant upon the worthy doctor's arrival; and truly it is a scene to gladden a generous heart, when an amiable and good man comes home in an evening to cheer the hearts of an affectionate family—a very common-place scene indeed—an every day affair into which the gay and proud, and glittering of this world care not to enter.

"Take that old man into the kitchen," said Godwin as he entered, "and give him something to eat and drink."

By the way Godwin's kitchen was one of those old countrified places which though floored with flag-stones, are any thing but cold and cheerless, for the very stones seem to imbibe a portion of the heat which radiates from the huge fire-grate, and to give out again some of the said heat to the feet of the inmates.

So the old man who had accompanied Mr. Godwin in his gig, was led, nothing loath, into the kitchen, and feasted to his heart's content.

nwhile Godwin relieved of his riding ppers, his great coat hung upon its ac- omed peg — his 'comfortable' wrapped ad the tiny throat of one fair haired urchin is hat flapped over the eyes of another— le a third staggered off under the weight is boots, entered the parlor.

Bundledoff, my dear boy," said the doctor ping both hands of the Count, " I'm very l to see you—very glad indeed, particularly l to-night, I've got something to tell you," he glanced for a moment towards Fanny imer to give meaning to his words.

' Well thin, my dear Misther Godwin, we're equal, for I've got something to tell *you*, one of us hasn't got the advantage of the ier."

Godwin and the Count were both impatient n, and as they shook hands with one another, l looked full in one another's faces, they both ked so provokingly important, so perfectly

ready to burst with intelligence that in spite of the inviting tea table, and that the kettle was now blowing off its steam like a locomotive engine, in spite of the gentle hints of Mrs Godwin, and her more strenuous efforts comprised in the phrase—'dear me, how very tiresome'—the worthy doctor rang for a candle, and led the Count into another room.

"What have you got to tell me?" said Godwin.

"Something that may be of consequence to that swate girl, Fanny Latimer," said Bundledoff.

"Well, that beats all—what an extraordinary coincidence, and *I* have got something of the same sort to tell you, I have scented out something of importance. It is certain, Bundledoff, that old Latimer did *make* a second *will*."

"Make a second will, and what then, Misther Godwin?"

"Why then it's quite possible that he might ave put it in the fire, but it's much more probable that he did no such thing."

"And suppose he did make a will, Misther odwin?"

"Why then it's very unlikely that he did ot take some care of his grand-children of whom he was so fond—but whether he did or not—what became of the will—where the deuce is it—where the deuce is it, Count Bundledoff?"

"Och! hubbaboo, philaloo! be St. Pathrick the patron of whisky and buttermilk—as sure as fate *I've* got it."

And with a slap on the shoulder which made the good doctor stagger Bundledoff began to dance round the table, and snap his fingers exclaiming—"I've got it—I've got it."

"*You've* got it, Bundledoff, why you're mad—you've got the will?"

"No, but the whole schame and plot—the

mining and countermining—the whole co[illegible] spiracy and rebellion—it's meself that has bee[illegible] tempted and seduced by that dirty ould divi[illegible] Mr. Marks."

"Mr. Marks, what of him—what of him[illegible] tell me, Bundledoff, I'm sure he has been med[illegible] dling in the matter, what of Mr. Marks?"

"Why, Mr. Marks has got the will as sure [illegible] fate."

"Got the will! if he *has* we'll transport him[illegible] Bundledoff. I thought he had something to d[illegible] with the business, but *if* he has got the will——— but what d'ye mean?"

The Count now related all that had pass[illegible] between him and Mr. Marks.

Godwin listened with earnest, not to say greedy attention to every word that the Count uttered. He was in a perfect fever of anxiety, but he did not interrupt the Count's relation by a single word, and when one of the children came to say that the tea was spoiling, he pulled

the urchin's hair (very gently), turned him out of the room, and bolted the door in the most mechanical way.

Mr. Godwin agreed with the Count that his information was of the utmost importance. The probability indeed that the document in Mr. Marks's possession *was* the will of old Latimer, was great, still the wary old lawyer had not admitted anything to that effect, nor had he given the slightest hint that it was in any way connected with the fortunes of Fanny and her brother. Even if it were the will of the old gentleman, it was by no means certain that the young people were affected by it. Indeed, the mere existence of some mysterious and important document in the possession of Mr. Marks would have been of little consequence had it not been connected with the accidental discovery made by Mr. Godwin that old Latimer certainly *had* made a second will —this discovery happening precisely at the

They were now interrupted by Mrs. Godwin who came to see what in the world (as she said) was the matter. The honest doctor never excluded his wife from his counsels, he knew as well as any one the calm, quiet, sensible view of things that women so often take, and how valuable is their advice when men are apt to be led away by strong feeling and impetuosity. He had not then excluded his wife from their deliberations, but he had wished to create as little sensation as possible, and it was now essential to give her at least a sketch of all that has been related to the reader; so that when they did at length repair to the parlour again the toast was burnt up before the fire, the tea drawn above proof, and the kettle had well nigh sung itself dry. The party pondered deeply over the circumstances—the Count was invited to spend the night at Godwin's house, and a messenger despatched to his lodgings to announce that arrangement, but it was not till

supper, when Fanny Latimer, with her good sense, seeing they had something to about, had retired, that the coterie re- d its sittings.

ded now by the inspiring fumes of brandy vater they set themselves to consider what ɔest to be done. The circumstances were ıte and difficult, they were individually ɔollectively disposed to suspect Mr. Marks, vhat would their suspicions effect.

seemed indeed highly probable that the ıment in the possession of Mr. Marks was vill of old Latimer, because it was said it was of such importance to Spofforth; if the old gentleman (as these sanguine ls hoped) had devised his property to his l-children, it would be of course of that rtance, because the will of Miss Latimer d be worthless. But then this was all— suspicion however plausible. Nobody l deny that the old gentleman might have oyed his own testament.

Latimer was a humble guest in Mr. Godwin kitchen.

The latter point was gleaned from the worth doctor's groom, at an adjacent ale-house, nee we say that the informant in both cases w Mr. Silvereel.

CHAPTER IV.

MESSRS. MARKS AND SILVEREEL.

Virtue can see to do what virtue would,
By its own radiant light
Though hid i' the centre.
But he who hides a base heart and foul thoughts
Himself is his own prison.

MILTON.

WHEN Mr. Marks heard of the Count's visit to Godwin's house he was vexed and irritated. felt greatly annoyed at the evident triumph Silvereel's sagacity over his own—extremely

a good lad, I would soon have given you an equal share in the business, but things have turned out unexpectedly—come, come, Silvereel—we are equal hereafter—and for the present, something in hand—something in hand—but you must give me your advice and your assistance like a good lad—you have got a long head, and a ready hand—the wisdom of the serpent, ha, ha! the wisdom of the serpent—but you must aid me body and soul, Silvereel—body and soul. You shall see this same deed, Silvereel."

"But—"

"Not a word—not a word, you *must* see it."

Marks proceeded to light a candle by that which stood on the table, though his hand trembled so violently that he could hardly manage it—he left the room which Silvereel began to pace in some degree of perturbation. The old man was a considerable time away—

n he returned he had got a long-necked
.b-shaped bottle, and two bell shaped glasses
ıe hand, the candle in the other, and a
of paper under his arm. Placing the
lle, the bottle, and the glasses on the
ɜ, he returned and carefully secured the
.

It's very cold—very, very cold, Silvereel—
! and we have let the fire out—this is
ɜ choice old Curaçoa—I have not got any
ɜ—but you need not mind that—I haven't
ıat is I have got a leetle more, a very leetle
ɜ—come my lad."

.e here poured out a modicum for Silvereel,
boldly and freely, but letting it trickle
n the side of the glass—he stopped—but
med of the paltry quantity that he had
ed, began again, this he did more than
ɜ, his sense of shame evidently struggling
ı his niggardly propensities. He helped
self to a still more moderate share, but

when they had emptied their glasses said with some relish.

"Ah!" and here he smacked his lips, "ah! that's good, that warms the blood," but holding up the bottle to the light sighed deeply to see how much was gone. "Now, Silvereel, you—you—must not go unrewarded, something in hand, lad," and here he drew from his pocket one of those small, tawny, orange-colored canvass bags which are so inviting to the eye, not that there is anything intrinsically pleasing in tawny, orange-colored canvass, but that such small, coarse, canvass bags bear an affinity to bankers' clerks, and seem to have a prescriptive right to carry sovereigns.

But if Mr. Marks felt a pang at parting with his curaçoa, his canvass bag was doubly dear to him.

He fidgetted and fumbled with the string—he poised the bag, and played, and trifled with it, and muttering something about "nothing in the house," and "household expenses," put in

hand and took two or three sovereigns
th before he left it in the grasp of Silvereel.
ce possessed of the canvass bag however,
vereel lost no time in conveying it to his
ket, and then Marks gazed with wistful
upon that pocket, and turned away with a
heavier sigh.

The lawyers now drew knee to knee, Marks
d the deed for a while with a grasp such as
eagle may be supposed to grasp his prey
hal, and Mr. Marks's skinny and muscular
d was not much unlike the talons of such a
d.

Relinquishing at length the paper to the
ds of Silvereel, he looked steadfastly in the
s of that gentleman as he perused the
ument.

"Of course, Mr. Marks," at length said
vereel, "of course I had a general idea of
nature of this deed, and I am not therefore
prised at its contents. By this deed I see
r. Latimer left his daughter a life interest in

"Ah, your conduct is now consistent. However it matters little for motives *now*— the only thing we have to think of is, what is to be done. It is a very precarious situation certainly. Bundledoff's evidence about extorting money may be awkward—coupled with Brown's testimony which will prove that you actually drew up a will for Mr. Latimer, which at his death was not forthcoming—still there is nothing to show that the will was ever committed to your custody, and of course it is impossible to prove that the old gentleman did not himself destroy it. Had you allowed me to remain in ignorance, you see it is just the point in which my evidence would have been valuable to your case."

"Yes, yes, but I care more for your advice than your evidence."

"You make me proud, very proud, Mr. Marks, not of my poor abilities indeed, but of the opportunity afforded me of being of some

assistance to my ever dear, and much respected friend."

There was a singular expression, half comical —half cynical, upon the face of Marks which seemed to say, Silvereel, you have got 'a gift' that heaven never gave you, but he uttered no words and Silvereel proceeded.

"You see, my dear Mr. Marks, the case is very awkward; but though strong suspicion may be excited, proof will perhaps be very difficult. We might perhaps set them at defiance—but then suspicion in our case is ruinous. Character you know is every thing, and though we might escape the consequences of the crime—our business is inevitably gone."

"Ah," groaned Marks, "I am ruined, I am ruined."

"Not a bit of it, Mr. Marks, you have made an ample fortune, and in some other country may live to enjoy it—my advice is that you make your escape from this place as soon as

possible—draw your money out of the funds. and set off for America forthwith."

"But hang it, Silvereel, isn't that showing the white feather—isn't that bad policy. Silvereel?"

"Why I do not really see, my very de friend, what difference it can make, you h better be secure."

"Ay, ay, secure—secure—we'll make t secure at any rate, *this* shall not witness against me."

And so saying he took from the fender *the* tongs, with which he grasped "the will," and placing the candle on the hob was on the point of setting fire to the document when Silvereel caught his arm, and stayed his trembling hand.

"Stop, Mr. Marks, stop," he said, "do not destroy the thing, it may be the means o an emergency of making a compromise with t Latimers."

"Ah, ha! yes, Silvereel, yes, you are q

flight," and glad of an excuse for preserving what he had so long regarded as a hidden treasure he buttoned it up in his coat.

Silvereel continued to persuade Mr. Marks that flight was his wisest plan, and in default of better friends, that Smith and Stubbs would aid in secreting him; a little money both lawyers knew well enough would divide their interest from that of the dandy. The end of all this consultation was, that Mr. Silvereel left Mr. Marks to make preparations for his journey, and walked home in the night, hugging himself upon the prospect which was opening to him of being the sole lawyer of the vicinity.

CHAPTER V.

FORE STREET.

" There is not in the wide world a valley

London is not anything in particular. Birmingham *is* a manufacturing town. Liverpool *is* a seaport. Canterbury *is* a collegiate town. Leamington *is* a fashionable town. Buckingham *is* a market town. London is *sui generis*—all these as aforesaid and many more—and the inhabitants of these several places know as much of one another, and enter as deeply into the habits and modes of life of all the rest, as do the different classes of Londoners of their fellow citizens. What in the world can be more dissimilar than the population of Spitalfields and Shadwell, or St. James's and Smithfield. Weavers and sailors, dukes and drovers. Perhaps this is the reason why there is so little public spirit in London—why cockneys have so little feeling for London. They cannot comprehend in their regards its vast, dissonant, and multitudinous interests. The highly intelligent merchants of Liverpool, the truly respectable manufacturers of Birmingham or Manchester may possess a fellow feeling, and

laying aside all private and personal jealousies combine together for purposes of public utility. The fashionables of sea water or spa water may take a common interest in the erection of a lounge, or an assembly room, but as for the people of London, save for their peculiar clique, or caste—to use the words of the great classic poet—

"They don't care two-pence."

This isolation of particular classes in London is very remarkable, it affords opportunities of rigid seclusion, so that there are hundreds of sequestered spots in London, which unless called thither by peculiar business, or instigated by the organ of *inquisitiveness*, to which we confess a large development nobody ever knows. Sequestered spots wherein a man may be as effectually secluded as in the shadiest nook, or the most umbrageous angle of a green lane.

We have rather a fancy for setting out on a

walk of discovery, and losing ourselves in an obscure neighbourhood, as effectually as we might in an Indian jungle, or an American savanah, this is merely by the way, however it is not altogether out of the way either.

One of the very prettiest prospects in London is to be seen from what is called the Bishop's walk Lambeth.

We must bargain for full tide, otherwise there will be a broad strand of black mud, whereon the brightest 'nymph' could hardly 'dance without her footing being seen'—indeed the little boys who venture so far, leave pretty deep footing and legging too. But when the tide is full, and one looks across the sparkling water upon the fine form of Westminster Abbey, and the bridge spanning the noble stream, and the dark masses of building, and St. Paul's looming in the distance through the "dun air sublime," the effect is uncommonly good.

Westward of this Bishop's walk is a region

unobserved to America. This he might have done easily enough, but Mr. Marks, though he had acted on the hint of Silvereel in taking departure from Ashburnham, could hardly make up his mind to leave his native land.

He was an old man, had no connections, no acquaintances, no hopes of forming any in America, and though he had not many, if any, of these in England, still it *was* his native land, his habits had been formed there, his fortune acquired, he loved nobody but himself, but he had always loved himself in England; he had no relish either for crossing the sea, it was an untried danger, a novelty, a nuisance. He had some vague ideas of compromising with the Latimers by the instrumentality of the will; in short he was in a state of uncertainty and uneasiness, he doubted what to do for the best, and he accordingly lingered in London. He never went out but after dark, when he could slink out from his obscure hiding place unobserved, and wander about the streets, and look

n at the shop windows, and come back again
ith the fancy that his abode was darker and
nore gloomy than ever, and gloomy enough it
was to be sure; for he had no company but
Smith and Stubbs, who sometimes came and sat
in their pea jackets, for the air off the water
was cold enough to chill the marrow in your
bones, and Mr. Marks kept very little fire—
and then they smoked cigars incessantly, which
nade Mr. Marks cough, for he loathed tobacco
—and so he was not sorry to be left alone,
ough he could see nothing from his little
ck parlor window but the dingy looking
er, with occasionally the single beam of a
ge barge, stretching transversely across that
gy little window, as the barge lay moored
he adjacent wharf, and when the sail was
covering the little window altogether, but
was of the less importance, inasmuch as
e was a great green bull's eye in the centre
ch pane, which rather distorted the forms
e wherries which passed before it, making

called upon Mr. Godwin, and confidentially informed him of the unexpected disappearance of Mr. Marks. Silvereel had a double object in this visit, he wished to create a character with the worthy doctor, a character for candour and confidence; and he also wished, if possible, to glean from Mr. Godwin, in the surprise of the announcement, what line of conduct the Latimers and their allies would pursue; but the doctor was too wary to be so entrapped, he was an old whist-player, and knew better than to allow his opponent to peep over his hand.

Silvereel was more successful upon a visit to the Count, who had not the tact to conceal any thing that he knew, fortunately therefore he did not know very much, for he had left Mr. Godwin with the clear conclusion that something ought to be done, which something in such cases often means nothing.

The flight of Mr. Marks made suspicion

' strong, it was evident now that he had ıing to be afraid of, and the worthy felt morally certain that he was the ıor of old Latimer's will. He deemed it ɔle now to tell Edwin of the circum- , and he was sent for to Ashburnham, anny was not informed of the events had transpired.

ıther person deeply interested in the ss was the dandy, and the decampment r. Marks brought him to Silvereel in perturbation and perplexity; by Silvereel re-assured, but still strange rumours got ıbout a will of old Latimer's being found time that Mr. Marks was lost, and the ness of Spofforth could not be quite l.

se rumours originated for the most part ɔld Joseph Brown, who *would* gossip in tchen, and felt himself an important per- ; as the depositary of an important

been wanting—we mean Count Bundledoff and Joseph Brown. The latter indeed was an irreparable loss, for Joseph, being seized one morning with a fit of apoplexy, lay three days speechless and then died.

The Count was summoned from the society at Ashburnham in which he had passed so many agreeable hours, by a letter from Cheltenham addressed to him by Allan Netherby. Upon the return of that young gentleman from his excursion to Ashburnham, he had informed Mrs. Jenkinson of his discovery of the identity of Count Bundledoff with Terence O'Sullivan, but as the good lady judged it prudent not to allow her husband to know of Allan's visit to the Latimers, of course they could not inform him of the above fact, neither could they take any notice of friend Bundledoff.

Now however an emissary had arrived from Ireland with intelligence of importance, and it was absolutely essential to apprise the Count

f his arrival, so Allan Netherby was obliged o write and tell Bundledoff that if he knew uch a person as Terence O'Sullivin, the said Terence O'Sullivin might hear of something highly important to him by applying to the Jenkinsons at Cheltenham.

The Count could not conceal so important n event from his friend Godwin, though he lt considerable embarassment concerning the lusion in the letter to Terence O'Sullivin. e blushed like a school girl under the merry e of the doctor, which was turned with a rewd, significant glance upon him, and has-ned to take his leave and depart for Chelten-am.

It is our privilege however to pursue what rty soever we please, and therefore as the ount is somewhat of a favorite we will follow s fortunes.

The baggage of Count Bundledoff was ver a great incumbrance to him or anybody lse, it was easily packed up, and easily carried,

so he delayed but little, the coach was to p[redacted] soon after. Bundledoff was soon upon [redacted] box, and thus he rode to London. One n[redacted]gh at that same inn which he still called the "Spread Aigle," and he was off again. It was a fine, clear, cold February day, and the Cheltenham coach travelled at the rate which Cheltenham coaches once knew how to do. The road was as hard as a nether mill stone, but it was rough and rugged, for it had frozen after a deep thaw, and when the wheels got into a rut they did not easily get out again. Still the Cheltenham coach darted bravely on over rough ground and smooth, level ground and hilly, the harness rattling, and the horses clattering, and the whole making that hollow rumbling sound, as though the whole length of road was laid upon a subterranean passage, and which is peculiar to frosty weather.

The Count was seated on the box again, chatting merrily with the coachman, and telling

him of the fine poteen and praties that they got in Jarminy.

The coachman, who was clothed in as many coats as an onion, nodding his head which he could hardly turn in assent and approval.

They had passed through Oxford and lighted a cigar at Witney, and drunk a glass of ale at Burford, and had got among the depths of the Oxfordshire hills—and there seemed no reason on earth why they should not be in the course of an hour comfortably seated at Cheltenham, but human calculations are ever subject to an "if," and nothing could prove the futility of mortal reckoning more fully than the event. Nothing in the world we repeat could appear more likely than that the travellers should soon be seated at Cheltenham, indeed we have it upon good authority that the Count was meditating upon the loveliness of a grilled fowl, and a glass of sherry, when without the slightest previous intimation there was a crack, and a whiz, and a bang—crash went the axletree, away went the

wheel to the bottom of the hill, over went the coach. The horses got mixed up in a most mysterious manner, plunging and kicking, and seeming as if they had but one object in view, and that was each to shift the harness off his *own* shoulders on to those of his neighbour. Then there was such a breaking of glass, and struggling, and shouting, and screaming, and swearing, that it seemed incomprehensible how one moment should have transformed that fine, dashing, well-appointed coach, with its four orderly, elegant horses into such a mass of confusion, disorder, distress, and alarm—bipeds, quadrupeds, wheels, and luggage all huddled together. One man was shot clean over the hedge, where he alighted upon the back of an old cow, another so doubled up in the ditch with a hare round his neck, and a fish basket on his belly, that for his life he could not move—but the worst of it was that the Count and the coachman had been projected with furious velocity over the backs of the horses, and the

luggage following them by the mere laws of the *vis inertiæ* they were badly hurt. There was blood on the road, and the coachman lay like a log, and though the Count contrived to arise, and even tried to smile, he dragged his leg along like a hurt wild duck, and fell down insensible at a short distance, his leg was broken, while a severe bruize on the side had been received at the heels of one of the horses. The coachman had received a slight concussion of the brain, which was said ultimately to have caused his death, but as he lived on after the accident to a good old age, it is probable that he might have died nevertheless, notwithstanding, however it furnished the doctor with an excuse for allowing him to die when he did, which is a thing doctors like much to have.

We apologise for following out the fate of so insignificant a personage as the coachman, but we do it upon the principle of a tradesman, who serves a trifling customer to get rid of him while a better is waiting. The accident hap-

pened at a very retired spot distant from a town, village, or hamlet, but there was a group of some three or four cottages a furlong or so off the scene of the disaster, and thither was the hapless Count conveyed.

A man was mounted on one of the horses and posted off to the next town for conveyances for the passengers and the luggage, and before the evening closed quite in, the shattered coach, lying by the way side was all that remained of the affair. A lantern was posted on the wreck to warn the night coaches of the obstacle, and there it lay, an unsightly object—giving timid coach travellers a twinge as they passed—causing them a shudder and a sigh as they hoped nobody was hurt, and wondered how it must feel to be overturned.

In the days of stage coach travelling, which days seem well nigh to have departed, a dozen coaches might be overturned and hardly anybody know anything about the matter, but if an unlucky locomotive be motive out of its

loco, though but a few feet, there is a pretty hubbub, everybody crying out against that horrid steam.

But it was not easy for a coach to be over-turned in a quiet neighbourhood without creating some sensation, and so the news that the Cheltenham high-flyer was lying under a hedge in the road, and all the passengers badly hurt in a neighbouring cottage, was generally circulated. By degrees the numbers contracted into three killed and five wounded, then came down like poor Lear's knights into one, and as the mists of misrepresentation were dispersed it became generally known that one passenger only lay seriously hurt at the cottage, and that he was a foreigner, by name Count Bundledoff.

The consequence of the general circulation of this intelligence throughout the neighbourhood was—that when the Count opened his eyes to a painful consciousness of his position, when the dull film of insensibility seemed as it were to be rolled away from his eyelids, his

eyes in their languid and pain shotten gaze as they rolled round in the anguish of acute bodily suffering encountered those of Lucy Atherly!

After the lapse of some days, Allan Netherby and the emissary from Ireland began to entertain some anxiety about the protracted absence of the Count, while Jenkinson and his wife were of course 'perfectly miserable' at his unexplained absence. Fearing that his former letter had not reached Bundledoff, Netherby now wrote to Doctor Godwin to make enquiries after him. It was thus ascertained that he had quitted Ashburnham with the intention of proceeding direct to Cheltenham, and as the accident to the coach was well known at that town by a little enquiry the misfortune of the hapless Count was easily ascertained. The consequence was that young Netherby traced him to nurse Trumper's cottage, whither he had been conveyed after the accident, and at which

humble abode he now lay fevered and insensible, tended with unceasing assiduity by Lucy.

Removal in the state of the Count was absolutely out of the question, still more so was the informing him of an important and exciting piece of intelligence, and the Irish gentleman was obliged to return home, leaving the intelligence with Allan Netherby, and the hapless Count in the hands of his devoted nurse.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAWYER LOST.

The deil cam fiddling through the toun,
And danced awa' wi' exciseman,
And ilka gude wife cried auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck of the prize man.

WINTER passed over, and affairs at Ashburnham remained in "*statu quo.*" The hearty and hilarious doctor, joyous and gleeful in himself reflected the light of his happy countenance upon the little circle by which he was sur-

rounded. He was the sun of a domestic system, shedding warmth, and light, and cheerfulness on all.

Fanny Latimer indeed, gentle and amiable as she was, had lost something of her ordinary vivacity, and it was all that the good humoured raillery, and the more serious advice of the doctor could do, to keep her from giving way to a depression of spirits which was alien alike to her natural disposition, and her well regulated mind. But reports had reached her relative to the supposed will of her grandfather —reports vague and fugitive, but bearing each a shadow of the truth. Godwin indeed had purposely withheld the circumstances of the case from her, and endeavoured to keep such rumours from her ears, lest she should entertain hopes which might never be realized, but it was impossible to keep her in ignorance of what became the town talk. The flight of Mr. Marks—its probable cause. The depression of the dandy—his perturbation, and perplexity.

The declining business of Silvereel—his disappointment, and chagrin. These were topics of ordinary gossip, and they could not altogether be concealed from Fanny Latimer. She knew that her brother had made a hasty visit to Aylesburnham, but she knew not the cause. She knew that Edwin was in constant correspondence with the doctor, but she was not informed of the topic of communication—all *this* irritated her—no, not irritated, she was not angry, but unnerved. Then came the death of Joseph Brown, and the disappearance of Count Bundledoff. Fanny knew that the worthy doctor had some reason to regret these two events, and she believed that they were in some way connected with her fortunes. Fanny would have been perfectly contented, at least perfectly resigned, had her fate so far as concerns her aunt's fortune, been absolutely hopeless, she was so at her first residence at Mr. Godwin's, but when these vague and indefinite hopes were induced in her mind, and then

declined into that same hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, she grew dejected and distressed. Of Allan Netherby she heard nothing, and of course according to the custom of young ladies in such a predicament she knew she should never hear any more.

Godwin indeed, though he was constitutionally cheerful, when he turned his attention to the affairs of the Latimers was extremely vexed and annoyed. He heard, as it has been hinted, frequently from Edwin, but the letters of the latter were anything but satisfactory. He could obtain no clue to the retreat of Mr. Marks, and became at last convinced that the old man had made his escape from England, he made minute enquiries at the different docks and heard of half a dozen old gentlemen at least who had sailed in various ships to America —all of whom answered exactly the description of Mr. Marks, for in such cases a very slight resemblance is exaggerated by the querist, and the questioned into perfect identity.

At the loss of Joseph Brown, the doctor became quite impatient, especially as his legal adviser told him that with the evidence of the absentees, he thought they might make out a strong case against Mr. Marks, when they could catch him; while the protracted illness of the Count gave him serious uneasiness.

Spofforth was dull, and sad, and spiritless. Though he and Bundledoff were any thing *but* good friends, they were essential acquaintances to one another, and in the absence of the Count —the dandy grew quite hypocondriac. He sat after dinner over his solitary bottle—smoked his single cigar—played at backgammon, his right hand against his left—yawned over the papers; wondered who put in the advertisements—tried to fancy the sort of man the celebrated Rowland was—whether it was about him that they said a Roland for an Oliver, and whether he wore his own hair or a wig. Conscious that he had no claim upon the fortune that he enjoyed, except the will of a partial and

unjust old woman, he heard the rumours that were afloat with ill-disguised apprehension under the poor assumption of indifference. Even his paltry associates, Smith and Stubbs seemed to have entirely deserted him; they were accustomed occasionally to come down to Ashburnham for a Sunday or so, but now they never made their appearance, and even their poor company was better than solitude: how little did he think they had been bought off by Mr. Marks, that worthy old gentleman having agreed that they should, for the present at least, break off entirely their connection with the dandy, or lose for ever his friendship and assistance; and Spofforth would not condescend to solicit their company at Rose Mount.

But of all the parties at Ashburnham who were dismally depressed, none suffered in the spirit more seriously than Mr. Silvereel. Shunned by his former associates—discountenanced by his former patrons—regarded with suspicion and dislike, he walked about a melan-

choly, disappointed man, he had over-reached himself, which is much worse than being over-reached by another. He had hugged himself upon his sagacity in getting Mr. Marks out of the concern, but he now found that Mr. Marks was the principal of the firm—he had injured his partner, but he had gained nothing for himself. His part in apprizing Mr. Marks, and assisting him in being *too late* had been long suspected, and was now brought up against him, and in short he saw nothing but ruin, dishonor, and disgrace, staring him in the face. Under these circumstances, which were evidently irreparable, he determined to follow the example of Mr. Marks, and abscond forever from a place which was now to him nothing but a scene of disappointment and annoyance.

He took his measures cautiously and well, he knew that unpaid bills would bring a hornet's nest of angry tradesmen about him, which angry tradesmen would take the most

active measures to discover the retreat of the fugitives, and though it was quite possible that he and Mr. Marks might elude their vigilance, it would be running a serious risk which it was worth while to avoid. Accordingly Mr. Silvereel silently and by degrees settled all liabilities, he did this by degrees, because his doing so at once might have aroused suspicions. He arranged in as far as he could do so the affairs of Marks and Silvereel, and having done so, he set out one dark night for a village at some miles distance, upon another high road to London, and arriving thereat in the grey of the morning he mounted the roof of a mail coach, and so was lost to any and all who might care to seek for him in the vast labyrinth of the great metropolis.

Great was the consternation in the little town of Ashburnham, when it was found that Mr. Silvereel had disappeared in the same manner as his partner Mr. Marks, and there was not wanting among the old women of both

CHAPTER VIII.

A MISER.

I who denied thee gold will give my heart.
SHAKSPEARE.

Mr. SILVERREEL reached the great city in saf
and making his way forthwith to Smith
Stubbs, was introduced by them to Fore S
Lambeth. He was received with great

y by Mr. Marks, who to say the truth was
a little tired of his " retreat."

The house in which the old bald-pated miser
domiciled, had the singular advantage for
nteel retirement of having no windows in
t. It had been a warehouse of some kind,
the only aperture facing the street (except
door) was a kind of unglazed window which
now boarded up, leaving what would have
n the front parlor in utter darkness, a re-
tacle for all sorts of indescribable and in-
able lumber. A long, sloping, low browed
f of dingy tiles (but everything was dingy
e) fronted the street immediately above the
ber room, which we have described, but a
all chamber above the back parlour looked
a little window to the river.

We trust we are perfectly intelligible to the
der, as in case any one should feel disposed
take a lease of this desirable tenement, (the
t being very easy), we should be sorry not
have given such a one an accurate idea of its

capabilities for the accommodation of a 'small genteel family.'

At the risk then of being tedious, we repeat that the house had only two small habitable rooms, that is, habitable for bipeds, both the lumber room and the roof abounding with rats, who allured by the convenience of the water-side premises, took possession of these apartments without ever asking for the key.

The two habitable apartments we say faced the river, and the upper one was approached by a narrow, crazy, creaking stair which was carried up between the front and back rooms. The back parlor occupying the whole façade or river front of the mansion was somewhat larger than the room above, and its door opened at the end of the passage immediately opposite to the street door.

We beg the reader in the words of a great writer, to believe that if we are particularly tedious, we have a design in it.

Mr. Marks had written to his partner a glowing description of the snug secluded nature of his abode, but certainly Silvereel was surprised at the ingenuity of Messrs. Smith and Stubbs in finding such a perfect retirement for his friend. Having picked his way through the superincumbent masses of ashes, muscle shells, apple and potatoe peelings, which intercepting the gutter caused it to form little playful rapids, Silvereel, we say, reached his friend's retirement, and received a hearty welcome. Smith and Stubbs accompanied him thither, Silvereel soon discovered that they had become sad nuisances to Mr. Marks—plagues of which he could not rid himself lest they should betray him.

Smith and Stubbs were old acquaintances of Mr. Silvereel for he had known them as retainers of the dandy, though for the purpose of avoiding Bundledoff they had not been at Ashburnham so long. Silvereel knew them to be

weak, braggadocios, reckless, boasting bullies—he knew that he could manage them, but he saw at once that old Marks could *not*.

The miser was finishing his early, scanty dinner when they arrived, and having invited Silvereel to partake of some refreshment which he declined, Marks hurried off the bare bones of some boiled pork into a cupboard, though the youngsters gazed wistfully after them.

Smith and Stubbs however were not easily rebuffed—over delicacy of feeling—extra refinement of sensibility was no failing of theirs. They drew their chairs beside the fire, lit their cigars, and finding all their hints thrown away upon Mr. Marks—Smith went over to the public house for a pot of half-and-half. Half-and-half made up the whole of Smith and Stubbs's ordinary happiness. Purl being transient bliss—egg-hot evanescent felicity—hot grog a day dream of glory, but half-and-half an abiding everlasting delight. Smith and

Stubbs believed Barclay and Perkins the greatest and the happiest men on earth—they had some faint, fantastic visions of the apotheosis of Truman and Hanbury, and fancied there must be something etherial in the existence of Combe, Delafield, Meux, Reid and company. They wondered at the taste of that poor Clarence, who had that funny dream in Richard the Third, they wondered because he chose a butt of malmsey, had it been a porter vat they would not have wondered.

Silvereel though he felt that he could dismiss the youngsters at any moment, allowed them to stay, though he saw that it was unpleasant to his partner—but he wanted to know more of the youngsters. He gave Mr. Marks to understand that all was right at Ashburnham—the Latimers and their friends having no idea whatever what had become of them.

Silvereel proposed that he should obtain a dging in the vicinity until they could escape gether from the country, but Marks was so

glad of some company in this his solitary abode that he offered half his bed to the younger lawyer which that ingenious gentleman immediately accepted.

The youngsters tarried to a late hour, for though old Marks was evidently impatient of their company, Silvereel encouraged their conversation and their revelry. At length however he grew tired of them, and then they were soon dismissed—Silvereel looking suddenly up at them and saying—

"Arn't you *going*, young gentlemen?"

This unequivocal hint was immediately taken, and Smith and Stubbs took themselves off.

"Two noble youths, my dear friend," said Silvereel, with a sneer, "two lovely specimens of London's adolescence—an honor to the British name—full of generous fire and gentlemanly indifference, are those two amiable youths."

"Precious blackguards," muttered Marks.

"Their little eccentricities are quite amusing," continued Silvereel in the same strain, "their petty whimsicalities — their joyous tricks—"

"Mischievous rascals!" muttered the old miser.

"However they are necessary to us, Mr. Marks. We are obliged sometimes in this world, my very dear sir, to make use of people whom we hate or despise. These two coarse braggarts may be of service to us. You have succeeded in your purpose I presume, Mr. Marks. I mean of turning your funded property into cash."

"Yes, yes, I have sold out every penny of my property, I have got honest sovereigns and comfortable bank notes, eh, Silvereel, you dog, the proper stuff, instead of exchequer bills—India bonds—consols—and what not. I was lucky, deuced lucky, Silvereel, when I sold out the threes were up at ninety-five, and the three

and a half a hundred and an eight, ha, ha, my boy."

And therewithal Mr. Marks rubbed his withered hands and chuckled with glee.

"And what have you done with the money, Mr. Marks?"

The old man started at a question which was perfectly harmless, and even essential—he could not suspect that it was put by his partner with any ulterior design, but he had become half fatuous and childish as he brooded over his precious hoard.

There was a slight pause before he replied, a pang of uneasiness, a shade of suspicion passed across his mind, and he seemed as if he would not have answered his partner had he not been obliged to do so, but he knew that the co-operation of Silvereel was necessary, and he must confide the secret to his charge.

"Why zounds, Silvereel," he said, "I am a little uneasy," and Mr. Marks looked anxiously around, and dropped a coarse green baize over

the window, though there was nothing that way but the river, and went to the front door and double locked and chained it, and then came back and took up his discourse as though he had never interrupted it. "I'm a little uneasy, but I have got it all here—*here*, Silvereel."

"One comfort is that no one would suspect a man of having much money *here*, Mr. Marks."

"Why that's what I have been thinking, Silvereel, but I have wanted your advice and assistance sadly. I don't know what's the matter with me lately, but I can't make up my mind, and I can't trust to myself, I want somebody to support me, and keep me in countenance—somebody to lean upon, not in my body, but my mind, Silvereel, I doubt I'm growing old—growing old—growing old—Silvereel."

"Nonsense, my dear friend, you are looking as hale and hearty, and seem as clear and sensi- as ever—*you* growing old?"

"Well, well, well, we shall see. Perhaps it's living in this dull dog hole of a place, and seeing no one. I'm glad you're come, Silvereel, very, very glad you're come. Perhaps it's having so much money about me—it's a deal of money isn't it, Silvereel?"

"But how do you dispose of it, Mr. Marks?"

Another pang shot through the frame of the old man, he knew that Silvereel must be informed, but he hated to tell anybody. At length he said—

"See here, see here, Silvereel, hark! that was nothing was it?"

"No, no, nothing at all—nothing at all."

And so saying, Mr. Marks drew a chair close to a small corner cupboard, and mounting the chair, put his arm up above the door far out of sight, and from some hidden nook produced a japanned tin cash box. Silvereel could just obtain a glimpse of it, so suddenly was it returned to its hiding place.

"That's snug, eh, Silvereel, very snug, very snug. I found out the place myself, and I don't think anybody else will find it out, eh? But that's not all, Silvereel. There's more up stairs, much more—I'll show you—it's behind the skirting board, but the rats can't get through the tin boxes. Ah, Silvereel! it's a sad trouble to me, but now that you are come you'll help me to get it away."

"I have been quite surprised, Mr. Marks, at your staying so long," said Silvereel.

"Ah! I'm an old man now, and this wind off the water chills me to death, however, we'll be off now."

"Yes," said Silvereel musing, "we'll be off now. I am only surprised at your lingering so long."

It was evident that Silvereel uttered the words in that abstracted way which may be called thinking aloud, but Marks with the petulance of old age took them up sharply.

I tell you I could not go—why how the

deuce could I—young men are always so hasty, so plaguy, hot, and hasty. I am an old man—I can't go out and leave all that money long at a time. I don't lock up the places lest the people should think that I have got anything to hide, but they don't—they don't, Silvereel—they think I am as poor as a church mouse, ha, ha! the appearance of poverty is better than Chubb or Bramah eh—very good. If they guessed that I had got all that money I should have my throat cut, Silvereel, heigho!"

And Mr. Marks sighed bitterly.

"And then there's *fire*—come to bed, Sil——vereel—fire in this thick, narrow place, with all this wood, all these old wooden houses about —come to bed. I'll tell you what, Silvereel," said the old man turning round as they reached the top of the stair, and laying his hand upon the arm of the young lawyer. "If this place were in flames I would perish in them, I *would not* escape and leave all that money—I could not live—I would not live without my money."

And then they went to bed.

Silvereel supposed that Marks would show him where he had deposited the rest of his wealth, but he did not do so, he seemed upon the point of speaking several times, but he checked himself—he could not make up his mind to divulge the secret.

He expressed himself as quite happy now that he had got a companion, he "could sleep *now*," so he said, but Silvereel observed that he was restless and impatient, and frequently peered out from under the bed clothes, sitting half erect in bed, and gazing apparently at a particular place in the floor. Seeing these symptoms of uneasiness, and wishing to watch the conduct of old Marks, Silvereel feigned to be asleep, breathing heavily and steadily as if he slumbered. He had hardly done so before the miser crept stealthily from bed, and going to a certain spot beside the skirting, he pressed a board, which gave a sort of springy motion under his foot, as though it were unfastened at

one end. The old man gazed fixedly at it for some moments, then peered under his hand at Silvereel, whose pale face was visible in the faint moonlight. Seemingly satisfied, old Marks stooped down, drew the end of the board from under the skirting—thrust down his hand and counted something, and then turned to bed and fell asleep.

CHAPTER IX

next morning was one of those which in variable climate cheat us with the fancy winter, or at least very early spring is to slide into summer. Sunny and mild, a little haze, but all so cheery and pleasant

that men forget that they have got to enjoy those horrid easterly March winds—to endure that precious March dust which is proverbially worth a 'king's ransom,' but which, while enduring, we are tempted to think kings must be worth very little. It was such a morning as makes men (much too soon) begin to think of gardening, too soon that is for their own comfort. Nor is man the only party deceived, for the birds begin to chirp and prune themselves and look quite amiable, and the gnats come forth in legions, to play about, and dart across athwart in dazzling myriads—and the poor little golden crocus peeps out of the earth looking as forlorn without the shelter of leaves as the almond blossoms on the leafless trees.

Messrs. Marks and Silvereel arose together and drest themselves, and while they were so doing, a single tap at the street door warned Mr. Marks to go and open it, and he admitted an old woman who came every morning, for a

trifling remuneration, to light his fire, and prepare his breakfast, and make his bed. He returned soon afterwards, merely stopping to scold the old lady for trying to take another stick of bundlewood beyond what he thought necessary for kindling the fire.

When they came down they found the breakfast apparatus prepared and a black and smoky fire in the grate. Mr. Marks removed some lumps of coal from the fire, and then invited Silvereel to partake of the meal.

While old Bessy was upstairs making the bed, the two lawyers conversed on indifferent subjects, and they did so while she came to Mr. Marks for a little money, (and special little she obtained) to procure some provisions for their dinner, but when she had left the house, the topic most interesting to both of them was resumed.

"And so you have not made any preparations for your departure, Mr. Marks," said

"Not I—not I—Silvereel—I have been unable to do so, I can't see about ships you know—I never go out but at night, and then wrapped up that nobody may know me—I am afraid of meeting that young Latimer—but now—now—now, Silvereel, my dear boy we'll be off."

"It is the best thing that we can do, Mr. Marks."

"Yes, yes—I know—I know, Silvereel, well—well."

"What have you done with the will, Mr——. Marks."

"Here—here—I don't trust that to the rat—here it is," and he struck his waistcoat. "But now come, Silvereel, when will you see after a ship, eh, I could not go by myself, but I can go with you. What will it cost—what will it cost, eh?"

"Why really, my very dear sir, I can hardly say—you see, money will be necessary to

secure secrecy—otherwise our mere voyage would not cost you much."

"Cost *me*—cost me, Silvereel, eh—what d'ye mean?—cost *me*—why we share and share alike."

"I should be most happy to do so, my very dear friend, Mr. Marks, but unfortunately I have got no money."

"No money!" shrieked Mr. Marks, "no money!" and he turned almost livid with consternation—"why—why—why, Silvereel, what the deuce, eh, where's the money that I gave you, eh?"

"All gone, my dear sir, you have no idea of the expense to which I have been exposed—then the failure of business, and the accounts that I have been obliged to settle, you really should not feel—"

"Feel, zounds! but I *do* feel, Silvereel, I will feel, you shall not play the rogue with me, you shall not by—"

"Hold, Mr. Marks, I do not wish to act unjustly by you, but you know the debts of the firm—the—the—winding up of our affairs—we must come to a settlement—and you surely cannot grudge me a little money—I do not wish—"

"You shan't have a penny, not a penny, Silvereel," interrupted Marks, "you want to cheat me, to rob me, you want my money—my money—my money—I would rather see you rotting in your coffin than give you a penny Silvereel."

Mr. Marks, pale with excitement, the big drops standing on his bald brow, his bony hands trembling with rage, continued to vociferate, and Silvereel rising in wrath began—

"I'll tell you what, you abominable old miser," but putting a violent constraint upon his emotion he said, "Come, come, this is absurd, this quarrelling will do no good, and

may do much harm. If you will not assist me I cannot help it, I must do the best I can without you."

"Well—well—well, Silvereel, you should not provoke me, you must not cheat me out of my money, you will drive me mad."

"I have no wish to cheat you, my very dear sir, I would not cheat you if I could, and I do not believe that for the world I could."

"Ha, ha, ha! Silvereel, I know a thing or two."

"You are too deep for me, my very dear friend."

"No, no, deep dog, Silvereel—deep dog—I don't think the old one himself could *do you*, Silvereel."

"You are complimentary, Mr. Marks, but I had no design either to irritate or to over-reach you, I have been as I say, at great expense, and I thought the mere matter of twenty pounds or so."

escape from England, and more than once he found on his return that Mr. Marks had employed himself in writing. The cuttings of a quill upon the floor, the feathers of a pen in the fire place, the most minute indications could not escape the keen eye of Mr. Silvereel —and every trifle seemed suspicious in his eyes. Suddenly Silvereel became very fond of the young men. He entered into their amusements —joined their excursions—ventured to accompany them to one or two of the minor theatres. Nay, one night he went with them to make a night of it, and a pretty night of it they did make—cigar divans, and cider cellars, and all those dens of infamy, with glass and gilding, splendour and iniquity, which are said to allure the livers of "life," hour after hour throughout the night in the metropolis. Silvereel suffered terribly for this spree, as Smith and Stubbs delighted to call it, and lay groaning on Mr. Marks's bed a live long day. He was the object

of the miser's sarcasm on this account, and trifling as the circumstance may appear, it materially enhanced the mutual hatred of the parties.

Marks indeed, by the acerbity of his manner, betrayed his animosity, but Silvereel was still invariably civil. Marks still clung to the company of Silvereel, for he hoped to make use of him in one way or another, yet he could not repress his sarcastic temper. Silvereel entertained more criminal designs, yet he *did* restrain the expression of his emotions—he was the more accomplished hypocrite. He looked with greedy eye upon the miser's hoard. If he could get him to America, might he not overreach him. That indeed were difficult, yet Mr. Silvereel had great confidence in his own capacity, and had shown and felt his superiority over Mr. Marks. Could he obtain any of the money without quitting England—that seemed impossible, for Marks was as vigilant over his

purpose to follow—suffice it to say that it was a glorious day for Smith and Stubbs, and a bright one for the brewers of ale and porter.

Mr. Marks left to himself betook himself to his pen. Then taking up his hat and the street door key, he left the house for a few minutes, and came back again unnoticed. It was singular for Mr. Marks to go out at all in the day, for he seldom ventured abroad as hath been said before, until after nightfal, but Mr. Marks was a queer man in more ways than one. His life in London was a most monotonous one. He was very miserable, for though he had little amusement at Ashburnham except money making—that same was a very agreeable one, an employment of which he was never tired. But here he could neither do that nor anything else—all his old habits too were interrupted. He was a remarkably neat and cleanly man in his person, and in this dirty abode his feelings on this point were sorely outraged. He had

been accustomed to rub away at his bald pate till it shone like a shell, and brush away at his grey hairs till they glistened like silver, but now he had no heart to do either. He became squalid and miserable; allowed his beard to go several days without shaving, and began to look broken down and dejected. However on the day in question, he appeared to pluck up a spirit, took extraordinary pains with his toilet, and refreshed himself with a particularly close shave.

There was mirth in the old man's eye, and hilarity in his step as he trotted up and down the stairs in this unwonted occupation. When it was over however he had nothing else to do, and he sat for hours at his little parlor window looking out upon the restless water.

When the tide was very low there was a sort of strand before the house, a narrow slip of mud and shingle on which the barges stood aground, but this was only at low water, and for a brief space of time. Generally the water

washed the basement wall of the house, and when the sun shone, sent a flickering refraction to dance and tremble on that dark discolored ceiling, as the bright hopes of a blest futurity penetrate even the darkest dwellings of earthly pain and suffering. Marks would sit gazing on that flickering ray until it dazzled him, but he had no mental beam to irradiate his darkened soul, or if he had, it was as fitful, and inconstant, and fantastic as that trembling ray—it was not the bright hope of a better world, but the fantastic meteor of a transient and uncertain present advantage.

The day however wore on. The miser's scanty and uncomfortable dinner was despatched, and he had taken his broken slumber over his paltry fire—a pleasant dream seemed to have come across his mind, for he smiled in his sleep, but it was the same cold, sarcastic smile in which he indulged when he was awake, a smile of pleasure at personal advantage blended with scorn for some deluded victim.

He had taken his solitary cup of tea, and lighted his thin feeble-flamed candle, and sat till a late hour pondering the past, when Silvereel returned with Smith and Stubbs. They were excited with liquor, not to the extent of intoxication, but they had drunk till they were moody and uncertain and intractable.

"What do you come here for?" said Marks peevishly. "I like to be alone—I don't want company."

"Do you say this to me, Mr. Marks?" said Silvereel bitterly, "this to *me*—who have been your drudge, your slave, your tool, your everything?"

"You have been paid for it, Silvereel, eh sir, have you not been *paid* for it? I don't know what a man would have more than being *paid*, not I—and I told you this morning I didn't want you, much less your companions."

"Not want *us*," cried Smith. "Oh crikey, Stubbs, here's a go—us as have been his friend in all his distress, us as have found him his

pleasant home, and fetched his porter, and ordered his milk, and seen that nobody didn't cheat him—not want us!"

"Oh crimini, Smith," echoed Stubbs, "not want *us*. This here shows the wiciousness of old men, that wants to cast off his best friends like an orange peel, when you've suck'd all the good out of it. This is the way, Smith, when you've done all you can *do*—you may be blowed."

And being in a state of high melodramatic excitement, these sparkling youths shook hands and called one another the best of friends—and Silvereel looked on Mr. Marks with a sullen scowl, and something in his eye which would have frightened the miser had he seen it—but he was too much engaged in watching Smith and Stubbs.

"I'm hungry, Marks, and cold, and tired," said Silvereel, "and you do not bid me eat and rest—you cast me off, mind that, Marks, you cast me off."

"I have had my supper, you see, Silvereel, there is nothing else in the house."

Marks pointed to the fragments of his meal which still strewed the table.

"You cannot have what I haven't got—and I told you, eh, Silvereel, didn't I tell you this morning that I would not have you *here*."

"You *defy* me then, Mr. Marks?" said Silvereel.

"No, no, eh? bless me, no, I don't defy you—no, no, I don't defy you, Silvereel—but, eh, you are so hasty, and stare at me so. Come, come, Silvereel, we know enough of one another—*too much* to part enemies. We will part as friends part—as *friends* part."

"You know I am nearly penniless, Mr. Marks, and that I have no resource, you will not give me the least relief, you drive me to desperation."

"Well, well, well, don't look so surly, Silvereel, but if—it's a great deal of money—but if five pounds would part us friends."

"Five pounds," said Silvereel contemptuously.

"Aye, five pounds," quoth Mr. Marks, "five pounds is not to be despised, is it young gentlemen."

"Deuce a bit," said Smith, "jolly lot of [illegible] cigars, five pounds would buy, eh, Stubbs?"

"Precious deal of Guinness'stout you might [illegible] drink for five pounds," echoed Stubbs.

"True, true, you are quite right," gasped Silvereel, "well, Mr. Marks, your five pounds is—"

"Better than nothing, eh, Silvereel, better than nothing—for five pounds you will part friends."

"I will—I will," said Silvereel.

"Then wait a moment," cried Marks, evidently pleased to get rid of his quondam friend so easily, "wait till I come down," and he lighted a candle and went up stairs.

"Come along, Smith," said Silvereel, snatching a knife from the supper table—"come along!"

"What now — to-night?" exclaimed the youngster his face assuming an expression of intense terror.

"Now or never," said Silvereel, "this moment—the time is come."

He beckoned Smith to come, and both were following, but seizing Stubbs by the shoulder he whispered—

"Stay here—see to the door—keep watch."

And Silvereel and Smith quitted the room—Stubbs staid behind, but never mortal man beheld more striking symptoms of anxiety and amazement on a human countenance than his betrayed when they had left the room. He wrung his hands and bit his lip—and listened so intently that he durst not breathe.

There were steps upon the stair—and when they ceased the door above was opened—there was a moment's pause, and then the miser's voice, and then the muttered tones of Silvereel, and then there was a rush, and a scuffle, and a heavy fall, and a sort of stiffled moan. It was

not a shriek, nor a groan, nor a prayer for pity, nor a cry for help, and yet it seemed to express all these in one. There was a heavy tramping and a struggle as of men in violent exercise, and then all was silent. In a few seconds there was the opening of a window—and then a dull heavy plash in the water beneath—as though a sack of grain, or some such ponderous body had fallen into it. A pause of a few seconds ensued, and Silvereel and Smith came down stairs hastily—but sober now—quite sober.

CHAPTER X.

I am afraid to think what I have done.
Look on't again I dare not.

MACBETH.

ıE fabled Gorgon's head turned all who ɀed on it to stone. There was something in ı face of Silvereel which seemed to have a ıilar effect upon the young man who had aited their return. He had been pale, in-

tensely pale before, but it was not until he caught the eye of Silvereel that the muscles of his face assumed that same rigidity, and settled into the aspect of fixed horror which one might fancy the effect of the Medusa upon its victims. Stubbs turned from Silvereel to his associate, and if possible the terror of his countenance increased. They sat down in that miserable room, and long and steadfast was their gaze at one another. They listened in breathless silence. They seemed to fear some terrible effect from that dull, heavy plash, but nothing came of it. Scared at that heavy plash they had immediately rushed down stairs from the upper room.

There was treasure in that room, and Silvereel knew it, but they durst not stay another moment in the chamber for their lives. They must return there, but not now—not now. There was that unaccountable infatuation upon them that is so frequently brought to light in

the course of criminal trials. The infatuation of the murderer when he lingers spell-bound about the scene of his guilt, or runs into the very grasp of the law, like a moth to the flame of a candle, there to shrivel and die.

To argue upon the probabilities and consistencies of the conduct of a man with the guilt of homicide fresh upon his hands, is to argue upon an exception, an anomaly; such a criminal generally does precisely what you expect him, not to do, what in common prudence and common sense he ought not to do.

Silvereel and his companions, instead of making off immediately, agreed to remain in the house that night. To be sure it would excite suspicion, if the house were not opened in the morning, and it was too late for a railway flight that night so they would stay for daylight.

Silvereel and his associates passed a night of inconceivable horror. It was in vain that

Smith and Stubbs went alternately across the narrow street to a small public house, and procured measure after measure of spirituous liquors, it would not do—they could not get intoxicated. They sat up all night long, they would not go to bed—they durst not separate—they felt more confident when they were all together. When Smith or Stubbs went over for the liquor, Silvereel and the other came to the street door and watched the messenger. When Smith went down for coals, Stubbs must go to light him, and Silvereel made some excuse to follow. As the night deepened, an intense silence came over all things, what few noises had been heard in that remote neighbourhood died at length away. There was no wind to be heard, and in the stillness of the night nothing was to be distinguished but the dull popple of the tide as it gurgled and splashed beneath the window. They heaped the miserable grate with coals, but the coals

seemed only to over-burden the fire without animating it. They made glass after glass of grog, but the liquor seemed only to stupify, without exhilarating them.

As they drank, a leaden taciturnity appeared to settle more steadily upon them, every one of them execrated in his heart his companion's silence, yet spoke he not himself.

As the late, chilly hours came on they shivered and shuddered with the cold, yet no one thought of going to bed, and yet every one wondered that his companions did not propose so doing, but where could they go? there was only Mr. Marks's bed, and all three together much less one alone would never think of sleeping upon that.

Their eyes began to ache with weariness, got sore with watching, but still they sat in silence in that little parlour.

At length the grey light of early dawn began to illuminate the place, and to display to the

eyes of each of them the deadly paleness of his companions. In that grey dawn they looked preternaturally pale, not only Silvereel, whose dull, cadaverous complexion has been often alluded to, but even Smith and Stubbs, the incorrigible mulberry nose of the latter having assumed a genuine copper-color.

As the day approached, a sickly yellow fog crept upwards from the surface of the river, and made the interior of the chamber look more ghastly than ever, with its pallid, spectral looking habitants. As the day-light became more decided however, the anxious watchers seemed to feel fresh confidence, and betook themselves to sleep, Smith and Stubbs stretching themselves upon the floor, and Silvereel giving himself to slumber, (such as it was) in the chair.

When they awoke, the sun was high in the heavens, but it was still bitterly cold, for the fog had extended itself from the river over

whole of that low neighbourhood, hanging densely in the streets, and penetrating even into the houses, where it carried the germs of rheumatism into the crazy bones of age and chilness even into the warm veins of youth.

Silvereel and his friends aroused themselves from their uneasy slumbers, Smith and Stubbs shaking themselves like huge water-dogs in their eternal pea-jackets. While they were in the act of awaking, the stolidity and stupefaction of sleep still upon them, they retained their ordinary air of coarse and vulgar indifference, there was even an aspect of reckless jollity upon the face of Stubbs, but when reflection reassumed its power, when they remembered all that had happened, their aspect of unutterable horror returned. Silvereel by this had begun to recover his composure but he could not re-assure his coadjutors.

"I'm blest if I'd pass another night in this here crib for all the world," said Smith.

"I'm blow'd if I wouldn't rather sleep in St. Martin's bone-house," echoed Stubbs.

It is a curious fact that whenever Smith implored a benediction Stubbs invariably invoked a breeze, whenever Smith was "blest," Stubbs was "blowed."

"I wish I had some purl," said Stubbs.

"So do I," said Smith.

"Shall us have some governor," quoth Stubbs looking at Silvereel for his consent.

Silvereel having given an assenting nod.

"Come it Stubby," said Smith and away went the two hopeful youths to procure the exhilarating compound.

As they left the front door open in their way to the public house, Silvereel was interrupted in his meditations by the old woman who occasionally *did for* Mr. Marks, and the rest of the gentlemen. She spoke not to Silvereel but with a slight nod of recognition began to busy herself in her ordinary avocations. Nothing

surprised at the disorder of the room, the endless ends of cigars, the blackened pewter pots and spirit measures which were lying about in all directions, for they were familiar objects in that place, she went moodily about her work muttering anathemas upon the trouble which it cost, although she had willingly undertaken the office for a slight remuneration.

Having poked the ashes out of the grate she went down to a sort of cellar beneath the stairs for some coals to rekindle the fire, and while she was absent on this errand Smith and Stubbs returned.

"What's that? what's that?" cried Smith when they heard the old woman at the coal cellar.

An indescribable palor of alarm had again overspread their features. Silvereel knit his brow, and bit his lip, and with other marks of impatience explained the circumstance.

The ancient hand-maiden returned, the fire

"Yes—yes, that's very true, my dear madam—you are quite right—that's just it—evening I *mean*—evening *is* the period of his promenade—he does not wish to be seen—he—he—*is* a man of very retiring habits, but as you truly say this fog—that is, in this fog, morning is as good as evening—ha—ha!"

"Well to be sure!" exclaimed the old woman, "Goody me! he is a funny man to like walking in a fog—it's to be hoped he won't walk into the river—it would be a thousand pities for the old man to be drowned."

Silvereel being a "galled jade," winced horribly, and Smith and Stubbs shuffled at the window, but the old woman saw nothing uncommon, and with a slight and muttered greeting left the room.

She had no sooner done so however than Silvereel started up and hurried after her, for her foot was on the narrow, creaking stair.

"Where are you going?" gasped the attorney, catching her garment.

"I'm going to make the bed," was the reply.

"Wall then you must not go—he is asleep—he is unwell—he ordered us not to disturb him. He will be better for a few hours rest."

"You told me he was gone to take a walk," said the old woman.

"Yes, yes, I did, but joke."

"Humph! ah! well, I thought you were in a brown study all the time you were telling me," quoth Bessy, "and so it was a joke, well, I don't see the wit of it—I don't like telling lies, unless you get something by it—I don't."

"Ha, ha! very good," said Silvereel, "you are a most facetious old lady—but you see, Mr. a—the old gentleman does not like it to be known that he is ill—he—he—does not want a doctor."

"Ha, ha! *I* knows," quoth Bessy, "he's a rare old skin flint, *he* is—he would rather lie

and die than buy a pen'orth of poor man's plaister."

With this the old woman departed, and Silvereel double locked the door behind her. He then returned to his companions, and drawing himself up, and giving himself a slight shake as a man does who would shake off bodily drowsiness or moral imbecility he said—

"This will never do—we must arouse ourselves, we have been infatuated to stop here so long, we might have had the night and the day before us, and now—true it was best to disarm suspicion—but we must be cautious that we do not excite it—come, Smith, be a man—Stubbs shake off this nonsense—it is too late to think now—we cannot undo what is done."

"I wish to heaven we could," sighed Smith.

"Yes, but it's too late now to utter such wish, *before* one acts is the time to think Smith, *afterwards* is too late—come, my lad be alive. I thought you better flavored fel-

than to be cast down at the first blush of the business."

Silvereel seemed entirely to have cast off both the bland, and courteous, and cautious demeanour for which he was noted, and the timid stupified infatuation of the previous night. There was an air of intrepidity and decision about him which went far to reanimate the courage of his companions, he proceeded—

"Think, my fine fellows, of the golden prize—think of the sovereigns, the fine fresh sovereigns, with their edges sharp from the mint, the new bank notes clean from the cashier's office, sticking together by dozens, and wanting a wet finger and a long head to count"

The youngsters became more cheerful, and Smith even rubbed his hands with glee, while Silvereel went on—

"Think lads of the nights of pleasure, and

the days of ease—think of the gaiety, the luxury, the *life* that lies hid in a rouleau of sovereigns or a bundle of bank notes—there are thousands for us to share, I say thousands, my lads."

And therewithal Mr. Silvereel opened the little cupboard and putting his arm up inside the top of it far out of sight from some dark corner, the very existence of which would have escaped a very rigid investigation by any one who knew not where to pitch upon it, he drew forth a small japanned box, which for its size was very heavy. They had not the key, but Silvereel shook it, and it gave forth the sound of subdued jingling which gold will do when it is embedded in soft heaps of silver paper—but the precious metal is the less valuable commodity.

The youngster looked pleased, and Smith even broke out into a chuckling "ha, ha!"

"This isn't half of it—not *half*," he said. "There is more of it up-stairs—lots more."

At the words "up-stairs" their countenances fell again—but Silvereel would not heed them.

"Come!" he said, "we must finish this affair, and the sooner it is done the better—if we had not been utter fools, we should not have had it to do now, we should have ended the affair last night, but we were all bewitched I think—come, Smith."

"Oh, but I say, you know, what d'ye mean?" cried Smith.

"You must come up-stairs with me," said Silvereel, "there is more money to be got—and there may be other things to do—when we are missed it must be thought that Mr. a—the old man, has accompanied us—come, Smith, there is something to seek, and perhaps—a—something to hide."

And notwithstanding Silvereel's assumed composure a slight tremor evidently shook his frame.

"Oh, but I say though, none of that you know," quoth Smith. "It's Stubbs's turn to go with you now. I'm not going to be shoved into everything, that's no go you know."

Stubbs declared it was his place to stay down and see all safe, and he wouldn't give up his place and no mistake, and for the thousandth time or so there arose sundry hints about punching heads and dabbing mouths, which as usual came to nothing—this being the climax at which these elegant youths invariably shook hands, and if they had them in their mouths, changed cigars, and called each other "prime chaps," and "nobby fellows," for they had both an instinctive horror of proving one another's prowess. Smith at length gave way to the arguments of his coadjutor, and expressed his readiness (since it must be done) to accompany Mr. Silvereel.

"Let us then see that it's all safe, and then

the sooner we get away the better," said Silvereel. "But mind you, young gentlemen, we are strangers to one another ever afterwards."

"Oh, come I say," began both at once, and then they mutually expressed the tenderest regard for one another, and swore at all risks to *hang together*, which under the circumstances was rather an awkward resolution, and they called themselves a pair of "Siamese twinses," and said they were inseparable.

"You misunderstand me, my very dear young friends," said Silvereel resuming his blandest and most benignant tone, "I do not wish *you* to separate. Such honorable and disinterested affection as you have ever displayed for one another, it would be the height of inhumanity to interrupt, but as far as *I* am concerned, you will perhaps be good enough to forget me. To what part of the world do you propose to go?"

The youngsters said there was uncommon good rum in the West Indies they had heard.

"Go then to the West Indies," said Silvereel, "you will get a ship at Bristol—at Bristol, my dear friends. You must be off by the Great Western railway, and I shall go by the Birmingham, that will do very well indeed, very well."

And Silvereel continued to give his young friends good advice, then he expatiated upon the advantage of railways which gave men the chance of running away without the possibility of being overtaken, and the convenience also of travelling without the nuisance of booking your name; and the most fervent good wishes for their safety did Mr. Silvereel express.

Was it that Silvereel felt the most distant rising of a regard for Smith and Stubbs? it was

not. If he could have had them both at the bottom of the Thames by merely wishing it would not that wish most readily have been performed? Undoubtedly it would. Then why did Silvereel waste precious time in words? ---simply to postpone as long as possible the dreaded act of going up-stairs, and it was not until he had again aroused himself, and even appeared to brace his mind up by the mechanical process before described, that he could screw his courage to the sticking place, and beckon Smith to come.

"Well, but I say, here though, take a swig first," said Stubbs, and he produced a flat stone bottle which just fitted the pocket of his pea-jacket, and which he had taken the opportunity of the last purling expedition to replenish with rum and milk.

Smith accepted the offer with great glee, nor did Silvereel decline the proffered beverage.

They took a very hearty draught, a draught that at another time would have made Silvereel at least, stagger and gasp for breath. Then Silvereel took from the mantel-piece a box of phosphorus matches, and then they stole upstairs. They crept up the creaking stairs with the utmost caution, making as little noise as possible, as though they were afraid of awaking some one. Stubbs listened attentively until he heard the door open slowly and stealthily, and then there was dead silence again—suddenly the sound of steps was heard, and the associates were evidently in active exertion—it seemed as if they had been at first paralized with some emotion, but had at once recovered their presence of mind and proceeded to active operations. When Stubbs heard this same thumping and bumping his equanimity returned, and he gazed with some composure out of the window. The fog was slowly disappearing, it had turned gradually from a

yellow to a grey one---and the sun which had been a ball of crimson fire was now a circle of intensely white light---by degrees a heavy barge with its huge, reddish, brownish sail came looming through the fog, dropping down lazily with the tide; by degrees the houses on the opposite side of the water became visible; and then the high towers of the old abbey arose in their majesty into the heavens which were now growing bright and blue and lustrous ---and the little crisping waves were dancing and sparkling, and looking as fresh and joyous as though there was no guilty, anxious eye gazing upon them, but all was peace, serenity, and innocence. Stubbs had almost forgotten the circumstances by which he was surrounded; the noise overhead had ceased, but there was a thick and noisome smoke eddying about the house.

"What in the world are you after," shouted

Stubbs up the stairs, "are you setting the house a-fire?"

"Hold your noise, can't you," cried Smith from above, "we're only burning the carpet."

A few minutes more and Silvereel and Smith came down stairs. There was a reckless indifference, an apparent hardihood upon their faces, which made Stubbs feel confident and almost happy. Preparations were began for their departure. They now felt tolerably certain that in case of any of the neighbours coming to the house, it would be supposed that all its inhabitants had for some reason unknown departed. It was quite probable that the triumvirate would escape from that secluded neighbourhood entirely unobserved, or if they were seen who would care to enquire for Mr. Marks.

The business of dividing their ill got gains was now entered upon, a business which Sil—

vereel somehow contrived to transact upon the good old principle of one to you two and one to me too. Success and impunity was now before them, and their spirits rising the more from the terrible depression which they had recently endured the depredators were positively merry.

Perhaps to an observer of that scene, could there have been such a person that mirth might have been more terrible than all the horrors of their former condition.

They were just prepared to go, they had come to a settlement of all their differences, they were gloating over the wild career of vice and debauchery which was opening before them, when they were startled by a knocking at the door. Notes and sovereigns were hastily crammed into their pockets. It could be nobody but the old woman, and she was easily to be sent away, yet they must not allow her to see the money.

Silvereel had more tact than Smith or Stubbs, he could more readily despatch her, he would go to the door himself—he did so, and when he had opened it, he was confronted by Edwin Latimer and Mr. Godwin.

CHAPTER XI.

a veritable spectre, nay, a couple of ghosts
n-in-arm had saluted the astonished eyes of
r. Silvereel he could not have felt more con-
unded and amazed than he did at the unex-
cted apparition of our friends. He had

however presence of mind enough to repress his emotion, though the enquiry of Edwin Latimer sorely tried his nerves, it was—

"Pray sir, is Mr. Marks at home?"

This indeed so far staggered him that could not utter a word, and Mr. Godwin took the opportunity.

"Yes, yes," he said, "he's here my boy, when you meet with the jackal you may know that the lion's at hand—when you see the pilot fish you know that the shark is at no very great distance, let us come in, Silvereel, we have some particular business with Mr. Marks," and so saying, and without interruption from Silvereel, whose perturbation prevented him from acting with decision, Mr. Godwin walked straight into the house, followed by Edwin Latimer.

The parlor door was open and they entered it at once, much to the surprise of Smith and Stubbs, and not a little to their own. The

doctor indeed has subsequently confessed that there was something so rascally in the appearance of the youngsters that he felt he would have given something considerable for the company of the stalwart Count,—our mysterious friend Bundledoff. Not that there was any thing very formidable in Smith and Stubbs, and Marks was an old man, and Silvereel though tall, a very slight one, but there was no saying what ruffians they might be connected with.

All this passed with the rapidity of—no there is nothing like the rapidity of thought, so we will have no similies, but it *did* pass through the mind of Mr. Godwin as he cast a hasty glance around the room.

They were however quickly followed by Mr. Silvereel, and the doctor forgot his fears, if indeed we may so call them.

"Why zounds, Silvereel," he said, "you have got elegant apartments here, quite retired

and select, within a short distance of the parks, and an easy walk of both houses of parliament."

"Ah! ha! my very dear sir," said Silvereel, who by an intense effort had regained his composure, "ah, ha! you are always yourself, Mr. Godwin."

"Why hang it, Silvereel, I have no desire to be any body else, I have as much vanity as that."

"Ah, but you are always in such spirits, my very dear sir, you are so good-humoured, so facetious."

A man who knew nothing of the mental machinery of Mr. Silvereel could hardly have conceived the exertion of mind which he was making, or the moral energy that he was summoning to meet the emergency of the very delicate scene which appeared to be opening upon him. He knew that the honest doctor had as much shrewdness as honesty, and that

he (Silvereel) was no favorite of his, but he had some confidence in his own sagacity and resources, and he doubted not that he should come off safely, if he were not betrayed by the imprudence and apprehensions of Smith and Stubbs.

Much therefore as he dreaded being left alone with the new comers, he determined to get rid of his companions, and beckoning them to the door he bade them go and wait for him at an adjacent public house.

The prudent doctor did not like this movement, it looked like sending for assistance, and he took care to say,

"Come, Silvereel, we must make haste to business, for if Edwin and I don't return soon we shall have a party of friends come to look after us."

This was not a legal fiction, nor a medical fiction, but it was a very honest fiction in its way, and served to startle Smith and Stubbs,

but Silvereel more conversant with fiction looked upon it, as indeed it was, as *a ruse guèrre.*

The youngsters were gone, and Silvereel had re-entered the room, and the parties were seated, and the conference commenced.

"I suppose, Silvereel," said Mr. Godwin "you are acquainted with the cause of our coming here."

"I cannot guess, my very dear sir, even how you found out our address."

"Then you are not in Mr. Marks's confidence, Silvereel."

At the name of Mr. Marks an involuntary shudder ran through the frame of Mr. Silvereel, but it was not observed by his opponents."

"Oh yes, Mr. Godwin—I—I am quite in his confidence, but—"

"No, no, you're not, Silvereel, we thought you were here to negotiate with us, but we had better see Mr. Marks at once."

"You cannot see Mr. Marks, my dear sir, he is not here I assure you."

"Come, come, Silvereel, no nonsense, Mr. Marks has had a correspondence with Mr. Latimer, and we know that he is here."

"With Mr. Latimer!" said Silvereel.

"Yes, sir," quoth Edwin, "with *me*, I have received a communication from Mr. Marks, by which I am directed to this place, and wherein he proposes to compromise all differences between us, by the surrender on his part of a document of great importance to me, and an agreement on mine to hold him harmless from all consequences of the conspiracy which has been perpetrated against me, in short that I shall never press the consequences of the suppression of my grandfather's will. I need not tell you then that our visit here is in the strictest confidence and honor."

"Come, come, Silvereel," added the doctor, "you see we know all about every thing so its

of no use to hide any thing from us. Of course we see that you are playing puss in the corner and a queer corner enough you have got in, but we're not going to cry 'I spy,' if you satisfy us."

"You are very candid and upright, as *you* always have been, my very dear sir," said Silvereel. "I have ever honored your character, Mr. Godwin, though you have given me but little credit for it, you truly say that our lodging here—"

"Is a regular '*rus in urbe*,'" interrupted Godwin, "I didn't know there was such a fashionable watering place so near Temple Bar, your apartments however have a most peculiar fragrance. What the deuce have you been burning, Silvereel?"

"N—n—nothing—that is I believe Smith threw some old carpet in the fire, it had got damaged."

"Well, but now, Silvereel we are losing time, where is Mr. Marks."

"Why, I assure you he—he is gone out."

"Tut, tut, how unlucky, but will he be back soon, we don't want to waste time but we had rather wait than not see him."

"Why really he will not return for a—some time, you had better not wait."

"Hang it, Silvereel," exclaimed Godwin, "there is some infernal mystery in all this, I never expected to be able to follow all the doubles and dodgings of such confounded sharp fellows as Marks and yourself; but I want a little plain dealing now, I believe that you do not want us to see Marks, and I suppose you and he understand one another. He has written to offer us terms, and I presume he now hangs back to advance the price of his favors. As to his being out, why look ye, Silvereel, I don't believe a word on't. He's in the house I feel convinced, and I don't stir a step until I see him."

"You cannot see him indeed," gasped Sil-

vereel, "I assure you there is no collusion between him and me. I give you my word of honor I knew nothing of his asking you to come here to-day. I wish to heaven I had," and for once Silvereel was absolutely sincere.

"Well that beats all!" ejaculated Mr. Godwin. "Old Marks writes to us upon important business. Most minutely describes this place, begs us to come and see him. We come and he is absent, not so much as a message left with you, his confidential partner."

"Mr. Marks was an eccentric character," said Silvereel.

"*Was!*" exclaimed Mr. Godwin, "what the d——"

"*Is*—is I mean—Mr. Marks is—"

"But what in the world did you say *was* for. Nothing has happened to him has there?"

It was impossible for flesh and blood in such a position as that of Silvereel not to wince at this in such a way as to be quite visible to

Mr. Godwin, but he allayed suspicion by saying.

"Why to tell you the truth, Mr. Marks *was* here but he is gone—gone, Mr. Godwin beyond the possibility of your ever overtaking him. You—you know that he has been for some time meditating an escape from this country —I will tell you this much, that he has—made his escape—he has left this world—I mean this part of the world for ever—I am at liberty to tell you so much, but where he is gone to I cannot tell you,—indeed I do not know."

At this announcement the faces of our friends looked blank and disconcerted. This statement of Silvereel's was probable, yet there was an indescribable air upon the countenance of Silvereel which could not escape the keen eye of the doctor.

There was a pause of some duration, and the parties gazed earnestly at each other, but as Silvereel made a gesture of impatience, and

appeared desirous to leave the place Godwin said—

"I'll tell you what it is, Silvereel, this passes my comprehension altogether, Marks opens a correspondence with Mr. Latimer, the object of which is principally that he (Marks I mean) may remain in England, appoints us to come here to-day, and when we come he is gone. Let me look at the last letter, Edwin."

It was handed him.

"This letter," said the shrewd doctor examining the postmark, "this letter was posted as late as—yesterday morning, it reached us at noon — yesterday morning Marks must have been here and expected to see us to-day. His resolution to go abroad must have been suddenly taken, and as suddenly executed."

"He got a most unexpected opportunity to escape, and set out almost at a moment's warning," said the ingenious Silvereel.

"And you positively knew nothing of Mark's negotiation with us, Mr. Silvereel?"

"Nothing I assure you, my very dear sir—I have—that is, I have *not* seen him much lately, and I knew nothing whatever of his writing to Mr. Latimer."

"But you were acquainted with all the circumstances of the will, Mr. Silvereel?" said Edwin.

"Pardon me, my very dear young friend. If I were ever so well acquainted with the circumstances, you could not expect me to criminate myself."

"You might at least afford us any information in your power," said Edwin, "it was Mr. Marks's purpose to give up this document, for I cannot think that he has written merely to mislead me, and you can have no motive to conceal any particulars which may serve my sister and myself. Of course we shall pledge our honor that—"

"Ah, my very dear sir, honor is—"

"A pledge that no pawnbroker in London will advance a penny upon," interrupted Godwin. "Silvereel had no notion whatever of such an unbusinesslike transaction, honor is."

"I beg, Mr. Godwin," quoth Silvereel, "that you will make no observations derogatory to my respectability."

"Not for the world, Mr. Silvereel. I am quite incapable of doing so," said Godwin drily, "but you will have the goodness to give us all the particulars of Mr. Marks's flight, the manner and the destination."

"I will do no such thing, Mr. Godwin. I do not choose to submit to such cross-questioning."

"But I shall insist upon your doing so," said Edwin rising. "I have letters from Mr. Marks admitting the existence of a document of the utmost importance to me. As long as

you deal fairly and candidly with us we will deal honorably and openly with you, but if you will not come to terms I will search every nook and corner of the house before I quit it."

"You will act in such a manner at your peril, Mr. Latimer," said Silvereel, "you are a young man."

"And I am an old one," said Godwin also rising, "or at least, if not an old one, I am old enough to have seen that honesty and plain dealing in the end will get the better of cunning and artifice. I'll tell you what, Silvereel, we will pursue Marks at any price, and if you don't tell us all about his escape, we will have you up before a magistrate and make you speak."

"Most absurd!" cried Silvereel, "you can charge me with no crime, you cannot take me before a magistrate, you would be liable to an action for false imprisonment."

"I don't care *that*," said Godwin snapping

his fingers, "not *that*, for your actions, terrible bad actions some of them have been, Silvereel I see that you have some secret to conceal that you dread an investigation—you are he skulking out of sight for some purpose—a by the heaven above us, though you sh bring a dozen actions against me, I will have you up before a magistrate—be candid with us Silvereel, or—"

"Your threats and your suspicions," began Mr. Silvereel angrily; but curbing his temper, he said calmly, "This is most ridiculous—I have no wish to quarrel with you, gentlemen, but what do you wish me to do?"

"Simply," said Godwin, "to give us some clue to the flight of that old Marks, or we will raise the neighbourhood, and try to find out what has become of him?"

Silvereel started but regaining his composure, said—

"Sit down, gentlemen, sit down—I will comply with your requests."

Edwin and his worthy friend complied.

"It is in vain that one tries to evade your sagacity, Mr. Godwin," said the lawyer. "Mr. Marks has not left the country, but it is most important to him—to me—to all of us, that his present position should not be known."

"Oh, now you speak like an honest fellow," said Godwin aloud, and muttered—"d——d rascal."

"Promise me then," continued Silvereel. "that you will ask no questions about Mr. Marks, and I will put the will in your possession at once."

"What the deuce! why you haven't got it have you?"

"Yes, Mr. Godwin, it is in my keeping."

"Then why in the world didn't you say so at once, and save all this precious palaver?" said Godwin.

"Why—I—I—indeed I was anxious to keep you from seeking after my friend."

"But zounds man if you had given us the will we shouldn't have cared a farthing about your friend—he might be at the bottom of the Thames there for all we cared."

A very visible shudder shook Mr. Silvereel's frame, but he managed to say—

"I thought if I—I showed you the will, you would think that I *must* know where Mr. Marks was, and press me on the point."

And indeed that was the true state of the case.

"Not we, man," cried Godwin, "give us the will, and go to the—other side of the Atlantic with your friend Marks if you like."

"I have it *here*," said Silvereel, pressing his hand against his buttoned coat which gave forth the sound of bending paper.

"There!" exclaimed the doctor, "that's a queer cupboard for law papers however."

"Mr. Marks always kept it there," said Silvereel with a ghastly smile.

"Well, you are a queer fellow, Silvereel, to

parley with us so long, and have the thing all the time buttoned up in your breast, but hand it over."

"You promise then to ask no questions about Mr. Marks."

"With all my heart," said the doctor.

"And you too, Mr. Latimer?"

"Unquestionably," said Edwin, who had been regarding Silvereel for some time with a mingled expression of indignation and contempt.

Silvereel unbuttoned his coat, and with a hurried and a trembling hand presented the document to Mr. Godwin.

The doctor received the will with sparkling eyes, but suddenly knitting his brows and scrutinizing it more earnestly, he said in a tone of voice that startled the hearers—

"What in the name of heaven is *that?*"

There was the print of a man's thumb in blood upon the will.

Mr. Godwin looked up at Silvereel suddenly —and there was the curse of Cain upon his brow. That horrible and indescribable expression of mingled fear, anxiety, remorse, and horror which has so often been seen upon the countenance of the murderer in the moment of detection. The gentlemen were upon their feet on the instant and gazing intently on Silvereel who seemed unable to rise from his chair.

"You infernal scoundrel!" exclaimed Edwin seizing Silvereel by the collar, "where is the old man—you have murdered him—I see it all—Godwin, he has murdered him—they have dyed the old man's grey hairs in his blood—as there is a heaven above us they have murdered the old man."

Silvereel started up frantic with rage and desperation, he caught up the chair on which he had been sitting and aimed a furious blow at Edwin, but Latimer was young and

active, and catching the chair he wrenched it from the grasp of the lawyer.

Silvereel however mad with fury, gnashing his teeth, yelling with spite, rushed like some wild, excited animal upon the young man, his onset must have been terrible, for he came on prepared with teeth and nails, so it seemed, to dart on Edwin, and with the deadly energy of phrenzy to bear him to the earth and take the chance of a death struggle, but his very fury foiled its own effects—for he came on so utterly regardless of defence, so entirely given up to the energy of his terrible attack, that it enabled Edwin, who stood prepared, to aim a well directed blow at his pale face. The severity of the blow, aided as it was by the very impetus of Silvereel's advance, felled him to the ground, and Edwin rushing forwards placed his knee upon the lawyer's breast, thus preventing him from getting on his feet again.

All this passed with such rapidity that Mr.

Godwin had but just time to get round the room and seize the poker before Silvereel was lying prostrate with young Latimer's knee upon his breast.

"Hold him fast, hold him fast," cried the doctor, "but do him no harm—there is nothing but suspicion against him."

Indeed the mere print of a man's thumb was a very slight foundation for all this, but it was Silvereel's extraordinary *manner*, his prevarication, his confusion, his fearful expression of countenance that made the mere impression of a thumb the cause of so serious a charge.

"Hold him fast, Edwin, and I will summon assistance; but here, take hold of this, my boy, it may be a friend to you," and he handed the poker to young Latimer, who mechanically accepted it.

While the doctor was gone to the door, the two young men gazed earnestly in one another's eyes. In the face of Edwin there was the fire

of righteous indignation, in that of Silvereel such a concentration of rage and terror as might have furnished the imagination with the countenance of a fiend.

By shouting from the door, Godwin readily procured assistance — labourers, bargemen, porters, men and boys came quickly running to the spot. Some were sent for the police, and by an extraordinary chance those officials being near at hand when they were wanted—Silvereel was effectually secured. He now regained his composure, and appealed to the bystanders against the treatment he received. The only evidence again him was a thumb mark, for no one could enter into the moral convictions which were entertained by Latimer and Godwin from having witnessed his confusion and dismay.

Silvereel protested so strongly, and talked so learnedly and lawyer-like against his being taken into custody, that the constables were

staggered and knew not how to act, there was no warrant out against him certainly.

Edwin then preferred a charge against him for an assault, but Silvereel retorted the charge and as far as the people could bear evidence Edwin seemed to be the aggressor—when they came in he was kneeling upon Silvereel's chest.

The police had seen no assault, and could not interfere without a warrant. Edwin would go to the next magistrate, and take out a warrant if they would detain him until his return.

But there again Silvereel protested against the business, and talked largely about false imprisonment. Godwin then at once charged Silvereel with the murder, and adduced the absence of Mr. Marks and the thumb-mark on the will, but to this Silvereel replied that Mr. Marks had quitted the neighbourhood, and as for the mark, he had cut his hand and so produced it.

The constables were still more staggered, but the shrewd doctor said—

"As this stain is fresh, the wound must have been recently inflicted, perhaps you will be good enough to show it to us, Mr. Silvereel."

This turned the tide against the murderer, which from his plausibility was beginning to set in his favor. It is remarkable how trifling a circumstance *will* turn the tide on such occasions.

The report of murder and mystery had spread over the neighbourhood like wild fire. The crowd had increased, and swarmed over the house, but there was no further evidence therein, there were fragments of the carpet in the fire-grate, but that fearful witness of blood and guilt was nearly all consumed. Some people had gone out upon a barge which lay hard by, to look up at the window now an object of deep interest to the curious in such

matters, when suddenly a cry arose among them. There were two prints of hands, two crimson impressions on the low stern of the barge, it was evident that some man—some wounded man had struggled hard to get out of the water, but he had been swept away by the merciless and impetuous tide.

The feelings of the multitude were now so strongly expressed against the murderer that the police were anxious to get him out of that low and narrow neighbourhood.

Led by two policemen, arm-in-arm, while Edwin Latimer and Mr. Godwin walked behind, and effectually assisted to keep off the crowd, Silvereel was conveyed to the office of the nearest magistrate, and underwent a strict examination.

The evidence against him was circumstantial but that of our friends corroborated by the statement of the old woman in the point of his temporary conversation, authorised not only the com-

mitment of Silvereel, but the issuing of warrants for the apprehension of Smith and Stubbs. These worthies apparently paralysed with fear, were easily taken, and being remanded for a while were conveyed to a separate prison.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RECOVERY.

Threw physic to the dogs.

It is almost worth while to endure a little illness to be nursed by woman's hand; not by an old nurse, but a young wife. We do not wonder at some of your croakers, croaking a little more than is absolutely necessary for the

luxury of a pitying eye, and a stealthy step, and a tender hand hovering about the couch of the invalid with the purpose and the practice of a ministering angel.

The assiduity of Lucy Atherly was unabated. The Count's broken leg being set and his bruises leeched, and his medicines prepared by the doctor, it was to Lucy that he owed all those attentions, that unwearied watching, that sedulous tending which is nearly as essential to recovery as the exercise of medical experience or surgical skill. It was from Lucy's hand that he received those cooling draughts to slake his fevered palate, those assuasive lotions to ease his burning brow. Night and day during the height of the inflammation, when dull and apathetic insensibility, or wild delirium and delusion, or acute and agonising pain, alternately subdued him, did her unceasing and unwearing attention, comfort and support him. And the Count knew and felt that she was

present though he knew little else, even in his most apathetic moments, even in the height of his delirious fits he would recognise her presence, or express impatience at her temporary absence. And was not Lucy Atherly eminently happy? Did she not congratulate herself most cordially upon the accident that brought the intelligence of the Count's disaster to her humble cottage, did she not render these same services with all her heart, indeed she did.

During the delirious excitement of the Count he spoke an unknown tongue which nobody could understand, the doctor declaring however that it was not German, but when languor and debility succeeded to the fever Lucy Atherly sat beside his bed, and read to him for hours successively.

It was very natural for the Count to think how very pretty Lucy looked as she sat reading to him, and when he came to particularise,

he could not but think what very bright eyes she had, and what very red lips, and what a fair brow and shining hair she had; and then he turned from these trifles, and thought of Lucy's devoted and incessant attention to him, and how his life had probably been preserved by her attendance. And then he turned to think who else in the wide world would have done as much for him. Would Miss Figgins or any body else, and as he had formerly compared them with Lucy Atherly, he now compared Lucy Atherly with them, and in both cases it was to her advantage. True Lucy had been deeply obliged to him, but this does not at least make a person less interesting in our eyes, on the contrary as hath been shown before in this philosophical history it materially enhances the object in ones regard.

There was something too remarkably romantic, at least uncommon in the circumstances by which they had been at first brought together,

and now for the second time brought into connexion by the chapter of accidents. To a man of lively imagination like the Count, this was not a little exciting. Then there was necessarily a long explanation to be entered into respecting this latter circumstance, and Bundledoff listened with breathless interest to a relation of Lucy's miseries.

Dire was the vengeance that he vowed to take upon the dandy; Smith, and Stubbs to be spifflicated forthwith, and by comparing them with the two pea-jacketted young men who had bamboozled him, he came to the bottom of that conspiracy, and devoted Spofforth, Smith, and Stubbs to utter extermination. Then with what interest he heard of Lucy's long walk, and how he entered into all her hardships, and when she came to relate the brutality of her step-father, and the inconstancy of 'John,' how did his indignation burn and blaze again. One was to be cudgelled, and the other

kicked forthwith *secundem artem*. The fortune of the old nurse was to be made at once, though the funds for so doing were not forthcoming, probably the Count intended to burn down her cottage and open a subscription for the building it up again, that being the most approved method in these days for acquiring a competence.

Lucy too was deeply interested in the Count's relation of events which had occurred in his experience since they parted. The death of Mrs. Latimer, and the enjoyment of her fortune by 'that odious Spofforth.' The suspicions that attached to Marks and Silvereel, their flight, and all the events prior to the Count's hasty journey from Ashburnham were succinctly told to Lucy Atherly, and she arose many degrees in his good will by the deep interest that she took in the narrative. The indignation that flashed from her bright eyes, and the scorn that curled her pretty mouth,

and heightened the color on her brow, as she heard severally of the wrongs of the Latimers, and the triumphs of Spofforth and the lawyers. These evidences of a high and honorable spirit on the part of the pretty farmer's daughter made her look quite lovely in the eyes of the Count, and his hand lingered longer on her's than there was any occasion for, as he told her how he honored her emotions. Lucy felt this, and her color rose still higher, and she drew her hand away instinctively though it grieved her at the heart to do so.

To say the truth Lucy Atherly had throughout the course of the Count's illness been evincing her gratitude at the expense of her peace. In the retirement of the old woman's cottage she had allowed her thoughts to dwell on her benefactor more frequently than she would have been willing to confess, but she had made up her mind that she should never see him again, and it was a painful pleasure to

cherish his image, and the events of her journey to London. His extraordinary reappearance had vividly affected her imagination. His dependence upon her during his protracted illness had excited her feelings, she had gone forward with her sedulous attentions, she could do no less, but her affections had become inextricably entangled, and to be candid with the reader she loved the man with all the ardour of her warm upright ingenuous disposition.

As long as Bundledoff was ignorant of this affection, and behaved towards her with the mere common courtesy of casual acquaintanceship, and even with the general kindness of mutual obligation, her prudence took no alarm, and she drank unsuspiciously of the pleasant poison of hopeless affection, but the moment there appeared any thing particular in the behaviour of the Count, her pride, her prudence, her high and honorable feelings were

On the other hand, your soft-headed, soft-hearted sentimentalist, whose heart is in his waistcoat pocket, always at hand for use, he who picks out the pretty parts of modern novels, and the tender parts of affecting tales, never hears of two young people meeting one another, but he begins to think that a smite must follow. We would bow the knee to neither. To deny the existence of the tender passion shows that a man has no heart—to be always falling in love shows that he has no head. We must say, however, that love is often the creature of circumstances. Mutual kindnesses, reciprocal attentions, the accidents and incidents of common life, over which men have little or no power, are generally the immediate causes of that sympathy of the feelings and affections which is known under the comprehensive name of love.

The extraordinary coincidences which had thrown Bundledoff and Lucy Atherly together

and made them at different times so necessary to each other, were the medium in this case of mutual affection. The Count, as he progressed towards perfect health, found more and more the want of Lucy's presence. He heard her coming step with heightening glee, and saw her departing form with deepening sorrow. He was now able to arise, and even to take short walks about the neighbourhood. Lucy was his occasional companion. She made excuses as often as she could, but she could not always do so. It was not a very interesting part of the country, but it *was* a very interesting period of the year, and wherever there was a hedge it was putting on such a tinge of light, bright, beautiful green as gladdened the eye to gaze upon. The swelling hills too were turning from the rich, ruddy brown of the soil to the faint green of the new corn. Then there were patches of trees in the hollows, looking as if they were nestling together to keep

themselves warm among the bleak hills; and there were broad, far stretched prospects over hill and dale, where the shape of the shadows of the flying clouds was cut out on the bare ground as they are on the calm bosom of the ocean; and there were distant villages on the sides of hills, and solitary farm-houses, and roads winding up to the very horizon. The houses were grey, and the roads were white, and save the sprinkling of green there was hardly a touch of color in the landscape, but the very extent of it was pleasing, and the fine, fresh, exhilarating breeze which blew over those bare hills, and brought health and elasticity of spirit on its wings was delicious to an enfranchised invalid.

As the Count walked abroad with Lucy Atherly, or by himself, and thought more of her than in her presence, he became exceedingly philosophical, and made some very valuable reflections upon rank, birth, and fortune. He made many disparaging remarks

upon *wealth*, as men do who have not got it, and have no hope of gaining it, or who *have* got it and have no fear of losing it. He drew many pretty pictures of humble content; and rambled in his talk about cottages, and cows, honey-suckle porches, and woodbine bowers. He was evidently getting sentimental, thought much of despising appearances, and bidding his relations be —— hem! The Count only thought, and thought's free. As he grew better he grew worse, that is better in body, but worse in mind—sound in wind and limb, but terribly touched in heart.

As the period of his departure approached he became more and more disinclined to go; in short, as he thought of parting with Lucy Atherly, he found that her presence had become essential to his happiness. The consequence of which was the following brief dialogue which took place at a gap in the stone wall to which Bundledoff had walked, and upon which stone

wall he was sitting to rest his still enfeebled frame.

"Lucy my darlint," this was a mere *façon de parler*, "Lucy, this is a mighty quare world we live in, and very strange things happen in it."

"Very," said Lucy, as what else could she say. She was standing at a little distance, the Count as aforesaid sitting on the wall.

"Lucy, do you know what distiny manes?"

"I know the common meaning of destiny, sir."

"Distiny, Lucy, my love—is this—When you stir your tay, you send all the little air bubbles spinning round the cup like whirligigs—but though they keep going round and round they all some how or other get together again, and so in this world, though folks are sent spinning about like air bubbles they are sure to come together again if it's their distiny."

"There is something higher than destiny at

work in the affairs of this world if we had the wisdom to see it," said Lucy with great simplicity.

"You are quite right, Lucy, quite right, and I like you the better for correcting me—but what I mane is, that people in this world are huddled, and jostled, and jumbled together in the strangest way to be thought of; and then they are sent spinning about, and come crossing one another at such odd turns and corners of the way that it makes a man laugh at his distiny."

"Yes," said Lucy—she could say nothing better.

There was a long pause, at length Bundledoff said—

"Lucy, you and I have been thrown together in as quare a way as can be."

"Yes," said Lucy, "we have been so fortunate as to be able to do a service to one another."

"Good again, Lucy, you spake like an

oracle, or what's better than an oracle, which was an old woman sitting on a three-legged stool—like a sensible, kind-hearted, good-natured girl—our distiny sames set together, Lucy."

A burning blush overspread the fair face of Lucy.

"I think we had better submit to our distiny and make a match of it."

The blood went back again and left poor Lucy deadly pale. The Count was alarmed, and rising hastily he took her hand.

"Lucy!" he exclaimed, "don't you be afther going to faint away, for I don't know what's to be done in such cases, I belave it's water wanted, but there isn't any water here."

"I am better, sir," she said, "thank you," withdrawing her hand, "much better, and I was very foolish to be startled by a joke."

"Och! but it's no joke whatsoever, Lucy. Marriage is no joke at all. I have been disappointed of getting a wife in London, and I'm

not sorry for it—for I think I will be happier with your kind heart, and happy face, than with any of they fal lal, fantastic ladies that I saw in London."

"But you are surely jesting with me, sir."

"Deuce a bit am I, Lucy. I like a good jest as well as any one, but it would be a bitter bad one to trifle with the falings of an honest, open-hearted girl like yourself, Lucy."

"But sir, I am a poor, humble, homely girl, without home, friends, or fortune."

"The more need that you should get a good husband, (maning myself,) which is better than home, friends, or fortune, Lucy."

"But I have been brought up in a different sphere of life from you; my views—my education—my associates have all been so dissimilar. It is not for the happiness of any party to step out of the circle, and the sort of life in which one has been brought up, and poor and lowly as I am, Count Bundledoff," (and she burst

into tears) "I am too proud to bring disgrace on any one."

"Be St. Patrick the piper! your good sense and good faling, to say nothing of your purty face and form would grace, and not disgrace, the court of a Queen. Look ye, Lucy, if you can't like me why that's a different thing altogether, because I'm not the boy to be trying to bother a young woman into the liking him—but as to the fortune, if you have got none I have got next to it, and so you may make yourself aisy on that pint. I *did* think that I ought to marry a woman with money, but I find when the craturs have got any they give themselves the divil and all of airs and graces, so a man is more a loser than a gainer by the bargain."

"But it is not altogether of money that I spoke, sir; it is rank, and name, and family, that position in society to which you have been accustomed."

"Nay, but Lucy, say at once that you can-

not make up your mind to like me, and I am silent at once, but as to my circumstances, my friends, my family connexions—lave me to settle all that; you cannot love me as I do you, Lucy."

Another burning blush suffused her cheek, as she said with the utmost artlessness, simplicity, and candour—

"It is needless to say *what* I might have felt for you, Count Bundledoff, had our circumstances—our relative position in the world been different—that I can feel deeply for your interest, your happiness, is shown by my thinking more of your reputation than you do yourself—I would not disgrace you in the eyes of your friends—your family."

"Burn my friends, my family! I care more for you, Lucy, than all my friends and family. I am convinced that you are more essential to my happiness than the whole biling uv 'em. If I married a fine lady, Lucy, unless she had

a long purse, she must look afther the pigs, and the praties—and if she *had* a long purse, why it's the deuce and all to be dependent on a wife, isn't it, Lucy?"

"But you still lay the stress of the matter upon money, Count Bundledoff, which I consider by no means the most important—dear me how absolutely absurd that I should marry a gentleman of rank and title."

"But suppose I were not any thing of the kind—suppose I were a plain countryman, of good family indeed, but divilish small fortune, with an honest heart set upon a swate girl like yourself, one who felt that his future comfort depended upon you." Tradition says that the Count's arm at this juncture, by the purest accident in the world, stole round Lucy's waist. "Suppose all this, Lucy, could you love him as he loved you."

Lucy said it was useless to put such a case, but there was a flush in her face, and a tear in her eye which spoke volumes.

"Then make yourself aisy, Lucy, for by the powers of Moll Kelly, I'm no more a Jarmin Count than yourself."

Lucy looked astounded.

"I'm an honest Irishman, heaven safe me—Terry O'Sullivin by name, so now the murder's out."

CHAPTER XIII.

RETRIBUTIVE.

I will so spare the hangman his office.

"FULLY committed for trial," what dark and ominous words are they to harrow up the guilty soul, and make the criminal's flesh creep. They form the first step in that downward path which he is condemned to take, and the first step is always an important one. The mind has not been accustomed as yet to the gloomy

circumstances by which the man is surrounded, the feelings have not as yet been cauterized by the indurating process of habit, and therefore we presume that the astounding words "fully committed for trial" are as appalling to the conscience smitten ear as the very sentence of the judge itself. The man has not as yet become accustomed to contemplate his position, he has not got his eyes habituated to the darkness by which he is enveloped. "Fully committed for trial," such were the awful words which chilled the bosom of the insidious Silvereel, and made Smith weep and blubber like a child—Smith only—not Stubbs, for Stubbs had turned king's evidence. Stubbs, the only one of the three who had not actually been present at the murder, had taken advantage of that circumstance to turn king's evidence. His testimony indeed was so conclusive that "fully committed for trial," was almost synonymous with condemnation. So thought Silvereel, even though, as a

lawyer, he knew all the chances that remained of escaping from the grasp of justice by his name being spelled Frances instead of Francis, or some such worthy feature of English legislation. It was, we say, with all the forebodings which a criminal could feel that Silvereel entered the gloomy portals of Newgate, and as if to make assurance doubly sure, to seal with utter hopelessness his coming fate, Smith volunteered a confession of his share in the sanguinary transaction. The trial therefore which took place in two or three weeks after the committal was little more than a matter of form, and all the legal formalities being strictly followed, the criminals found no judicial flaw by which to draw their persons from the demands of justice. Stubbs was admitted evidence, and thus, as we said, escaped conviction. Smith's confession having been taken down at his request, fully corroborated the testimony, and as it was fair to believe that he did not actually strike the fatal blow, his sentence was

commuted from death to transportation for life, while Silvereel was left to the extreme penalty of the law.

We shall not follow the fate of the unhappy man. There is an increasing dislike in the minds of men to dwell upon the minutiæ of such matters, and what is better still, an increasing dislike to such matters altogether. The tide of public opinion is setting strongly against the infliction of capital punishments, and promises at no great distance of time to sweep the odious gibbet out of the land—certainly the case of murder is the most plausible in favor of the infliction of death, but even in this case there are strong arguments against it, and we doubt not, if we live long enough, to see it entirely superseded.

We shall not then follow the seasons of anguish and remorse—the alternations of hardihood and despondency into which the criminal fell.

We shall not attempt to describe the ague

fit of fear, the phrenzy fit of angry desperation, the rising of remorse, and hope, and penitence. Nor shall we follow him through the fitful slumber, and the peaceful dream, the agony of awakening on the fatal morning, the ceremonies of the official personages, the sea of up-turned faces all gazing one way without, (we fear,) one pitying eye, one impressed mind, one improved heart.

Suffice it to say, that Silvereel was executed, and that Smith was afterwards transported for life, while Stubbs, equally guilty, and more base, but not so unfortunate, quitted the country for ever at his own expense.

Having thus got rid of the criminal part of our company, somewhat after the manner which the Emperor Nero called 'clearing his account,' we turn with greater satisfaction to the more agreeable society with which we have been engaged.

The restoration of the will placed our friends the Latimers in the position in which we have

long desired to see them. Whether Spofforth could have contested the point with them we are not legally learned enough to say—suffice it to say, that he had no desire to do so, he received a handsome present at the hands of Edwin Latimer, and a receipt in full for all the sums which he had been indebted to the old lady, as well as for the money disbursed from her stores during his residence at Rose Mount. Fully satisfied with these arrangements, and determined to make his present income suffice for the future, the dandy withdrew to the Continent, and enrolled himself among the multitude of English idlers, who dawdle life away at a French watering place, among the mingled delights and vexations of café and cigars, ecarté and economy.

The property of old Marks, which was found to be very considerable, was long in finding an owner, but after a most persevering course of enquiry, by a most disinterested solicitor in London, and the appearance of innumerable

advertisements in the newspapers, headed 'next of kin'—the link of relationship was at length taken up, and a whole host of representatives discovered, bearing different degrees of affinity to the old man. Among these were the widow and the fatherless, the indigent and the orphan, and after a long account paid to the disinterested attorney, it gladdened Dr. Godwin's generous heart to find that the old man's hoard would at length cherish the orphan, and cause the widow's heart to sing for joy.

This however is anticipating matters, it cost no little time to achieve so desirable an object. Meanwhile many changes affected our friends, whom we now return.

The Latimers, we have said, regained their property, and no sooner had they done so than Dr. Godwin set out upon a pilgrimage to Cheltenham, with the whole and sole object of persuading Mr. Jenkinson to consent to a match between young Netherby and Fanny. This he would perhaps have found great difficulty in

doing, but for two points which happened in favor of the said marriage.

The first of these was, that Mira Philips, the young lady upon whose wedding with Allan, old Jenkinson had set his heart, had set her heart upon another party. Not that the young lady was given to very warm attachments, but she had met with a most irresistible moustache on the upper lip of a certain cornet of cavalry. The object of her admiration had neither mind, manners, person, nor fortune, to recommend him. Mira married him simply and solely for his moustache.

This was the first obstacle to Jenkinson's wishes, the second was, that he had placed himself in an awkward predicament.

Upon the failure of Fanny's prospects at the death of her aunt, he had plumed himself on his sagacity, taken great credit for his caution, and indeed to all the remonstances of Allan backed by the authority of his wife, he replied if Fanny had come into her fortune he would

not have hesitated to comply with their requests. This as he thought was a safe way of silencing their importunity, but when Fanny *did* so unexpectedly come into her fortune it placed him on the horns of a dilemma.

Jenkinson was not however an ill-tempered fellow at the bottom, he was quite sensible of Fanny's merits, and now that his pet scheme of marrying Allan to Mira, was null and void, he readily came into the proposal.

It is curious how much a man will sacrifice for the sake of a pet scheme. Now, however, he came heartily into the business, and was as much bent upon the match as he had formerly been averse to it. Indeed we believe he would have done much more if it had only been to oblige Dr. Godwin, with whose frank, open, hilarious character he was quite charmed. It is said, however, that the doctor won his warm heart, and excited his everlasting gratitude by prescribing for him a new pill, which he declared was more comforting to the stomach

than any thing he had ever taken. Indeed Jenkinson hinted his determination to try the air of Ashburnham, to be near such good medical advice; the pill we believe was composed of some wheat flower, with a little sugar, and a less quantity of ginger, but then its operation was aided by a bottle of emulsion, which smelt amazingly like rum and milk, but we have anticipated the course of events for the purpose of clearing the way, and must now return to our hero "the Mysterious Man."

one of a row of staring, white, stuccoed houses, [redacted], facing the sun, and with nothing to keep him [redacted] off but a row of stunted incipient lime trees [redacted] cased in wood, and big enough half to over[redacted] shadow the kitchen window. Mr. J. ha[redacted]d removed from his former comfortable lodging[redacted]s because they might have been damp, an[redacted]d these were white, sunny, fashionable, and co[redacted]- fortless.

Now it so happened that the Jenkinsons, j[redacted]st before the arrival of the Count, had been sei[redacted]zed with a sudden panic.

The wind, which had been blowing in its good old quarter, the west, suddenly veered round to the east, and all people of delicate frame in England know that they are, or that they may, can, or ought to be ill in an east wind.

It is told of Jenkinson that upon being asked the state of his health in the morning, he some times glanced over at the vane of his neig

bour's weathercock, but this wants confirmation. Howbeit he was taken suddenly unwell on the morning in question, and Mrs. J. finding herself very delicate too, they determined to try the effect of the hot baths at Clifton. So the carriage being ordered, and a hamper stowed away in the rumble, with a pigeon pie, and a cold fowl, and some ham, and a few slices of tongue for the use of the invalids, away they went.

The Count arrived soon after their departure, and the big butler opening the door to him, recognized at once the stalwart stranger to whom so much mystery had been attached in Euston Square.

Brooks's memory was one of that teazing, troublesome, captious sort, which is apt to confuse a man; he had better not remember at all, than remember like Mr. Brooks in so mystic and cloudy a manner.

Brooks knew that there was some mystery

attached to this man, he knew that he *was* and [illegible] he *was not*—that his mistress had called him [illegible] an impostor, and cautioned him (Brooks) about [illegible] the hats and cloaks in reference to this very in[illegible]dividual. It was no wonder either that Brooks [illegible] should have been a little flabbergasted as th[illegible] saying is, because he had seen the Count's bac[illegible] as Terry O'Sullivin, and his face as Cou[illegible] Bundledoff, and certainly for a man to be o[illegible] person before and another person behind [illegible] enough to confuse any one. Brooks howe[illegible] recognised him as the mysterious man, the person who called himself Count Bundledoff, and therefore when our friend enquired "*Is* Mischer Jenkinson at home?" Brooks replied by the counter question.

"Your name, sir, is I think—"

"O'Sullivin," said the Count.

It was worth while to see the face of Mr. Brooks at this supposed piece of atrocity o[illegible] the part of the Count—his eyes were open [illegible] his mouth was scre[illegible]

up as though the sentiment of surprise were to be condensed into one prolonged whistle, while his forehead was wrinkled into endless folds. He interposed his burly form at the doorway, making himself as square as possible to exclude the Count—and he looked altogether so provokingly suspicious that Bundledoff had much struggle with his feelings to prevent himself from knocking him down—he did control his anger however and merely said—

"Be St. Patrick the prince of pipers! the man's gone out of his mind. It's meself that's the cousin of Mr. Jenkinson."

"The cousin German, I suppose you means?" said Brooks.

"Thrue for you, Mr. futman, but just stand out of the day-light, will you, and let me see your masther?"

"My masther isn't at all well," said Brooks, "and can't see any one."

This was a sort of conventionalism with the

butler; a handy excuse at all times, and so often employed that even when there was another and a better reason for denial, it just came uppermost. As by a species of poetic fiction. Mr. Jenkinson was always understood to be unwell; it hardly amounted even to a white lie.

"Well then, Mr. futman, I've been after calling on your masther till I'm tired, and now, I shall wait till he's tired of being too ill to see me."

"But Mr. Jenkinson is not at home now," said Brooks, "he went off to Bristol this morning early."

"Look you, frind," said Bundledoff, "that excuse will not pass, because if it had been so you would have tould it to me at once, and therefore I am not to be bitten by your blarney —look you, I have come a long way to see the masther, and see him I will, so let me in and no more words about it.

"But how can you see him when he is not at home?"

"You tould me at first that he wasn't well."

"No, and no more he isn't—he's gone to Clifton to try the hot wells—he went this morning."

"Clifton! be the powers that bates all—you said he was gone to Bristol just now, and now it's turned into Clifton—you are not even true to your own lies."

"I don't tell no lies, it's all the same thing."

"Just so, Misther futman, and if it's the same thing to you, I will come in and see your masther—I am not to be bitten and bammed by the likes of you."

"Then I'm not going to let you in," said Brooks. "I've had caution enough about you, and what's more, if you don't be off I shall give you in charge to the police."

"Give me in charge! you impudent scoundrel if you don't stand out of the way,

and let me pass, I'll spifflicate you in no time at all."

"Come none of that nonsense you know, because it won't do here—if people will come passing themselves off for one thing while they're another, and after all nothing but a set of swind—"

But here the butler's exordium was stopped short for want of breath—yes, literally for want of breath, not indeed from the length or the force of his harangue, but just at the second syllable of the word "swindlers" he received such a blow in his ample waiscoat, as to do what is technically termed, 'knocking the breath out of a man's body.' He lost wind at once, that is not only the word "wird," but the thing signified by the word wind, and moreover the brawny fist of the Count coming in contact with that precise place in the waistcoat, which in a fat man displays the first wrinkle—the butler was as it were doubled up by the blow, and found himself comfortably seated on the

diamond-shaped marble floor-cloth of the hall. The butler bellowed lustily for help, and as there happened most extraordinarily to be a policeman at hand, the Count was given in charge, not only for the assault, but as a suspected vagabond and swindler.

Some of the hotels had lately been robbed by fictitious travellers—some of the lodging houses by foreign Counts—some of the swell mob had been upon excursions to Cheltenham —our hero was tall, dark-whiskered, an *Irishman*—what a conjunction of suspicious circumstances! the policeman could not hesitate under such circumstances to take the charge and opposition was absolutely useless. But the absolute uselessness of opposition was no reason with the Count why it should not be made, and had he possessed the means to make good his opposition he would have done so.

He was speechless, almost breathless with rage, but while he was endeavouring in broken,

sputtering syllables to explain the matter to the police officer, Brooks slipped out and fetched another; while the hubbub and confusion had drawn a crowd around the door, and our hero had just reason enough remaining in the midst of his anger to perceive that it would be absolute madness to rush stick in hand into the midst of his adversaries.

He desired therefore that a cab might be called, and entering it with one of the officers, while Brooks and the other rode on the box, clinging to the driver on each side in that way which excites universal attention except on the "Derby day," the party were driven off to the office of the sitting magistrate—attended by a crowd of ragamuffins, men and boys, the latter running and "hooraing," before, beside, behind the vehicle in a manner which must be quite gratifying to a prisoner's feelings.

The Count evidently felt it so, for he looked out at the window with an air of grim defiance, at which the shouts of exultation were re-

doubled. To be led in this glorious and triumphant manner through the streets of Cheltenham was a thing that the wildest flight of his ambition could hardly have anticipated.

The magistrate before whom our hero was taken was a dull, pompous prig, a snuffy, sententious old man, who pretended to read character through the gold rims of his glasses, and was very apt to prejudge a case from the appearance of a criminal.

To him, the Count's six feet, sparkling eye, and sable whiskers were incontestible evidence against him, especially when corroborated by his 'furrin accint.' The old man thought that for a man to have a handsome appearance must cover some deep design.

Bundledoff's first essay too was unfortunate, upon being asked his name, he hesitated, and at length said—

"Misther—Count—Terence I mane, O'Sullivin."

"Are you a Count, or are you not," said the magistrate.

"No, no, just put down plain Misther."

"You are an Irishman I think," said the interrogator.

"Well, yes, that is, I was an Irishman when I was born."

"You mean, sir, that you were born in Ireland."

"Div'lish well guessed for the likes of you," said Bundledoff while a titter among the crowd chafed the crabbed old man.

"If you don't give me a straightforward answer I shall commit you," he said, "and that instanter."

"Plase to remember that I'm a gintleman, and that I claim to be trated as such," said the Count, "be the powers there'll be some of you made to smart for this day's work when I bring an action for false imprisonment, and using other unpleasant freedoms with my person," Another titter.

"What is your trade or profession," said the magistrate.

"I am a gintleman as I said before, no trade or profession."

"Where do you live?" demanded the Dogberry.

"I don't live now, I only lodge at Ashburnham, in the County of Kent, but when I am at home I am at my uncle's at Ballyfinnan in the County Clare."

The charge of assault and battery was now brought against Bundledoff by the pompous and prosing Mr. Brooks, who detailed how the prisoner, representing himself to be a foreign nobleman, had several times presented himself at Mr. Jenkinson's house in Euston Square, and that his master had reason to suspect that he was a suspicious character—that he had called at his master's lodgings, and given his name as the cousin of Mr. Jenkinson, that he had demanded admittance into the house, nay forcibly taken it, and that by hitting him, (Mr.

Brooks) such a violent blow in the waistcoat pocket as well nigh to take the life out of him.

The assault might be summarily settled by an adequate fine, but the sapient magistrate shook his head over the charge of calling at Euston Square under false pretences—he thought the wisest way would be to remand him for further evidence.

The hapless Count was in an extremity of despair, he blustered and threatened, wheedled and intreated, but all to no purpose; he had no one even to speak to his character, the Jenkinsons were absent from home, and till their return: at least till they could be communicated with, he ought to be remanded.

In this dilemma the Count was in despair, when by a singular coincidence just at that moment there came into the court, an old gentleman and a young gentleman, to whom our hero was well known.

They were walking arm-in-arm, dawdling

about the town of Cheltenham, where they were lodging for a few weeks, and seeing something going forward in the police office, for mere lack of something else to do, looked into it.

It happened to be just at that time when the magistrate was pausing as to what course he should pursue with our adventurer, and that luckless individual had no person to speak a good word for him.

"Stop—stop a minute—I spy somebody who will spake to my character," said Bundledoff as the father and son entered. "This is the greatest piece of good luck that ever happened to an honest man in distress, these jintlemen are my frinds, Misther Figgins, and Misther Julian Figgins, and know me well."

Old Fig looked somewhat disconcerted, and began to back towards the office door, but Julian who seemed to take a sort of languid interest in the scene held his father

securely by the arm, and prevented him from making a retrograde movement.

"Misther Figgins," implored the Count, "sure now you'll not refuse to say a word for me whin you see that I am parsecuted and misrepresinted, and as one may say like Darius in the lion's den."

"Do you know this individual?" said the magistrate to the new comer.

"Yes, yes, I know him—leastways I did know him," said Fig, "and my wife knows him, and Juliana—he used to be intimate at our house, but we have not seen him for some time—a long time I may say."

"And do you know any harm of me, Mr. Figgins?"

"Why no—not any great harm I must say, only behaving disrespectful to us, and the harts."

"And pray, sir, what is your name," said the magistrate.

"I, sir, am Mr. Figgins, of —— Square,

and this is Mr. Julian Figgins, my son," said the old man looking around him with much dignity to observe the effect of this astounding announcement. As however no one seemed particularly astounded, he set down the people of Cheltenham as a very stupid and insensible race of mortals.

"You have no objection to give me a good character have you, Misther Figgins?" said the Count.

"Why no—certainly not," said the old gentleman, "pervided I am not to be held responsible for any debts, or liabilities, or securities, or any thing of the sort."

"Nothing of the kind," said the magistrate, "we only want you to say what you know of this person, Mr. Terence O'Sullivin."

"Terence O'Sullivin! pho! fudge and nonsense—his name is Bundledoff—he is a German or some thing of that sort, a foreigner, sir, but with a very bad ear for music—which is remarkable."

This announcement so far from serving the unfortunate individual was about the worst thing that could have happened to him. He was evidently an impostor in one way *or* another thought the sapient Solon, and *he* remanded him for further examination, but expressed his readiness to take reasonable bail for his appearance.

Where was Bundledoff to get bail?

He knew nobody in Cheltenham—nobody knew him. Yes, there was Mr. Figgins, and Mr. Julian Figgins present in the office. This was indeed a bright thought, but when appealed to, the old gentleman absolutely declined any interference. His breeches' pocket was a sacred receptacle, into which the hand of an interloper never with his consent intruded.

The Count poured a whole broadside of execrations upon the devoted head of the old man during which he sheered off with considerable alacrity.

There remained nothing then but for our

hero to be locked up, but in consideration of there being little positive evidence against him he was allowed to accompany a sheriff's officer to his 'retreat,' instead of being confined in the common receptacle for malefactors.

Mr. Brooks was recommended also to repair as fast as possible to his master at Clifton, to receive his instructions, which recommendation he immediately followed.

CHAPTER XV.

RETALIATION.

Tap for tap and so part fair.

FALSTAFF.

During his ride upon the roof of the coach to the ancient city of Bristol, the mind of Mr. Brooks underwent some awkward misgivings: he was one of those self-satisfied, and officious personages who are not content with offering

their advice upon all occasions, but must needs obtrude their services when they are not wanted. He had rather plumed himself upon being a very sagacious fellow, and thought his detection and detention of our friend a piece of very superior diplomacy. His anger too had been excited by the assault of the Count, and his memory as hinted before was a little confused and capricious, but when his anger began to cool, and his memory to awake, his self-sufficiency and congratulation began to subside, and he rather doubted whether he was quite so cunning and sagacious a diplomatist as he had thought himself. The rallying powers of his memory hinted to him that there had been a little doubt and confusion about this same nephew of his master's, what it was he could not recollect, but he did certainly recal the fact that Terry O'Sullivin was said to be a mysterious man.

True, he remembered most distinctly that

Count Bundledoff was called an impostor, but Terry's conduct was also involved in mystery, what if after all, this Count should really be his master's cousin, why then his sagacity had led him into a pretty hobble.

He endeavoured to fortify himself in the conviction that it was not so, but he heartily wished that he had thought of the possibility of such a thing before his natural shrewdness had implicated him so far. His seat upon the couch became remarkably uneasy, his nose began to itch with most unpleasant pertinacity, and his ear got quite red with frequent scratching. He was certainly falling into a most confirmed fit of the fidgets, and long before he had left that beautiful valley of the Severn, where night closed in upon them, he wished himself a little less wise.

When Brooks arrived in Bristol it was getting rather late, and he had then to follow his master to the hot wells at Clifton, so that it

is no wonder that when he reached the Jenkinsons' lodging the family was gone to bed. Vexed and disappointed, Brooks retraced his steps to Bristol somewhat fatigued and crestfallen.

A self-sufficient man however generally finds some happy knack of shifting any blame from his own shoulders, and reassuring himself of his own immaculate sagacity, and thus before Misther Brooks regained the inn where he intended to take up his abode for the night, he had actually persuaded himself, that if any awkward mistake *had* happened, it was entirely his master's fault for not taking him (Brooks) as usual with the rest of the family, in which case no such awkward mistake would have taken place. Thus persuading himself that he was a highly meritorious and praiseworthy personage—or if at all in fault—"more sinned against than sinning," and fortifying this

opinion with a good stiff glass of brandy-and-water, he went to bed thinking no diminutive drink of his worthy self.

"I wonder what they put in this milk," said Mr. Jenkinson peering into the cream jug. "It's never all milk, you know, my dear, because milk is not of such a color as that, and I am sure it quite leaves a sediment in the spoon. Now just oblige me, my dear, by tasting a teaspoonful; there now, don't you feel a roughness on the tongue, a kind of tartness, eh?"

"Yes, and no wonder, Mr. J., you have been using the spoon that had the cream of tartar in it."

"Bless my heart and soul, you don't say so," cried Jenkinson much excited, "but what will be the consequences, eh, Mrs. Jenkinson, my

love. Allan, my dear boy, what are the properties of cream of tartar, what says Buchan—I wish your friend, Dr. Godwin were here, he would perhaps prescribe for me."

"Oh fiddle de dee, my dear, you haven't taken enough to be a dose for a midget, and I am sure any one who can stand such a compound as they call coffee in this house, needn't to fear a little cream of tartar—it's the only sort of cream we get here. But do just look at the grain of this coffee, it's half mahogany saw dust—I'm sure—and that must be very injurious, only think of making a sort of saw-pit of one's stomach."

"Ah, Mrs. Jenkinson, if we did but know all that we eat and drink it would make us all perfectly miserable. I should like to see some clever fellow take up the subject, and write a good book upon it—suppose he called it the 'philosophy of food,' or the 'vices of victuals,' or some such taking title—I'm sure it would sell, wouldn't it, Allan."

"Why, my dear sir, that is not unlikely, but I think it would be a most unlucky book to most people, if it were to set them against their means of sustenance."

"Oh, I don't know, Allan, I don't know, we ought to have some insight into these things. A man does like to know what he is eating, and you may depend upon it half the things we eat are poisons in disguise. I am sure it makes me quite miserable to think of. I tell you half our food is slow po.
and kills us in the end."

"Well it takes a long time to kill some of us," said Allan. "There's your old friend Captain Greenstick, it has taken nearly ninety years to poison him."

"Yes, but in the end—if it succeeds in the end—"

"Why I declare if there isn't Brooks coming across the downs as sure as I'm alive," cried Mrs. Jenkinson.

"Brooks!" exclaimed Mr. J. "Why then as sure as fate there must be something the matter. Suppose the house at Cheltenham is burnt down and all our things in it," said Mr. Jenkinson.

"Or suppose thieves have broken in and stolen all our clothes," said Mrs. Jenkinson.

"Or suppose some old friend has come to see you," added Allan.

"Oh nonsense, Allan!" quoth Mrs. J. "it must be something horrid for Brooks to come over at this hour in the morning."

A sentiment of which Jenkinson expressed his approval by an acquiescent nod of the head.

So there they sat making themselves miserable until Brooks appeared in the apartment.

There was a more than ordinary air of importance, a condescending and patronising manner in the butler, which was beautiful to behold, and yet there was a something in his eye which bespoke uncertainty. It was the

air of a man who makes exorbitant claims upon you because he is not so certain of receiving very moderate ones.

He made a somewhat prosaic address of congratulation, seeming to hold off his subject of intelligence until he was startled into it by the demand of his master.

What the deuce did he come there for?

He had detected the impostor, he had caught the foreign Count—and then Mr. Brooks rubbed his hands, and smiled significantly.

What in the world did he mean?

Why he had handed off this Count Bundledoff who called himself Terry O'Sullivin, to the magistrate, and had him locked up.

"Why you infernal booby, what have you done?" exclaimed Allan starting up hastily.

"You consummate jackass, you have done a pretty job," exclaimed Jenkinson also rising. While Mrs. J. elevating her hands added—

"I do think that Brooks is the biggest idiot [illegible] whole universe."

The self-sufficient butler's air of perturbation was most extraordinary, he could have shrunk into his shoes with confusion and dismay.

"Allan, my dear boy, do ride over to Cheltenham and set it all to rights, will you," said Jenkinson.

"Willingly, Mr. Jenkinson, I will order my horse immediately, and perhaps you will follow me as soon as you conveniently can."

"Certainly—certainly—go along you great booby, Brooks, and see about the carriage will you?"

"And tell them to bring my horse to the door without delay," added Allan, "if you have got sense enough for so important a commission."

Brooks utterly confused and crest fallen was glad of any excuse to sneak out of the room, and Allan having tarried only to settle a few important matters with Mr. Jenkinson mounted

his horse and set out on his important mission.

The Count meanwhile was suffering the vexation, the uneasiness, the disappointment of his situation, with the best grace that he could assume. Besides the extremely unpleasant position in which he was placed, with all the irritating effects of confinement; he was suffering the most aggravating degree of anxiety regarding the intelligence which he had come to Cheltenham to seek.

The night was passed in idle endeavours to guess the meaning of Allan's communication, and equally idle vows of vengeance upon the devoted head of Mr. Brooks.

By noontide however arrived Allan Netherby and, an immediate explanation ensuing, the Count was set at liberty.

"You are, if I mistake not, Terence O'Sullivin," said Allan.

"The same, my dear frind, 'Count Bundledoff' is only my travelling title, great people

generally have an incog. Its a way we've got," said our hero.

It was now time to tell him the cause of his being so suddenly summoned to Cheltenham, but as this narration was interrupted by manifold congratulations on the part of Allan, of exclamations of surprise on that of the Count, while a series of cross questions elicited the whole series of circumstances, we prefer therefore to give our own account of the matter in a more succinct and uninterrupted way.

Letters had been addressed to Terence O'Sullivin from Ireland upon important business, but which from his assumption of the 'furrin title' had never reached him.

At length a friend had followed him from his native country, but not finding him in London had called at the Jenkinsons in Euston Square. These parties being absent he had repaired to them at Cheltenham, and from Allan Netherby discovered that Mr. Terence, alias Count Bun-

dledoff, was residing at Ashburnham. As the Irish gentleman wished to impart his good news to our hero in person, Allan merely wrote in general to the said Count Bundledoff, that if he knew one Terry O'Sullivin, by repairing to the Jenkinsons, at Cheltenham, he would hear of something immensely to his advantage.

On the receipt of this summons as we have seen Bundledoff set out to Cheltenham, but from the disasters of the road was long in reaching it.

In the meantime the emissary from Ireland, unable to impart his tidings as we have seen, had returned home and left to the Jenkinsons the pleasing task of telling the Count the good news. These were, that by the death of a distant relation, the Count, or rather Mr. Terence O'Sullivin had fallen into a very handsome estate and property of different descriptions in his native country.

The Count seemed quite dumb-stricken by this intelligence, and the first words that he

spoke had some unintelligible reference to Lucy Atherly. Though Allan could not understand these expressions we who are in his confidence may be permitted to say, that they proceeded from his exultation at being thus enabled to marry Lucy Atherly, without any reflection being cast upon him for not choosing an "eligible famale."

The Count indeed was delighted with this change of fortune as much on account of his intended wife, as his own, and could hardly be restrained by Allan from setting out immediately to tell her the good news; but he was persuaded by his friends to remain at least for the day, and as he had to be informed of all that had happened to the Latimers, and Marks, and Silvereel, his attention was fully taken up.

The events of the few weeks which had occurred during his illness seemed to him like one of those wild, romantic dreams by which that illness had been accompanied; his exclamations of exultation in the fortune of his friends,

of execration and astonishment in the fate of the lawyers were of the most impassioned description, and when the Jenkinsons arrived, and wrung one each hand as though they intended to loosen his elbow joints, he quite forgot his troubles, and laughed at the butler's misapprehensions.

By the evening's coach arrived Dr. Godwin and Edwin Latimer, they were come to complete the arrangements with Mr. Jenkinson relative to Allan's marriage with Fanny. This arrival made the joy of all parties complete, but as Mr. Jenkinson was too tired to enter into business that night, and as Dr. Godwin and Edwin were to take up their temporary abode at an hotel in the vicinity, the former with a wink at our hero, proposed to retire thither.

Godwin's wink was remarkably significant, but lest it should not be sufficiently so, he translated it into English as he hung up his hat and slapped Bundledoff on the back.

"O'Sullivin, my boy, I want to spend the

evening with these two youngsters, and as I am responsible for their good behaviour—be hanged if we four won't make a night of it."

Godwin's "night of it" was however quite another thing from that of Smith and Stubbs. It was a night of abundant hilarity, overflowing cheerfulness, together with a *quantum suf:* of the "circulating fluid" to keep up the circulation, but it was the "night" of four gentlemanly-minded and fine-spirited men, whose self-respect would not allow them to degrade themselves by excesses of any kind. Elation without inebriety—humour without prurience —fun without extravagance, was the characteristic of this happy night.

The jovial doctor who professed to be '*majister morum*,' and yet took the lead in all the merriment of the night—the simple-minded Irishman, the frank and manly Allan Netherby, and the no less joyous and vivacious Edwin Latimer —it was a party worth a man's while to walk "fifty mile a-foot" to be one of.

We have said that they committed no extra-

thereto by means of a gimlet provided for the purpose. The whole party then made off, at least, to a sufficient distance to see the result of their scheme, themselves unseen.

Brooks had sufficient sense to know that he was left alone in his glory, and he made a desperate effort to make a speech upon the ingratitude and degeneracy of the times, together with a slight digression upon the Reform bill. Finding this however a singularly difficult task he strove to get straight upon his legs and go home, but this was a more difficult task still, and he was most indignant to find that the people of the house had shut his coat tail in their street door.

Lifting the knocker then he smote the door with heavy and indignant arm—he knocked and knocked again, up went the window, and out popped the head of old Figgins in a furious passion. To his reiterated enquiries Brooks made the most incoherent replies. The head of Mrs. Figgins then appeared, but alas!

not in a turban or plume of paradise, and when she came, a heavy 'shwash' upon the pavement was explained next morning by the broken handle of her water ewer.

Brooks was now furious, he assailed the door with incessant knocking, as well as the heel of his boot, up went half the windows in the vicinity, out popped the head of Julian and Julianna from the upper apartments, but the hubbub was hushed by the arrival of the police, who disengaged the captive, and conducted him to the station house. Next morning he was fined five shillings for being drunk and disorderly, which fine however Godwin paid, leaving him the sole benefit of the severe reprimand that he received from the cross old magistrate.

Not to dwell at tedious length upon a subject that the most inexperienced of romance readers must anticipate, we shall briefly state that the preliminaries of the marriage of our favorite Fanny with Allan Netherby, were

Allan to introduce him, and to express his apologies.

The Count affected to regard him with great indignation, and was only brought round by degrees, but at length being reconciled, he handed him a glass of neat whisky to drink his health.

Brooks at that moment would have swallowed liquid fire to get out of the scrape, so he bolted the whiskey, though it made his eyes water—and being invited to sit down at a corner of the table—sat down.

Now if Brooks had not been an ignorant and conceited animal, he would have declined to sit down, at least, he would have suspected that such a request implied some hidden motive, because it was out of his place, and indeed they had agreed to make it a sort of test of his modesty.

"Another glass to the honor of ould Ireland," said the Count, and Brooks swallowed another bumper of spirit.

He might have seen that they intended to

intoxicate him if he had not been the presuming and stolid coxcomb that he was.

On the contrary, he now usurped a considerable share of the conversation, favoring the company with his opinions in a most condescending and grandiloquent manner.

He was plied with wine incessantly, which together with the whiskey soon rendered him most unequivocally drunk. Out then sallied the whole party, Mr. Brooks hardly able to keep his legs. It was by this time ver latey, and the high street was perfectly empty, so they marched arm-in-arm in the road all abreast with Mr. Brooks in the centre, volunteering a song. They led him to a snug terrace in the outskirts of the town, where lived as they had ascertained the Figgins' family—and finding some excuse for so doing, they placed him in a leaning posture against the door post of Figgins'. Engaging then his attention for a few while he leant against the door, Lan[illegible]ived to fasten his coat tail

vagances whatever—we must admit one slight exception. We ought to hide it—we would shut our eyes upon the failings of our friends—especially the friends of our *fancy*—but our conscientious duty to our reader—our obligation as an impartial historian demands the confession, and we must record the fact, especially as the said piece of extravagance involves a little bit of poetic justice. When the 'mirth and fun' had got pretty 'fast and furious,' the misadventures of the preceding day came under consideration, and an immense deal of laughing was done at the Count's expense, no one however laughing louder than he. From this topic the attention naturally reverted to Mr. Brooks, the butler, and his character came under consideration. From Allan they learned that he was a conceited and sententious ass, though at the bottom an honest and faithful fellow, and the possibility of paying Mr. Brooks a little on account of his presumption came to be discussed. Godwin affected to set his face against

the scheme, but it was observed that the old hypocrite laughed the loudest, and actually hinted the chief part of the plan. Allan then dispatched a waiter with a note, summoning the butler to the hotel, and when he arrived and was shown as they desired into another room, young Netherby went to see him.

Brooks who was uncommonly sheepish and crest-fallen, and who had taken a mortal apprehension of our hero's resentment, was quite aghast to learn from Netherby that the Count was prodigiously incensed against him, and if not appeased Allan knew not what direful revenge might be taken upon him. A timely apology, a candid confession, with a petition for pardon, was the only way to appease him; and what time like the present, when, as the young sinner reminded him, the Count was in good humour with the wine he had taken, and they were all present to intercede for the hapless butler, or to interfere with the Count's anger.

Brooks convinced by these arguments begged

easily arranged, and that event took place a few weeks afterwards at Ashburnham in the presence of the Jenkinsons, the Godwins, Edwin Latimer, and Count Bundledoff, but by no persuasion could the latter induce his intended bride, Lucy Atherley, to accompany them. She felt little uneasiness at the prospect of appearing in Ireland among entire strangers, as the wife of our hero, but she would not consent to accompany them to Ashburnham.

After the ceremony therefore at that place our hero bade adieu to young Netherby and his beautiful bride, who departed for a northern tour, while Jenkinson and his wife returned to Euston Square, Mr. J. making himself miserable all the way about the linch-pin of one of the carriage wheels, and Mrs. J. fidgetting herself to death about one of Fanny's dresses, which had been improperly packed up.

Soon after this the stalwart Count set out in company with Godwin and Edwin Latimer for

Oxfordshire, and in one of the quietest country churches of that quiet county was he united to the modest, sensible, and happy Lucy Atherley.

This arrangement was to please her, and to please him—Godwin and Latimer spent several hilarious evenings together before they parted. The said parting took place on board an Irish steamboat, quitting the port of Bristol, to which place the worthy doctor, and young Latimer had accompanied our hero and his bride. Mutual promises of frequent visits were exchanged on both sides, and in the common confidence of the moment Godwin ventured to say—

"Before we part, Sullivin, do tell us why you assumed the title of Count Bundledoff?"

"Why you see, Misther Godwin, I came here to get a wife, and a precious good wife I have got, (chucking her under the chin) worth all the rich wives in the world, I was told to look out in the newspapers, but I detar-

mined to pass meself off for a Jarmin Count, because when I read the newspapers I found that even if the folks wanted nothing more than a mere sarvint wench they put at the end uv it—*No Irish need apply.*

We have discovered that a shawl pledged at Messrs. Balls and Borrowdale, Silver Street, Vauxhall Road, in the name of Lucy Atherly, upon which interest to the amount of three shillings, two pence three farthings and a fraction had accumulated, has been redeemed by a tall, black-whiskered gentleman, speaking with a strong foreign accent.

THE END.